

NOBLE LIVING

BEING

ESSAYS ON RELIGIOUS AND MORAL SUBJECTS

COMPILED BY

PARUPUDI VENKATA SESHAGIRI RAO.

A NOBLE LIFE BEFORE A LONG "

Shakespeare, Cor., Act III Sc. 1.

First Edition.

Madras :

PRINTED BY G. A. NATESAN & Co., ESPLANADE.

1902.

Price Rs. 1.4-0.

Copy-right Registered.

PREFACE.

A word in the way of Preface to this book seems to be necessary. In the course of my readings in books on Literature, Religious papers, Journals and Magazines, mostly in the latter, I came across contributions on the duties, virtues or the "King becoming graces of man" as Shakespeare would call them—such as are embodied in this book—, dealt with in a masterly manner by the most eminent Divines and the greatest masters of English Literature living and dead. The desire of making a collection of choice extracts on moral subjects, to form a Code of Morals, arose in my mind though the realization of this desire entailed many long years of labour. I have, at last, been able to collect many a rare flower scattered in the vast field of General and Religious Literature, otherwise destined to lose its fragrance in obscurity, in the hope that they would form a most interesting and instructive study for readers in general and students in particular. I say students in particular for it is not uncommon to find students who desire to excel in oratory and essay-writing quite at a loss to know where to look for material on the subjects of a moral, literary or religious nature on which they may desire to dwell; the book, I hope, will meet a long-felt want in this direction as well as in supplying in a manner the need long-felt in Schools and Colleges for a moral Text Book that will be acceptable to all who feel that the true aim of Education is the development of character as well as the training of the intellect. In this connection it is interesting to hear what Professor Sir Monier Williams, a friend of India, has

to say. Says he, "A mere intellectual Education without special moral instruction is turning the cream of the younger generation into a set of atheistical or irreligious, conceited, selfish, disobedient, and immoral youths who are the chief source of the disgrace as well as the misery of our country."

The book, as will be observed by the reader, contains amongst others, masterpieces from the pen of such profound geniuses as Dr. Martineau, Dr. Channing, Théodore Parker, Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Mason, Thomas à Kempis, Lord Tennyson, Johnson, Addison &c. too numerous to mention which should form most delightful and highly beneficial reading and serve the purpose of a ready reference book on a good variety of subjects for every lover of true knowledge, containing, as it does, the greatest thoughts of some of the greatest minds, on themes sacred and sublime in a brilliancy of language inimitable and unsurpassed in the annals of English Literature.

I lay no claims for originality of any kind except that I had to alter a word here and there or cut off some portions that appeared to be rather dogmatic, my sole object being to present to the reader in a collected and acceptable form what might probably have been fated to "blush unseen" and I have to acknowledge my deepest obligations collectively to the writers of some of these subjects picked up from the world's various religious periodicals from time to time, the rest having been selected from works on general Literature.

I regret I could not conveniently give room in this book to many more interesting subjects for fear it would transgress the bounds of being handy and I am not unaware that the book, even as it is, is not free from many imperfections. I should therefore

rely on the generosity of an indulgent public in my humble attempt to serve them hoping to be profited by their friendly criticism and advice for a future edition of the book should this be so fortunate as to be favourably received by them.

I must not forget to mention here that I am greatly indebted to Messrs. V. R. Venkateswara Iyer, M.A., L.T. P. Panakala Row, B.A., L.T. K. Sudarsana Row, B.A., L.T. Principal and Professors of the Pittapur Rajah's College and to Rev. H. F. Laflamme of the Canadian Baptist Mission for their kind words of counsel and encouragement in the course of my humble work.

To Messrs. Natesan and Co., are due my most sincere thanks for the neatness with which they have executed my work and for the many valuable suggestions in regard to professional and other matters connected with the book.

That the book, however, as the reader enters from the surface into the depths of it will be found "the patriot's charter book, the child's delight, the old man's comfort, and the young man's guide" is the fervent hope of

COCONADA,
10th September 1902. }

P. V. SESHAGIRI RAO.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page.
1. Adhesiveness, moral—	1
2. Affections, immortal—	7
3. Alchemy, spiritual—	9
4. Ambition	11
5. Anger, how to kill out—	14
6. Avarice	16
7. Beauty	17
8. Bhakti or Devotion	19
9. Character, moral—	22
10. Charity	25
11. Chastity	26
12. Cheerfulness	29
13. Compassion	31
14. Concentration	32
15. Consolation, the only source of—	37
16. Contentment	43
17. Courage	48
18. Culture without College	53
19. Death, there is no—	68
20. Despair not or Try again	71
21. Destiny, Eternal—	72
22. Discretion	75
23. Drinking, evils of—	77
24. Economy	80
25. Enthusiasm, some thoughts on—	81
26. Environments	85
27. Faith, Hope and Love	89
28. Family, duties towards the—	94
29. Forgiveness	97
30. Freedom	103
31. Friendship	105

32.	Generosity and Liberality	108
33.	Gentlemen, the true—	111
34.	God	115
35.	God, on the Knowledge and Love of—	117
36.	Gratitude or Thankfulness for wordly blessings	119
37.	Greatness	122
38.	Habits	124
39.	Happiness, the secret of—	126
40.	Health	128
41.	Heart, purification of	130
42.	Heart, the unsatisfied—	132
43.	Heroism, quiet—	134
44.	Hero, A—	135
45.	Holiness, the beauty of—	136
46.	Honor and Virtue	139
47.	Impatience or hurry	140
48.	Individuality	142
49.	Intellect, the—and 'the conscience	147
50.	Joy, in thy Presence is fulness of—	150
51.	Judgment, our—of ourselves	153
52.	Justice, Mercy and Faith	157
53.	Labour or the most Honourable •	160
54.	Learning	162
55.	Life, belief in a future—	164
56.	Life, the greatness of—	165
57.	Life, middle station of—	167
58.	Life, object of—	168
59.	Life, Rules for—	170
60.	Love and duty	173
61.	Lusts	176
62.	Man, His littleness and his greatness	178
63.	Man, young—letter to a—	190

64.	Man, young—advice to a—	194
65.	Manliness	196
66.	Memories, the use of noble—	198
67.	Men of Clay and men of iron	200
68.	Method	203
69.	Mind, I call that—free	205
70.	Moderation	207
71.	Morals and Manners	209
72.	Nature and Scenery, love of—	210
73.	Obedience, the law of—	212
74.	Observation	214
75.	Offence, on giving and taking —	216
76.	Passing away	223
77.	Patriot, the true—	225
78.	Peace, Christ's	227
79.	Penitence	229
80.	Perseverance	231
81.	Piety, solid—	236
82.	Place, liberation from one's—	239
83.	Power	243
84.	Prayer	245
85.	Prosperity and Adversity	247
86.	Purity, self—	248
87.	Quakerism, what—stands for	250
88.	Quiet, the power to be—	251
89.	Reading, the love of—	256
90.	Religion, man's need of—	258
91.	Religion and Morality	260
92.	Religion, mental Integrity in—	262
93.	Religion and Recreations	265
94.	Renunciation	269
95.	Resignation	272

96.	Retrospect and Prospect	274
97.	Reverence, the place of—	278
98.	Rising, early—	283
99.	Self-culture	285
100.	Selfishness and self-sacrifice	287
101.	Self-knowledge	290
102.	Self-mastery	291
103.	Self-reliance	296
104.	Self-respect	297
105.	Self-review, moral—	298
106.	Sentiment	.	..	300
107.	Service, a life of—	303
108.	Simplicity	307
109.	Sin, the reality of—	310
110.	Sincerity	312
111.	Sorrow, the use of—	316
112.	Storm, the—	317
113.	Study, higher ends of—	318
114.	Success	322
115.	Sunshine, the ministry of—	325
116.	Sympathy	325
117.	Time	.	..	330
118.	Truth, training in—	334
119.	Variety	335
120.	Wealth, temptations of—	336
121.	Will power, means for strengthening the—	339
122.	Wisdom	340
123.	Words	341
124.	Work, ennobling daily—	342
125.	World and Man	344
126.	World, on the knowledge of the—	346
127.	World, Love of the—	348

MORAL ADHESIVENESS.

THE quality intended by our topic is one that creates very little furor in the world, but one, nevertheless, that does succeed in accomplishing a good deal of work, and, in the course of time, accumulating a considerable amount of valuable result. What we have chosen to call "Moral Adhesiveness" is much the same thing as Scripture calls "*patient continuance in well-doing*"—doing a good thing, and then doing it again, and continuing to do it; consecutiveness, viewed as a Christian grace; pertinacity on ethical lines—and evinces itself partly by the effects it produces as character-builder, and partly by the contribution it makes to the common necessities of the world we belong to.

As to the first of these, doing a good thing to-day and then doing it again to-morrow and the day after, is the material that goes to compose in a man the moral fibre. Our own deeds are disciplinary. A man teaches himself by his own act quite as much as he teaches any one else. Every expression, by word or work, that we give to an impulse of our own, intensifies that impulse. What we call our habits are simply the name we give to the results wrought in us by our own tuition. Habit is simply a polished channel that our own anterior acts have grooved for us to slip in. Habit is momentum, accumulated from the doing of past deeds, and becomes an instant push. No virtue is safe until it is so in

the habit of being virtuous that it goes by its own weight, like a stone rolling over and over down an inclined plane. We acquire moral tendencies by moral practice as certainly as we acquire physical tendencies by physical practice. No tendency that is in us is reliable, no matter how angelic it may be, till it has been stiffened into a solid, permanent fixture by reiterated action of our own.

All of this shows to us, plainly enough, the difference there is between innocence and character; innocence is only the raw material of character, ethical cartilage, out of which only time and action can develop bone. Innocence is no better than moral jelly which nothing short of deed repeated and reduplicated can render vertebrate. It is not necessary to underrate the office work of the Holy Spirit in renewing a man: but just as bread does not become flesh till the body has assimilated it, so it is safe to say that no spiritual nutriment becomes part and parcel of ourselves till by our own reaction upon it we have made it such. Graces are not custom-made. There is no more use in praying to be honest than there is in praying to be a mathematician. We have to do mathematical work in order to become mathematicians, and just as much we have to do honest work in order to become honest. God gives men timber, but he does not give them houses. He lets them take his timber and build their own houses. Our honesty is something that we build. Honesty I would like to define as the habit of being honest. It is the set that a man gets by dealing truthfully and doing it a great many times over. A man cannot be trusted to be honest till he has done honestly so long that his impulses have a strong muscular spring in that direction. That is where

training comes in. That is the advantage there is in being born as children, instead of being sprung into life as adults, as perhaps poor Adam was. Vessels for the sea are built on dry land ; if put together at sea the strain of the sea would prevent their being jointed sufficiently closely to be able to withstand the assaults of the sea. Home is a kind of dry-dock where the ribs of the boat are put in, and the planks laid and the bolts driven before the full swell of the sea is let loose upon it. Adam showed need of dry-dock, and a good many young Adams go to the bottom because they were built at sea instead of being built for the sea. No device has been invented that will take the place of being brought up.

Those of us that are honest, for instance, are such, ninety-nine out of a hundred, because we learned to be honest when we were children. We do not steal because we never learned to steal. It would be no more temptation to put our hand into our neighbour's pocket and abstract a dollar than it would be a temptation to sit down and read a page of Choctaw ; we never learned Choctaw and we never learned theft ; the current of our thought does not run that way. So of other traits ; people that are generous when they are man-grown or woman-grown, are such in most instances not necessarily because they have so much larger, warmer hearts naturally, as because they were early schooled in the art of giving. In the great majority of cases nothing but practice will give a man facility in letting go of money for benevolent uses. And it is not quite just to disparage one who is meagre in his charities, regardless of the fact as to whether that was one of the lessons that he had taught him

when he was a boy at home. Whether it is a matter of art or of science or of some Christian grace, no man will be likely to be a proficient in what he has never studied and practised.

So much for the effects which a man's consecutive fidelities produce in the development of his own character. There is a distinct service, also, which such fidelities render to the world outside. One lesson to be easily learned from even the casual study of nature, is, God's dependence upon small things indefinitely multiplied for the accomplishment of his largest effects. There is no mountain so high or continent so broad as not to be composed exclusively of atoms. Greatness in the material world is simply a host of littlenesses bunched. Broad acres of snow-field are white only because each minute separate snow-crystal is white. So the great forests in summer are green only because each particular leaf takes pains to contribute its mite of verdancy toward the general fund. God in this way lets us see what store he sets by that which is minute and lets us see, moreover, what vast effects he is able to produce by littles when there are enough of them and each does all that is expected of it. Even the wonderful impression that is produced upon us when we look up among the stars on a glorious evening is due all of it to the playing in to our eyes of lines of light made up of little tremulous waves of ether so short that it would take fifty thousand of them to measure an inch.

Now it will be a great thing for the State, for the Church and for community in all its mutual relations, when there is wisdom enough to appreciate this peculiarity of God's methods of producing effects, and the sanctified good

sense to adopt it into practice. God believes in a little thing and we do not. We seem not to have the insight to discern that a small deed, if it is a good one, needs only to be persisted in and indefinitely multiplied in order to become a great deed. Ordinary men are prevented from doing the little that they can, because a superior man can do so much more than they can; and the consequence of that is that only a very small share of ordinary talent gets drafted into practical service. There is plenty of chance for small talent if it is not in too much of a hurry. We are impatient for quick effects; a given result we want to see reached, and we want it impetuously; but it does not follow at all from that that we want it with that solidity of desire that will keep us plodding in that direction till we get it. There are not half of us that are willing to earn results. No matter how good or how great the end in view may be, we are pretty apt to be wanting in that glutinousness of purpose that will make us and our purpose stick to each other till the end attained. There is no great difficulty in enkindling enthusiasm, but enthusiasm, in the sense in which we regularly understand the term, makes poor motive power; it cannot be bitted and reined down for a long pull. An enthusiast is a kind of freshet that will do a good deal in a given time that is more or less to the purpose, but cannot be counted upon for steady effects, and when it is passed, leaves things in that miscellaneous condition that postpones for a considerable time the resumption of any thing like steady work. The objection is not the enthusiasm *per se*, but to its friskiness.

It is just at this point that we are going to be able to determine about how much solid advantage a given man or

woman is going to be to the world. It is not a matter of talent, that has not very much to do with it; it is not a matter of swelling, cataclysmic enthusiasm, which is in this respect a good deal like a rocket, that at the time when it seems to be just on the point of doing something—it has got done doing. More than any other one thing the measure of a man's power, the criterion of the amount of effect that he will be likely to produce in the world, will be not the brilliancy or the impetuosity with which he takes hold, but the holy doggedness with which he hangs to, after he has taken hold.

Patient continuance in well-doing is the art of great living, it makes the man himself great; it ennobles the world he lives in; it leaves behind a bequest that can never be diverted to unintended purposes, and it puts a man distinctly upon the track of having fulfilled to him the promised award of the Lord: "Well done, good and faithful servant thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*C. H. Parkhurst, D. D. in the "Independent."*

IMMORTAL AFFECTIONS.

A CERTAIN number of animal lives, that are of prescribed ages, that eat and drink together, and that sleep under the same roof by no means make a family. Almost as well might we say that it is the bricks of a house that make a home. There may be home in the forest or the wilderness; and there may be a family, with all its blessings, though half its members be in foreign lands, or in another world. It is the gentle memories, the mutual thought, the desire to bless, the sympathies that meet when duties are apart, the fervour of the parent's prayers, the persuasion of filial love, the sister's pride and the brother's benediction, that constitute the true elements of domestic life, and sanctify the dwellings of our birth. Abolish the sentiments which pervade and animate the machinery and movements of our social being, and their whole value obviously disappears. The objects of affection are nothing to us but for the affection which they excite; it is for this that they exist; this removed, their relation loses its identity; this preserved, it undergoes no essential change. Friends are assigned to us for the sake of friendship; and homes for the sake of love; and while they perform these offices in our hearts, in essence and in spirit they are with us still. The very tears we shed over their loss are proofs that they are not lost; for what is grief, but love itself restricted to acts of memory and ongoing for its other tasks,—imprisoned in the past,

and striving vainly to be free? The cold hearts that never deeply mourn lose nothing, for they have no stake to lose; the genial souls that deem it no shame to weep, give evidence that they have, fresh and living still, the sympathies, to nurture which our human ties are closely drawn. God only lends us the objects of our affection; the affection itself He gives us in perpetuity. In this best sense, instances are not rare in which the friend or the parent then first begins to live for us, when death has withdrawn him from our eyes, and given him over exclusively to our hearts: at least I have known a mother among the sainted blest, sway the will of a thoughtful child far more than her living voice; brood with a kind of serene omnipresence over his affections and sanctify his passing thought by the mild vigilance of her pure and loving eye. And what better life for him could she have than this? Nay, Standing as each man does in the centre of a wide circumference of social influences, recipient as he is of innumerable impressions from the mighty human heart, his inward being may be justly said to consist far more in others' lives than in his own; without them and alone, he would have missed the greater part of the thoughts and emotions which make up his existence; and when he dies, he carries away their life rather than his own. He dwells still below, within their minds: their image in his soul (which perhaps is the best element of their being) passes away to the world incorruptible above:—*James Martineau.*

SPIRITUAL ALCHEMY.

HOW can every earthly thing be changed into the gold of the spirit? How can every impulse of the soul be changed into some actual achievement outside? These two questions make life's problem for the spiritual man. For every thing that happens is an opportunity to add to the wealth of the spirit. Providence ceaselessly enriches the faithful man, only we do not know how to turn the baser metals of life into pure gold. Nor is there anything known in this earth so precious as the force and fulness of the believer's soul. Spirit impulses make earthquakes, every shock of which is calculated to open out mines of all manner of the richest ores. There are no resources so varied or so vast as those of the true believer's spirit. The Eternal is in it. But we too often find in ourselves riches of feeling which *cannot* be turned into fact, and we meet also with most stubborn facts, which we cannot turn into spiritual wealth. This double conversion of the inward into outward makes what we call spiritual alchemy. The first part of the process consists of the faith that nothing happens of itself, every detail of life is ordained from on high, Providence works with us at every step. No event or opportunity, no impulse or aspiration but it comes appointed by the holy useful will of God. Not the meanest smallest thing but has its place in the wonderful arrangements of the devotee's life. The most fatal infidelity is about your own life events. The highest faith is

faith in circumstance. Providence plays incognito in the daily drama of life. He whose faith penetrates the disguise hath possessed the Divine mystery of things. The second part of the process lies in continued effort to make facts serve as spiritual food, and to make inner impulses the daily realities of life. There is no religious man who at times is not subject to holy impulses but few men indeed have the knowledge or power to turn these impulses into account in life's struggles and wants. Two sorts of men acquire such knowledge and power, men of infinite daring and men of infinite faith. Faith and daring mean the same thing. It is indeed true that there is an element of omnipotence in the character of the spiritual man. Things of very contrary nature yield to him their secret, and reveal to him their unity. Unlike in their appearance to others; to him substances are strongly like unto each other; hence he can turn many substances into one substance, many powers into one power, many forms into one Being. He can convert all elements and ores, dark or bright into the genuine gold of the spirit. Indeed there is such a thing as spiritual alchemy.—*Interpreter.*

AMBITION.

SINCE time began, man has not been satisfied with the goods the gods have bestowed upon him. According to ancient mythology, fire was one of the things which the gods possessed, but which man lacked. Man was not satisfied until he, too, obtained this element which in many respects made him equal to the gods. In many ways man has tried to better his condition, by the acquirement of something he did not possess. This striving after additional power has been characterized as "ambition."

Ambition is, according to Webster, "eager desire for fame, power, preference or superiority." It is the earnest longing of the individual for something which he tries to secure. But the individual should not direct his ambition towards objects which are impossible. Very often it has blinded the individual to such an extent as to make him quite unconscious of his errors, and it has then proved the individual's utter destruction; as is seen in the instances of Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon and many other great heroes. They all were ambitious. But they were so ignited with the desire that they forgot the limits of ambition and so carried it to excess, and the result was—their own overthrow.

Valedictory delivered at the graduation exercises of the Chicago Jewish Training School, Sunday, June 21, at Sinai Temple:—*By Jacob Levin.*

Ambition should never have supremacy over the higher principles, as filial respect, truth and right. Sometimes an ambitious man deems it necessary for him to ignore his name and parentage, and also sometimes the very source of his achievements. This should never occur. Our parents have taken the greatest pains, have spared neither time nor means to give us everything within their power. In return for this, respect and gratitude should be shown by us, even though it conflicts with our strongest ambition.

Let everyone be ambitious of the right things only. If a person is rightly ambitious his work will be far better than the work of a man otherwise disposed. The ambitious man has a certain goal which he is striving to reach, and his work will be directed towards that object and his ambition will make him active and earnest in his work, while the indifferent man will be working without an object in view, and his work will show it and he will also have none of those qualities which ambition gives to a man.

Now, the thing is, how can ambition's objects be rightly attained? How can an ambitious man achieve his purposes, without doing injury to the higher principles of his life or to his fellowmen? Our great essayist, Emerson, said "You can get anything you want in this world." But an ambitious person should not think, that by just being ambitious, he will attain his desires. No. He must put his whole energy and determination into his object, and he must know that by sheer work and work only, he will get the wished-for results. If you wish for a thing, *hope* for it and *work* for it, you will surely get it. How has it been with all our famous men? They all have achieved their great fame by their resolute

work and energy. So let it be with us. If we are only rightly ambitious and work diligently for the certain object, they will be ours in time.

Ambition is to the mind, what the cap is to the falcon : it blinds us first, and then compels us to tower, by reason of our blindness. But, alas ! when we are at the summit of a vain ambition, we are also at the depth of real misery. We are placed where time cannot improve, but must impair, us ; where chance and change cannot befriend, but may betray, us : in short, by attaining all we wish, and gaining all we want, we have only reached a pinnacle, where we have nothing to hope, but every thing to fear :—
Rev. C. C. Colton.

It is observed by Cicero that men of the greatest and the most shining parts are the most actuated by ambition ; and if we look into the two sexes, I believe we shall find this principle of action stronger in women than in men :—
Addison.

Ambition raises a secret tumult in the soul ; it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought. It is still reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it.

HOW TO KILL OUT ANGER.

THE renowned philosopher, Sree Vidyananya Sawmi gives in his 'Jīvanmukti Prakarana' the following advice to the Mumukshu (aspirant for salvation) as to how anger may gradually be overcome:—

When you are tempted to get angry with others, you should address your mind and say. "Oh, mind! if you would get angry with those who do mischief to you, then why do you not get angry with anger itself? For it does the greatest mischief; it prevents a man from attaining the four great ends of life—charity, wealth, happiness and salvation, and throws him into hell (even before his death): therefore there is no enemy worse than anger." The meaning of this truth should be repeatedly thought upon, and you should get angry with anger. By doing this you will attain peace and salvation. When anger grows so far as to give birth to abuse and blows, it at once destroys all charity and fame: when it does not develop to this full extent, it scorches the mind at least. Therefore how could anger, which gives rise to so much mischief here and hereafter ever spring in the minds of the sages? To think as above is the best means of killing out anger.

When others get angry with you, you should not think, 'I have done no wrong. Why do these people get angry with me who am innocent,' and get angry with them in return. You are not really innocent, for the attainment of

gnāna is the true innocence; and until you have attained that, how could you think that you are innocent?

There is yet another means by which we may avoid being provoked by others' anger towards us and that is that we should regard those that get angry with us as our benefactors and feel thankful to them for their anger; for by getting angry with us, they reveal to us our faults and strengthen our *Vairāgya* (non-attachment). To do us this service, they sacrifice their own peace of mind and therefore we should feel all the more thankful to them. Thinking in this way is a great help to us:—*Awakened India*.

If man, musing on the objects of sense, conceiveth an attachment to these, from attachment ariseth desire; from desire anger cometh forth; from anger proceedeth delusion; from delusion wandering memory; from wandering memory the destruction of Buddhi (Intellect); from destruction of Buddhi, he perishes:—*Bhagavad Gita II. 62, 63*.

Anger is the great disturber of human life and the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquillity:—*Johnson*.

AVARICE.

AVARICE is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the God of this world; but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures, for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a means to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an end. He lives poor to die rich, and is the mere jailor of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion, and strengthened by age. This latter paradox, so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—wealth, strength, and talent; but as old age always weakens and often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth must be a growing and a progressive attachment since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse :—*Rev. C. C. Colton.*

BEAUTY.

THE poets are quite right in decking their mistresses with the spoils of the landscape, flower-gardens, gems, rain-bows, flushes of morning, and stars of night, since all beauty points at identity and whatsoever thing does not express to me the sea and sky, day and night, is somewhat forbidden and wrong. Into every beautiful object there enters somewhat immeasurable and divine, and, just as much into form bounded by outlines, like mountains on the horizon, as into tones of music, or depths of space. Polarized light showed the secret architecture of bodies; and when the *Second-sight* of the mind is opened, now one colour or form or gesture, and now another, had a pungency, as if a more interior ray had been emitted, disclosing its deep holdings in the frame of things. The laws of this translation we do not know, or why one feature or gesture enchants, why one word or syllable intoxicates, but the fact is familiar that the fine touch of the eye, or a grace of manners, or a phrase of poetry plants wings at our shoulders; as if the Divinity in his approaches, lifts away mountains of obstruction, and deigns to draw a truer line which the mind knows and owns. This is that haughty force of beauty "*Vis superba formae*" which the poets praise, under calm and precise outline, the immeasurable and divine Beauty hiding all wisdom and power in its calm sky. All high beauty has a moral element in it, and I find the antique sculpture as ethical as Marcus

Antonius: and the beauty ever in proportion to the depth of thought. Gross and obscure natures, however decorated, seem impure shambles; but character gives splendour to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and grey hairs. An adorer of truth we cannot choose but obey, and the woman who has shared with us the moral sentiment—her locks must appear to us sublime. Thus there is a climbing scale of culture, from the first agreeable sensation which a sparkling gem or a scarlet stain affords the eye, up through fair outlines and details of the landscape, features of the human face and form, signs and tokens of thought and character in manners, up to the ineffable mysteries of the intellect. Wherever we begin, thither our steps tend: an ascent from the joy of a horse in his trappings, up to the perception of Plato, that globe and universe are rude and early expressions of an all dissovling unity, the first stair on the scale to the temple of the Mind—Beauty is the quality which makes to endure. Let an artist scrawl a few lines or figures on the back of a letter, and that scrap of paper is rescued from danger, is put in portfolio, is framed and glazed, and in proportion to the beauty of the lines drawn will be kept for centuries. Burns writes a copy of verses, and sends them to a newspaper, and the human race take charge of them that they shall not perish.—*Emerson.*

BHAKTI.

O BHAKTI learner! Know that Bhakti is only the true and tender love of the soul. The True, the Good, the Beautiful—these are the three seed truths of Bhakti. These are the three sides of the nature of the Deity; they produce three corresponding sentiments in man's soul one after another; and the three sentiments in their turn comprehend Divine nature. Reverence for the True; love for the Good; enthusiastic devotion or inebriation in the Beautiful. The real exercise of Bhakti, however, ranges between the Good and the Beautiful. These two attributes of God form the basis of Bhakti, which grows upon them. Affection or love is the commencement of Bhakti, enthusiasm or inebriation is its maturity. Love is the seed, inebriation is the fruit. Love is the infancy, enthusiasm is the youth. But what about moral purity? Is there no morality in the ground of Bhakti? Nay, true Bhakti is beyond the region of morality and immorality. The Bhakta cannot be sinful. It is unnecessary to say that he must be holy. The deep truth of the matter is this. The ground of moral purity must be fully secured before Bhakti can begin. Let all sin first go away; let all moral duties be first discharged, and then only can the discipline of Bhakti commence. Unless a man's character be thoroughly good, he is unworthy to take up the question of Bhakti. But a man's character may be pure in two different ways. Purity may in

some cases, be only strict and rigorous self-discipline ; in other cases, it may be the result of the sweetness and tenderness of the soul. The latter is Bhakti. Its very beginning is joy. Bhakti grows on the soil of holiness. Bhakti comes with color and beauty in its wings. The outlines of a picture may be correct and good. But as in themselves those outlines are naked, harsh, dry, and incomplete and when filled with warm coloring they become alive, soft and charming ; so a man's character may be good and pure but harsh and charmless, and it is only when he is adorned with the beauty of love, tenderness, and peace that his character acquires its fulness. Mere morality is not enough for Bhakti but immorality makes Bhakti impossible. Bear this in mind always. It is a most dangerous thing to say that a Bhakta can ever be immoral. It is never his custom to say "first let me cultivate Bhakti, and I shall be pure afterwards." No. He eschews all sin before he begins Bhakti.

Now let us ask whence springs Bhakti ? It springs from restlessness. Thou hast faith in God, thou dost faithfully perform all religious exercises, thou art good to thy neighbours, to thy kinsmen, true to all domestic and social relations ; but the heart cries out in the midst of these things saying there is no rest for me in all this. Then the Giver of all truth finds it necessary to send a new dispensation. He sees his son hath no rest and he wants to give him rest. Why should God's son suffer from the deep pain of restlessness in the heart ? Peace is necessary, so is joy, so is love. Therefore the good God sends the dispensation of Bhakti. This is the sole reason of the Bhakti dispensation and there is no other. The right question to ask is, have you real rest in God,

in prayer, in the contemplation of the next world, in religion, in life? If you have not, you are not a Bhakta. Bhakti is in inverse ratio to peacelessness. The Bhakta says, I long to behold the God of Beauty, my soul weeps day and night for him. If you ask him why, he cannot give any reason. His restlessness is his whole reason. Ask him why he is delighted with his God, he cannot give any reason, his delight is his only reason. When the soul is once restless with the desire of beholding and loving God, give the man all the goods of this world, all its virtue, all its good deeds, and good names, and he will not be satisfied. He cannot account for his condition, he speaks and cries like a child, nay like a fool. But yet a while, and he is joyful again. His delight knows no bounds, he laughs, and is exceedingly glad but can as little account for his joy.

Bhakti therefore has been called A-hatuki or un-reasoning.—*The Fellow Worker*.

We lay it down as an elemental principle of religion that no large growth in holiness was ever gained by one who did not take time to be often and long alone with God. Not otherwise can the great central idea of God enter into a man's life, and dwell there supreme.

Austin Phelps.

MORAL CHARACTER.

THE moral character of a man should be not only pure, but, like Cæsar's wife, unsuspected. The least speck or blemish upon it is fatal. Nothing degrades and vilifies more ; for it excites and unites detestation and contempt. There are, however, wretches in the world profligate enough to explode all notions of moral good and evil ; to maintain that they are merely local, and depend entirely upon the customs and fashions of different countries ; nay, there are still, if possible, more unaccountable wretches : I mean, those who affect to preach and propagate such absurd and infamous notions, without believing them themselves. Avoid, as much as possible, the company of such people who reflect a degree of discredit and infamy upon all who converse with them. But, as you may sometimes by accident fall into such company. take great care that no complaisance, no good-humour, no warmth of festal mirth, ever make you seem even to acquiesce in, much less approve or applaud, such infamous doctrines. On the other hand, do not debate, nor enter into serious argument, upon a subject so much below it ; but content yourself with telling them, that you know they are not serious ; that you have a much better opinion of them than they would you have ; and that you are very sure they would not practice the doctrine they preach. But put your private mark upon them, and shun them for ever afterwards.

There is nothing so delicate as a man's moral character, and nothing which it is his interest so much to preserve pure. Should he be suspected of injustice, malignity, perfidy, lying, &c.. all the parts and knowledge in the world will never procure him esteem, friendship, or respect. I therefore recommend to you a most scrupulous tenderness for your moral character, and the utmost care not to say or to do the least thing that may, ever so slightly, taint it. Show yourself, upon all occasions, the friend, but not the bully, of virtue. Even Colonel Chartres, (who was the most notorious blasted rascal in the world, and who had, by all sorts of crimes, amassed immense wealth) sensible of the disadvantage of a bad character, was once heard to say, that "although he would not give one farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a character; because he should get a hundred thousand pounds by it." Is it possible, then, that an honest man can neglect what a wise rogue would purchase so dear?

There is one of the vices above mentioned into which people of good education and in the main, of good principles, sometimes fall from mistaken notions of skill, dexterity, and self-defence. I mean lying though it is inseparably attended with more infamy and loss than any other. But I have before given you my sentiments very freely on this subject: and shall, therefore, conclude this head with entreating you to be scrupulously jealous of the purity of your moral character: keep it immaculate, unblemished, unsullied, and it will be unsuspected. Defamation and calumny never attack where there is no weak place: they magnify, but they do not create.

I must also warn you against the general mistake, that belief or disbelief in mere doctrinal points—such as predestination, angelic influence &c., affect one's salvation. It is not necessary that you should disbelieve any doctrine that might seem to clash with positive knowledge. These are questions more of philosophy than of religion, and so long as they do not interfere with religion as explained above, I would not reject any doctrine unless it should be disproved, or accept any positively unless it should be proved. A word then, about reform and changes. Do not give up any of your own national habits, customs and institutions unless such as you would give up are in any way injurious; and do not adopt any foreign habits and customs unless they are necessary or desirable.

Everything in nature is bipolar, or has a positive and negative pole. There is a male and a female, a spirit and a fact, a north and a south. Spirit is the positive, the event is the negative. Will is the north, action the south pole. Character may be ranked as having its natural place in the north. It shares the magnetic currents of the system. The feeble souls are drawn to the south or negative pole. They look at the profit or hurt of the action. They never behold a principle until it is lodged in a person. They do not wish to be lovely, but to be loved. Men of character like to hear of their faults: the other class do not like to hear of faults; they worship events; secure to them a fact, a connection, a certain chain of circumstances, and they will ask no more. The hero sees that the event is ancillary; it must follow *him*:—*R. W. Emerson.*

CHARITY.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind. Charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ; rejoiceth not in inequity, but rejoiceth in the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth, but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know, in part and we prophecy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly ; but then face to face ; now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three,—but the greatest of these is charity—St. Paul Epistle to the Corinthians. I. Ch. XIII.

CHASTITY.

WHEN did civilization begin? Then only when the human animals recognised the absolute moral necessity of chastity. Before the dawn of civilization they used to live as inferior animals. They had no homes. The sanctity of home-life was unknown to them. With the appearance of the higher phases of their moral nature they realised the sacredness of domestic life. This sacredness consisted of pure connubial love, parental affection, fraternal attachment and filial piety. The great epics of India and Greece pre-eminently exhibit the glories of civilization in describing the divine chastity of their heroines, and in expressing the burning indignation of the whole civilized world against the barbarous wretchedness of the wicked Ravana, Duryodhana and others who tried to rob the noble heroines of their supremely valued chastity. These splendid movements of the Indian and Greek literatures most conclusively prove how highly was the virtue of chastity prized by the respectable men and women of the civilized world.

Chastity is the delight of God. Unchastity is an abomination in His sight. 'A chaste soul is the noblest work of God. Chastity is lily among virtues. There is no beauty without it. Chastity is beauty indeed, for it shines like a diamond. A chaste soul is the tabernacle of God; a bride for the Divine Husband; a friend of the Holy Ghost; a

delight to the eyes of all saints ; a terror to the wicked ; a conquest over all temptations ; a treasury of divine riches ; a store-house of divine sweetness. It is open to God only. It joys in Him only.' ' So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity that when a soul is found sincerely so, a thousand liveried angels lackey her.' But what is chastity so highly spoken of by the saints and poets of the world ? A noble and godly son of Modern India, speaking of chastity in one of his orations said, 'Chastity, Thy name is woman.' Really, chastity and modesty constitute the essence of womanliness. Sex does not mark off womanliness. No female without chastity is a woman in the true sense of the term. An unchaste or a heartless human female who does not know what it is to love her husband, has no grace of womanliness. Chastity in woman is entire devotedness to her husband, and in man, the same to his wife. This form of connubial chastity is only a precursor of the everlasting spiritual chastity which our Lord God demands from every human soul. As the true civilization of the human race began with the recognition and establishment of the virtue of human chastity, so true regeneration or admittance to the Kingdom of Heaven begins with the establishment of spiritual chastity. The Kingdom of Heaven cannot bear the slightest touch of faithlessness. The wind which is constantly blowing there winnows away all faithless souls. Like the winnowing fan it scatters away the chaff and gathers the wheat or such loyal souls as are a pattern of devoted chastity unto the world. The faithless count it a bondage to be loyal to one Lord and Master, and in the name and under the cloak of so-called all-embracing love or liberalism they revel in the luxury of pleasing all their loved

ones. They pretend to magnify and serve God so long as it is expedient and pleasant to do so. Like frail women they try to please anybody and everybody ; but in the fulness of time the God of Holiness brings them to their senses, crushes their vile spirit of prostitution and utterly destroys their ambitious and proud infatuation ; and He separates His own devoted servants from such time-servers and compromising adulterers. Woman, the incarnation of chastity and modesty, is man's mother, sister, wife, daughter, fellow pilgrim, and his queen. She is born and destined to reveal to man the motherly tenderness of God. There is no salvation for man till he learns to respect woman as the daughter of God. More than half a century ago, Dr. Farr said ' You may depend upon, it, Mr. Gladstone, it is not the Whigs who will save the country, nor the Tories who will save the country ; it is *the mothers* of England who will save the country.' What kind of mothers can save a nation ? Such mothers only as show in their lives the saving graces of chastity and self-sacrifice. At what age would you begin to educate a girl ? A humorous author says, ' Twenty years before her birth by educating her mother.' The earliest influence that falls upon a child is that of its mother, adorned with all womanly grace and virtues ; it acts as a Divine Power. God is determined to stem and turn the tide of hidden and hideous tendency of such false social reformers as seek the company of women for the sake of comfort and pleasure only and not for the recognition of the presence of the Spirit-Mother in the pure and sweet graces of womanly nature.

Unity and The Minister.

CHEERFULNESS.

A MAN, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally rise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is its consideration of that being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections we see everything that we can imagine, as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves everywhere upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an

infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us; to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please.—*Spectator*.

Cheerfulness gives elasticity to the spirit. Spectres fly before it; difficulties cause no despair, for they are encountered with hope, and the mind acquires that happy disposition to improve opportunities which rarely fails of success. The fervent spirit is always a healthy and happy spirit; working cheerfully itself, and stimulating others to work. The most effective work, also, is usually the full-hearted work that which passes through the hands or the head of him whose heart is glad.—*Smiles*.

COMPASSION.

THE one thing needful in the heart of a theosophical student is *Compassion*. It is borne in upon one by an understanding of the "oneness of all life" and is a feeling produced when contemplating the condition of life below us in evolution. This feeling is akin to that which a father or mother feels when the child goes wrong or is in the throes of suffering, they being unable to help it or mitigate the pain, but only to soothe and sympathize. If this feeling is inherent within the family circle, it is capable of expansion until it takes in the whole of humanity, "the poor orphan," and its possessor then becomes a "man of sorrows," ready and anxious to relieve distress wherever found. It would seem that there is only one true way in which humanity can be really aided and that is by "helping man to help himself." This is brought about by sowing the seeds that will produce in each individual right thought. Give to man a correct philosophy of life and if he accepts it in his heart the work is done, for the balance of his cycle will be used in carrying out of the details to a fulfilment of perfection. Karma and Reincarnation are bulwarks to the higher life.

"Now bend thy head and listen well, O, Bodhisattva. Compassion speaks and saith: 'Can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer? shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?'"

Let us close up the ranks and work on to this end, fellow-workers.—*The Pacific Theosophist*.

CONCENTRATION.

DO you think that only in the act of writing or meditating you require concentration of mind? You are very much mistaken then. What act in your life is there in which you do not need concentration? Even in sleep if you have gone to bed with a troubled mind, with an uncontrolled heart you will be disturbed by dreams. Take some of the other acts of your daily life. Is it walking? If you have not your mind in the walking, that is to say if you are absent-minded, you will not walk well. Your mind being in something else, that will spoil your walking fast or freely, and it may cause or help causing, accidents in your walk. Every one who exercises his limbs in any of the various ways, say in feats on the parallel and horizontal bars, in swimming, rowing, or riding, must have known how much of his mind must be in those physical exercises. The few or many accidents that have happened to such have been caused more by the mind being taken off the exercises than by anything else. Players in the circus teach us a good lesson in this matter. They know best how necessary it is for them to put their whole mind into the business of the hour. Every little feat with which they amuse or amaze the spectators is an instance of the value of concentration. Perhaps we should distinguish between concentration and the *attempt* to concentrate the mind. Leaving aside the feats of these circus performers, if we only

consider the many little things we have to do daily, physical, mental, or spiritual, we shall find how much of concentration is needed in them all—indeed the more of concentration, the better the doing of them. Is it eating? Or is it drinking? If we wish to do the thing well, we must know full well the value of concentration.

We have considered more or less those daily or other acts in our life which are called physical. Let us now consider some of those other acts which are called mental or spiritual—though rightly seen no physical act can be done without the mind, and no mental act without the help of the spirit. What have we to do in the matter of writing? If our mind wanders, we can only write superficial stuff but not anything deep. Here nothing helps us so much as concentration. And in the matter of reading or speaking, if we leave the mind wool-gathering, much of what we read will not be understood and much of what we speak will be found nonsense. If it be Geometry or any other exact Science, it will be all Greek to us if we have not the gift or power of concentration. The orator, like the players in the circus, has to hold himself greatly under control lest the applause of the audience throw him off his guard, and he speak more to please it than to instruct it. The players in the circus will not please us at all if while going through those dexterous feats of physical exercise their whole mind is not in what they are doing. So whether it is speaking, or writing, or reading, or doing anything important, concentration of mind is deeply needed.

Let us now consider acts spiritual. Prayer is a most vital necessity. Whoever has any experience of this duty must

know, that without the deepest concentration of the heart and mind his "words fly up, his thoughts remain below," and that "words without thoughts can never to heaven go." If the man of prayer is to be distinguished from other men it is easy to do so. We have only to see *how* he prays. If his whole body and mind are not stilled in awe when before the throne of the Lord, or if his whole body and mind do not quiver with delight when he looks up to His merciful face, we may at once conclude that the man is not *praying* but is doing something else; perhaps he is thinking of his sins, and only thinking of the mercy of God, not *feeling* the same. In prayer then, that most vital act of one's life, we have to realise full well the value of concentration. In this also we have to distinguish between concentrating and the attempt to concentrate, between praying, and the attempt to pray. This distinction is very necessary, for, when we have prayed, we have really done a great thing and done it completely, but when we went up to God, *tried* to speak, or only *thought* of speaking, but did not really and earnestly speak after all, we must know that we cut as ridiculous a figure in His presence as the clown does in the presence of the spectators in the circus.

What we call meditation is an important act of the mind and, in this, more than in anything else, if we want to reach the deep things of God and His universe, we must not be as the clown in the circus. We must shake away all lethargy of the mind all wish to be seen of other men, all assumption of attitudes, and set to grasp with our whole heart the things we are going to meditate upon. The result of our meditations may not be given in so many words, and

we must not think of writing our thoughts when we go through them. Let nothing ruffle the calmness of our minds. Let us only dive deeper and deeper while we meditate, if we want to penetrate beneath the surface of things and reach the depths.

After all we have to hold ourselves in readiness for every act of our life, small or great, with the whole power of concentration in it, and though we have divided the acts into physical, mental and spiritual, they are not so divisible. All true acts are one because the soul is one. "The hand and the feet are ever guided on by mysterious operations of the mind," and what intellectual act is not materially helped by cheerfulness of spirit, by trust in the almightiness of God's love? Therefore whatever you do, do with your whole mind, and heart, and soul.

Now, if we look into the matter deeply, we shall find that our life is a whole, that the body is but the tabernacle of the spirit, that our many mental faculties are but the different agents of the same master, the soul, and we "the whole species of mankind, are in the illimitable ocean of the All; indissoluble portion thereof, partaking of its infinite tendencies." No act in our life, physical, mental or spiritual, but is full of the deepest meaning if it is an act at all. Our eating and our drinking, our bathing and playing are but different inlets into the mind and spirit and power of God. So much as we do them well, so much of the Godhead will be revealed to us.

How careful, then, we must be in doing the ordinary duties of life! If the food that we take goes into the making of flesh and blood and bones, and flesh and blood have been

made to serve as the garment of our soul here on earth, must we not have our whole soul in the act of taking our food, and instead of eating as the beasts do, eat, with thanks on our lips and the love of God in our hearts? Let us remember that our bodies are but temples of the living God. Concentration is nothing else than so bending the mind as to make it capable of feeling the full weight of the Divined Power, or in other words, to enable the spirit to receive the full influence of the Divine Being—*The Interpreter*.

It is familiar to every one, that when the mind is closely occupied, numerous objects may pass before our eyes, and circumstances be talked of in our hearing, of which we do not retain the slightest recollection; and this is often in such a degree as implies, not a want of memory only, but an actual want of the perception of the objects. We cannot doubt, however, that there was the sensation of them; that is, the usual impression made upon the eye in the one case, and the ear in the other. What is wanting is a certain effort of the mind itself, without which sensation is not necessarily followed by perception;—this is what we call *Attention*. It is a state or act of the mind which is exercised by different individuals in very different degrees. It is much influenced by habit; and though it may not often be wanting in such a degree as to prevent the perception of objects, it is often deficient in a manner which prevents the recollection of them, and consequently has an extensive influence upon the intellectual character.—*Abercrombi*.

THE ONLY CONSOLATION.

THE experience of mankind hitherto testifies that the highest if not the only, consolation for the afflicted is derived from Religion. The Stoical philosophy, however logical and coherent, will not work. Men and women cannot trample down their emotions, nor root up at will affections, desires and hopes which have grown with their growth from their youth up. The only balm which can heal a wounded soul is the conviction that it has been smitten by the loving hand of a faithful Father and Friend—for some purpose both wise and kind. And until this conviction is reached, it is impossible for the soul to attain that submission and resignation which is the prelude to peace. . . .

The only possible relief or consolation, worthy of the name, is to be found in perceiving that the trouble was sent by a Loving Hand with a kind purpose. Less than that never has removed, never will remove, from the mourner's heart that rebellion and resentment which the sense of injury kindles. It is manifest, then, that Religion is the only source of consolation, since it is by that alone we are convinced that our troubles are sent in mercy and loving kindness. It teaches :—"Your afflictions, in whatever shape and by whatever means, come from God. Against Him you can feel no rebellion, for towards Him you can feel no distrust." 'It is the

Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." This is the test of faith. If we can glory even in our tribulations; if we can glorify God in the fires of affliction; if we can calmly, without resentment, without repining, take our bitterest cup of grief at His hands, saying "Father, not my will, but Thine be done," then, indeed, we believe in God but not before. The noblest doctrine of theology ever proclaimed has no more power of itself to bind up the broken-hearted or to inspire a manly contentment under misfortune than a piece of an old newspaper. Creeds true or false have little or nothing to do with the heart's trust in the Living, Loving God. They may help it or they may hinder it, according to their truth or their falseness, and, according to the degree in which their terms are realized. But the intellectual conviction by itself, however pure, refined and reasonable, lies altogether outside of and beyond the heart's confidence in the faithful love of God.

Sorrowing friends ! Do you ask me to comfort you ? Do I hear the heavenly voice calling upon me " Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people ?" All I have to give you of peace and consolation is this—Trust in the Lord. Believe that He has ordained your sorrow—and not man. Be sure that the very hairs of your head are all numbered, and that nothing ever happened to you without or against His blessed will. There is no other comfort but this to be had in heaven or earth. If you grasp it, if you seize this Divine hand which is stretched out in pity and love towards you, then your sorrow shall be turned into joy. Anger shall die away out of your breast. Impatience with the folly or perfidy of men shall be hushed. Even self-reproach will lose its sting.

Rebellion against your pain shall give place to resignation and out of your stony griefs you shall rear unto the Most High an altar of praise and thanks giving.

But if your faith be feeble, remember at least one of the manifest purposes for which sorrow has been mingled in your cup. It is sorrow and trouble only which have lifted mankind into the lofty sphere of religion. Had we never felt any wants, never known disappointments, losses, vexations, never been torn by the agonies of unrequited love, never bid a last farewell to our best and dearest; had all our lives been one unclouded day of plenty, of pleasure, of peace; had we always succeeded in our undertakings, ever gone on enriching ourselves and adding to our luxuries; had we lived in perpetual love and peace with our families and friends; and had they been always with us in health and security; surely then, but only then, might we have been able to do without God.

Under past and present conditions of human life, it has been well said, "Man is born into trouble as the sparks fly upward;" and just as irresistible as is this fact, so it is inevitable to draw the conclusion that it is trouble that brings us to God. The soul of man cannot be satisfied with the fulness and pleasures of earthly life. For a time he may rest contentedly in the enjoyment of them, never raising his thought above the low ground on which he stands or beyond the immediate present of sensuous delights. But there are two facts which render such an existence undesirable to the human spirit, even could it be permanent, one is that man's nature craves a fuller and nobler satisfaction than that which earthly happiness can afford; and therefore must sooner or

later become weary of a perpetual round of animal pleasure, become sated with the monotony of undisturbed serenity ; or—what is indeed far worse—sink beneath the pressure, of continued self-indulgence into a torpor and an apathy akin to moral death. In such a state he must lose every high and noble aspiration and he will soon cease to be, in the truest sense of the term, human. Generally, the other alternative is experienced and the wail of the hungry soul after higher enjoyments is heard ascending from the halls of palaces and from the gardens of Elysium—"All is vanity and vexation of spirit." "Who will shew us any good ; Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."

The other fact to be noted is that upon which philosophers, moralists and poets have exhausted language—the fleeting transitory nature of all earthly joys. Nothing and nobody is ever to be trusted. Wealth hoarded for years and guarded with wakeful anxiety is lost and gone before its owner is aware of danger. Fame, to-day so bright, leaves us to-morrow in the infamy of disgrace or in the desert of isolation. Friendships are liable to be broken or maimed through human prejudice and caprice. Our noblest work may turn a failure and, not even that, is a rock firm enough on which safely to build up the happiness of a human soul. Health ! precious as it is, ah ! who can trust it among the pitfalls of our ignorance, amid the pestilences that walk in darkness or the sicknesses which destroy at the noon-day ? And love itself, the crowing joy and glory of our lives, how frail and fleeting it is !

"A something light as air, a look,

A word unkind or wrongly taken :

Oh love ! that tempests never shook,

A breath, a touch, like this has shaken."

And at the best those we love are taken from us and leave us desolate and forlorn.

The more sensitive we are, the greater power of pleasure we possess, the more vividly must we realize the perishable, fleeting character of all these good things which make up the happiness of mortal life ; so that no rational being ought to stake the whole of his life, so to speak, on any one of these gifts, nor on all of them together. And this is the lesson God teaches us by trouble—to fix our highest and deepest affections on things above and not on things on the earth ; not on the gifts, but on Himself the giver ; not on the perishable and transitory but on the immortal and the eternal. He thus teaches us what was His own design in giving us life, not that we should find our final rest in things below, but seek and find an Eternal Home in His bosom. By the voice of our losses, our sufferings, and our sadness, He calls us gently to find in Him true riches, which neither rust nor moth can corrupt, which thieves cannot break through and steal ; to find in him the soul's eternal health and unfailing strength : to accept in His great and undying love the consolation for our bitterest bereavements and the promise of a blissful meeting with our beloved dead. But for their pains and weakness and sorrows, our little children would never know all the depth of a father's and mother's love. So without the long list of human cares, losses and woes, we should never have known the great love of God towards us, nor sought nor found our Father's face. Let us then sing with the poet:—

" Though cloud and storms go o'er my head ;

Though strength and health and friends be gone
 Though joys be withered all and dead ;
 Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
 Steadfast on this my soul relies :
 Father ! thy mercy never dies.
 Fixed in this faith may I remain :
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away !
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love."

*[Extracts from a Sermon preached by Rev. Charles
 Voysey, B.A.]*

The mistake we make is to look for a source of comfort in ourselves, self-contemplation instead of gazing upon God. For, first, it is impossible to derive consolation from our own feelings, because of their mutability : to-day we are well, and our spiritual experience, partaking of these circumstances, is bright ; but to-morrow some outward circumstances change—the sun does not shine, or the wind is chill, and we are low, gloomy, and sad. Then if our hopes were unreasonably elevated, they will now be unreasonably depressed ; and so our experience becomes flux and reflux, ebb and flow, like the sea, that emblem of instability. Next, it is impossible to get comfort from our own acts ; for though acts are the test of character, yet in a low state no man can judge justly of his own acts. When giving up this hopeless and sickening work of self-inspection, and turning from ourselves in Christian self-oblivion, we gaze on God, then first the chance of consolation dawns. He is not affected by our mutability. When we are restless, He remains serene and calm ; when we are low, selfish, mean, or dispirited, He is still the unalterable I AM ; the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.—*F. W. Robertson.*

CONTENTMENT.

I WAS once engaged in discourse with a *Rosicrucian* about the great Secret. As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are overrun with enthusiasm and philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious adept descanting on his pretended discovery. He talked of the secret as of a spirit which lived within an emerald, and converted everything that was near it to the highest perfection it is capable of. It gives a lustre, says he, to the Sun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory. He further added, that a single ray of it dissipates pain, and care, and melancholy from the person on whom it falls. In short, says he, its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of Heaven. After he had gone on for some time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together into the same discourse, and that his great secret was nothing else but *Content*.

This virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man in respect of every being to whom he stands related: It extin-

guishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm. "Why," said he, "I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me." On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves; rather than on those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass, but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as there are none that can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually

wanting, because instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game that is playing over their heads, and by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chase after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally eats himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the King of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with.

In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and Luxury to Poverty ; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, content is natural wealth, says Socrates ; to which I shall add, luxury is artificial poverty. I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the Philosopher, namely, that no man has so much care, as he who endeavours after the most happiness.

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy ; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune.

These may receive great alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortune which suffers, and the greater misfortune which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers-by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them; "every one," says he, "has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this." We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Doctor Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and, when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

In order to make us content with our present condition, many of the ancient philosophers tell us that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which the Gods themselves, are subject; whilst others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may shew him that

his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as Augustus did to his friend who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again ; it is for that very reason said the Emperor, that I grieve. On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition ; nay, it shows him that the bearing of his applications as he ought to do will naturally end in the removal of them. It makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in the world ; and if, in the present life, his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

Addison.

COURAGE.

“**T**HEY helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage.

“ So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smoothed with the hammer him that smote with the anvil.”

We were talking one day about a question of courage, when somebody said, “ But just what is courage, after all ? ”

Now this is what courage has come to mean to me ; and because this thought seems to throw so strong and reassuring a light on the problem of every-day living, I want to tell it to somebody else.

Courage, I believe, is just the natural attitude of the healthy soul whenever things are seen in their true, proportionate values.

This holds good of physical courage. The trained athlete is not afraid to meet a sudden ordeal. The certainty that his own powers count for more than the strain they have to meet makes him easily brave.

It is as true where physical powers are not equal to circumstance. The locomotive engineer who stood at his post through collision and wreck,—his courage was possible just because he felt that doing his duty was more to be desired than saving his life. He may have felt this only after a moment of agonized struggle with the protesting instinct of self-preservation : it may have come to him all at once, in a glorious impulse of feeling that had no conscious argument

in it. In both cases the essential fact is the same. It was his true vision of the comparative worth of life and duty which made it possible for him to deny the instincts of flesh and blood.

It holds good, too, of that passive physical courage which sustains one where there are no sharply drawn alternatives of action,—where there is room only for endurance. It is the same sort of spiritual insight which makes it possible for that invalid whom you know to be so brave and sweet and strong in the face of suffering that cannot be relieved. She knows that, whatever happens to her body, the best part of her is unharmed by disease, unscathed by the surgeon's knife. And serenity is better than complaint.

Suppose, even, that inevitable death faces a man where he can do nothing to escape.

If in his heart of hearts he does realize that his body is a temporary possession, but that he himself is something everlasting, he can calmly afford to give up the body.—

“ The ship may sink,

And I may drink

A hasty death in the bitter sea ;

But all that I leave

In the ocean grave

May be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

“ Let go the breath :

There is no death

To the living soul, nor loss nor harm.

Not of the clod

Is the life of God :

Let it mount as it will from form to form.”

It holds good of intellectual courage. The great leaders of thought have been men conscious that truth is more to be desired than conventional peace and comfort. After the wilderness is cleared, the highways built, the wild beasts put to flight, the toils and dangers of the pioneer seem half romance to the pioneer's descendants. So we, in our day, reverently recognizing in the great truths of science the best support of the great truths of religion, can hardly realize that there was ever a time when only men of heroic mould dared stand for science at all ; but it was so. It once meant facing the loss of precious landmarks of thought, alienation from friends, homesick parting from a whole world of mental habits and associations. And it is often most true and tender loyalty which clings to old associations. But, on the other hand,—on the side of the intellectual new world,—lay larger truth. The students of science who found our intellectual new world for us, and cleared up its wilderness for our easy possession, were men who thus had the divine insight to be sure that widening and deepening truth is worth more to humanity than the preservation of any particular phrases in which humanity had been wont to do its thinking. They had the simple courage which could be born only of such insight,—the courage which naturally followed from that insight.

It holds good of moral courage. The child who faces deserved blame instead of hiding from it, for the sake of his own growing sense of honor ; the man who dares be suspected, misunderstood, laughed at, and persecuted for the sake of a noble cause,—both take their stand on a consciousness of the

eternal balance of values. Their insight may be slowly attained through struggle and failure, or they may be gifted with that instinctive sense of comparative values which makes the seer tower above his fellows; but, reached in a flash or argued out with a doubting self, when once attained, its light solves all problems of timorous hesitancy. And so these stand our every-day heroes. It is a similar realization of where the everlasting balance of power lies which sustains that steadfast neighbour of yours in his perplexing, commonplace affairs. He has troubles to meet every day, and he is not afraid to meet them. He has learned the secret of one who said long ago: "In this world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world." It is in the consciousness of unfailing reserve power that he can

"Be like the bird that, halting in his flight,
Rests on a bough too slight,
Yet, feeling it give way beneath him, sings.
Knowing that he hath wings."

And there is all the difference in the world between real courage and its imitations. The unburned child may be fearless of fire, but nobody mistakes his fearlessness for true courage. We recognize that it is based, not on any true measure of realities, but rather on ignorance of realities. The bravado of the bully is also essentially different from true courage. It is based on mere personal vanity: to his vision the mere appearance of power is the one thing desirable. The recklessness of the street Arab, and the cool calculation of the criminal are not courageous in any true sense of the word. They imitate the outward show of courage with more or less plausibility, but we know in our hearts that they are

only morbid imitations of the real thing. 'The dare-devil sees life as one whose sight is diseased, and his would-be bravery we know for a dreary make-believe.

But see, now, what we have come to.

If we are right in this idea of what genuine courage depends upon, for its birth, if we are right in believing that it is conditioned simply by our ability to see things in their essential and eternal proportion, it follows surely that there can, in fact, be nothing in God's world for God's children to fear.

Is this not so? If it is always possible, whenever we do see things as they really are, to stand erect and ready for whatever confronts us, must it not be so?

“ Right is right, as God is God ;

And right the day must win.

To doubt would be disloyalty,

To falter would be sin. ”

CULTURE WITHOUT COLLEGE.

It is vacation time. The boys and girls have shut their school books, the schoolrooms are given up to janitors, the teachers are resting in the country places or have themselves turned into scholars in the summer schools. It is a good time, in this breathing-space, to say over again to ourselves certain homely old truths about education which we are apt to forget in the school hours,—certain old truths which those who go to school and those who have got through school and those who hardly ever have had a chance for school all equally need to bear in mind: homely truths which the schoolmasters and the school books comparatively little emphasize, yet which are more important than anything which they do emphasize; truths about the fundamental education, that which underlies all other education, and which all the rest is for, and which goes on independently of time and place, equally in school and out of school, equally in term-time and in vacation, equally in youth and age; truths about the fundamental education which knows no vacations.

And this is the very first thing to say about the matter: one girl and one boy can go to Harvard College or to Wellesley or Ann Arbor or Cornell, while a thousand boys and a thousand girls cannot go: *let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible for them.*

But of the thousand, many say, perhaps, that they do not care for "culture," any way. Yet "culture" is but a

sort of glory word for "education." There is a flower hint in "culture" that suggests not only the process of growing and unfolding, but the beauty of the blossom and the service of the fruit at last. When men laugh at it, their very misspelling—"culchur"—shows that what they laugh at is not the real thing, but some dwarf or caricature that apes the real thing. No one that is wise laughs at the true culture. Every body that is wise tries for it. Culture is that which turns the little, sour, wild crab-apple of the roadside into the apple of the orchard. Culture is that which turns the clumsy apprentice into the workman who is an honor to his calling. Culture is that which transforms the wilful, crying child of five years into the earnest boy of ten, the self-controlling man of twenty, the helper of men at thirty, the loved of men at fifty. Nobody really laughs at this. The laugh comes in when this large, inspiring word is dwarfed to mean a bookish education only, or—dwarf of a dwarf—a mere text-bookish education, such as the high school and college are sometimes thought to give, and sometimes do give.

Yet, if to-day they give no more than that, it is the fault of boy and girl rather than of the school. Our colleges and high schools have much yet to learn, but no one knows this better than themselves. The educators were never quite so wise as now in suspecting their own methods, and never more in earnest to find out better ones. By all means go to college, if you can ; or, if when young you could not go, give your boys and girls the chance you missed. That is an uncolleged parent's glory,—to give his child the education that he missed. Go to college, if you can ; for college

is a greenhouse for the mind, where its faculties can be started and trained more quickly than outside. But, after all, the great crops on which the country feeds are not started in the greenhouses, and the great faculties of mental and moral nature have no vital need of college training. Yes, go to college, especially if you have to pinch in order to get through it; for that pinch on the money side will halve the college dangers and may double the college profits for you. But, whether you go or not, keep two main facts in mind: this, first, that education depends chiefly on the boy, not on the place, even when the place is the best college in the land; and this, second, that in the boy or girl it depends more on the will power than the brain power. And what are these two facts but saying that culture can be won outside of college by means which nearly all of us can master? So I repeat: while one boy and one girl can go to Harvard or Cornell, and a thousand boys and girls cannot, *let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible.*

THE MAIN OF EDUCATION: WHAT IS IT?

Rather let each one of the thousand think just the other way, and repeat often to himself or herself, "Culture without college is possible, and possible for *me!*" Keep that motto bright on the mind's inner wall. It is possible because the main of education lies in self-disciplines,—self-disciplines in certain habits that are the tap-roots of both mind and character. Parents, teachers, friends, employers, home, school, workshop, travel, never make one grow; they only offer us materials for growth. "Each for himself" is the inevitable law of the actual growing. No one can assimilate the materials and make mind from them except one's self, just as

on one can digest another's dinner for him. Education is always at bottom a selfdiscipline ; and all of us, to speak exactly, are " self-made " men. What is more, these tap-root habits lie at the bottom of everybody's culture, and are the same for all. College men and uncolleged need them alike. Rich men and poor men need them alike. Talent and genius need them as much as the ordinary mind.

What are they,—these tap-root habits? They lie in three great groups: first, and underlying all, those habits by which we adjust the powers within us to each other,—self-control and temperance, courage to bear, courage to dare, concentration, energy, and perseverance. Do you call these mental, or do you call them moral habits? Practically, they are both. They make the tap-root of both mind and character. It is they that compact the man into a unit, into a " person." And without them high success in any life-path is impossible. One cannot go far in book knowledge without them, cannot go far on in his trade without them,—of course, cannot rise far toward nobleness without them. Without them the average man dooms himself to remain all his life a half-failure. Without them talent is lopsidedness and genius top-heaviness,—sources of downfall rather than of rise. And with them, whether one be dull or talented, every year of life sees growth, advance, uprise.

Next, another group,—those habits by which we adjust ourselves to other people,—habits of justice, of sympathy, of modesty, of courtesy, and of the public spirit which begins in self-forgetting for those we love and widens into self-forgetting for all whom we can help. And, besides these two, a third group,—those habits by which we adjust ourselves to

our ideals, habits of loyalty to truth as truth, of delight in beauty as beauty, of reverence for goodness as goodness. In this last group we reach religion.

As we name these great names over one by one, the feeling rises in us,—these surely are the *main* things in culture: to have these habits is to have vigorous mind, firm character, high tastes. Specialties of knowledge and of art are good, but these are worth more than any specialty the college gives. Think them over once again, these man-making habits,—the power of self-control, the power to dare and to bear, the power to face obstacles, to stand firm and to push hard; the splendid power of centring one's whole mind in fixed acts of attention; the power to side instinctively with right against the wrong, to side with the weak against the strong, to side with public against private ends, the power to obey with answering joy a call to come up higher. This, this is the real culture. And he who strengthens these powers in himself is a well-educated man. Now, all these noble powers can be attained without high school or college. Then culture without college is possible, and possible for me.

THE THREE TEACHERS: (1) ONE'S WORK.

Who are the teachers that teach these things to us,—us who cannot go to Harvard or Cornell? The teachers are three in number,—work, society, books; and the greatest of the three is one's work. To our work we owe more education than to anything else in life, spite of the hard names we sometimes give it. Work makes mind; work makes character. No work, no culture. It matters less than we are apt to think what the work is, so that it be hard enough to require will, attention, and honor to do it. Of all

the educating forces; a 'steady' need to do some thing promptly, persistently, accurately, and as well as we can, stands paramount, because nothing else so vitalizes those primary roots of mind and character,—the habits that come first upon our list. "Every man's task is his life preserver," Emerson reminds us : he means our soul's life. The workless people are the worthless people, even to themselves. What wealth gives, or should give, is choice of work, but not exemption from it. The man born rich is born into danger. He, as also the man quick to win riches, must make himself trustee for causes not his own, or else his riches become his doom. In our land, at least, a "gentleman," whatever else he is, is a good workman ; that is one who has something to do, who can do it well, and who always does it well. To-day even the daughter of wealth elects a task to save her life. To be a true woman, to be an educated woman, she must stand for some good work well done.

Well done ; for, if our work is to teach us, it must be good work,—good as we can do. The culture in it is proportioned to the quality of it,—not the absolute quality, but the quality as proportioned to our power ; and good work means, first or last, hard work. The master-workmen in any trade or profession have always been hard work-men. The actor Kean was a master on the stage, it is said. He practised two days on a single line ; but when he spoke the five words, they melted the house to tears. Hard work did that. Ruskin is a master in the art of making sentences. He tells us he has often spent several hours in perfecting a single period. Hard work, again. Edward Everett Hale is a master in the art of writing short stories. To write the well-

known story, "In His Name" he took a journey in Europe, ransacked a Lyons bookshop for old pamphlets, studied the history of poisoning, shut himself up a week or two in a country house, and then, says he, "I was ready to go to work." George Eliot was a mistress in the art of writing a long story. She spent six weeks in Florence before beginning "Romola," in order to catch the trick of language among the common people of the city; and her husband said that, before writing her "Daniel Deronda," she read a thousand books on Jewish history. Hard work, that; and she was a genius, too! Darwin was a master-workman in science. In his scrap of autobiography he explains the success of his book, "The Origin of Species," by two causes: (1) It was so slowly written. More than twenty years of collection and arrangement of facts preceded its publication, and that publication was his fifth rewriting. First came a short, condensed statement, then another, then a long, full statement, then an abstract from this, and at last, abstracted from this abstract, came the book. What patient labor! Yet Darwin was a man before whose genius all the men of science in the world stand in reverence. And (2) for years it was his "golden rule," as he calls it, to note and study every fact that seemed opposed to his theory. The result of this rule was that his book, when it appeared, was a sifted argument presented at its strongest, anticipating most of the objections that were raised to it. Hard work, all this, as he himself knew well; for it was himself who said, "Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been overpraised, it has been my greatest comfort to say to myself, 'I have worked as

hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this."

Such instances hint how master-workmen educate themselves by and in their work to be the masters. And, if this be true in book-making, it is no less true of any humblest task. Hear what Mrs. Garfield once wrote her husband, the man who was to be the President: "I am glad to tell you that, out of all the toil and disappointments of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory. I read something like this the other day. 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself: 'Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make? It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves; and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before.' And this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine,—that I need not be the shirking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield its best fruits."

It is a great comfort and inspiration amid long, hard tasks to remember all this, and to say to one's self: "Why this is going to college for me: this task is the day's lesson. I'm not a drudge but a pupil: do this as well as I can, and there is education, there is 'culture' in it for me." The sense of quantity in the task may tire and age us, often does:

the sense of high quality put into it refreshes and makes young. Many of us contrive to miss the joy by not doing the work well enough to get it.

(2) SOCIETY.

The second teacher for those of us who cannot go to college is society. And as with the head teacher, work, we scarcely realize how much we owe this tireless assistant, and how much more it can teach us than it does, if we will let it. "Every man my schoolmaster," is a motto for the wise. It is said of Daniel Webster that he never met a stable-boy without extracting some bit of information from him that was worth remembering. Probably no eye meets eye, no hand clasps hand, no two voices mingle in a minute's conversation without some actual interchange of influence, unconscious if not conscious. Think, then, of the education always going on for good or ill! A wilderness of varied character stretches around us in every social circle. The heroes and the villains of the novels walk our streets, and we ourselves are the stuff that Shakespeare's plays are made of. The carpenter and the carpentress, the grocer and the grocer's wife, the parson and the lawyer, and the broods of playing children hold more texts than any text-book. If we can only read well our neighbours, each, like a bit of Scripture, is "profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;" and the best among them are "inspired of God" reveal to us—what? Ourselves, our own unknown possibilities, the sleeping powers within us, and to make us come up higher. "Our chief want in life,—is it not somebody who can make us do what we can? We are easily great with the loved and honored associate." As if

unexplored wastes of human nature lay within us all waiting for some Livingstone or Kane to come that way.

Blessed are they who have the eyes to see to the inside of a neighbor! Among discoverers thus gifted are men we put upon the school committee, send to the legislature, elect as mayor and as governor, make overseer of the very college that, as boys, they longed, but never could afford to go to. And these men might answer, should we ask them about their schooling: "My schooling? I have had none to speak of. My schoolmasters have been the men and women I have met in parlors, in the church, in the caucus, in the shop, the counting rooms, on change. One taught me manners: one taught me tact. *She* raised my standards of justice and truthfulness and honor: *he* widened my ideas of public spirit. This one showed me how to save time in my work, and that one how to spend my leisure to advantage; and many a man and many a woman has served to warn me by making my mistakes for me. I have seldom faced a neighbor without facing a teacher." He who can truly say such things was born for education; and will get it, whether he go to college or not.

But how is it that they manage to extract so much from others,—these head scholars in the bookless schools? Some do it by that gift of eyes to see the inside of a neighbor. Others have a genius for geniality. But, as in work so in society, few win a great success without deliberate effort. There is no easy royal road to any art. To extract the good out of society takes bravery, takes modesty, takes a kind heart, takes a high aim. Bravery to conquer shyness, if one has it. For some poor fellows it takes

campaigns of suffering to conquer shyness. If we know that we are shy, better launch ourselves into the party, though we drift to the wall forlorn; better send ourselves to dancing-school, though we only dare to dance with the little girls; better make ourselves tell the story at table until we can tell it and others can hear it without a shudder. By and by we shall hug and bless ourselves for all this bravery. But through it all keep bravery's twin, modesty; for modesty gives the ready passport through the outer lanes to the doors of good society. The clean, kind heart is needed, too; for this alone admits one past the doors and the reception-rooms of courtesy to the inner living-rooms of mind and heart. And the high choice is needed which habitually companions the best side, not the poorer side, in men, and which instinctively seeks friends among those brighter and nobler than one's self. Four things, it takes them all,—bravery, modesty a kind heart, and high choices in comradeship. Have these, and you will have the fine art of making neighbors, and of making your way quickly to the inside and the best side of a neighbour. And men and women in loving faculties of approval will confer upon you an invisible degree, "Master of Arts."

(3) BOOKS.

And now a word about the third teacher who waits to teach us boys and girls and men and women who cannot go to college. His name is Books. He is the same great teacher that they have in college; but in this day he goes about the country, teaching everybody. He goes to the big city and every alley in it, teaching. He goes to the little

village and every cottage in it, teaching. He will teach just what one wants to hear,—all manner of trash, all manner of vileness, if one wants that. He does teach a vast deal of mental dissipation, and leads many minds into very bad company. On the other hand, there is no end to the good things he will teach, if one wants them. He will teach us history, he will teach us science. He will teach us the love of noble literature. He will teach us how to think well, how to talk well, how to write well. And he will stand to us in place of good society, if we cannot otherwise command it; for in books we can visit the best of the race. He will almost bring the college to us who cannot go to it, if we are willing to study under him patiently and steadily and with high aims. But, again, it takes the patience, the steadiness, the high choices and the hard work, or else he can do little for us. The young man ready to give that price for his help will make for himself three golden rules:—

I will be a reader ;

I will read best books ;

I will read best books in the best way.

“I will be a reader”; that means no day shall make me so tired that I will not find an hour—if not an hour, a half-hour ; if not a half-hour, then a quarter ; if not a quarter, then five minutes—in which I will read something. With many of us the odd minutes of ten years are enough to make the difference between an educated and an uneducated man. The odd minutes of this summer can make the difference between two good solid books taken into us and none at all put in. The odd minutes of

to-morrow can make the difference between a rich day and a poor day for our minds. The men on exchange grow rich on "margins": it is margins of time well used that gives us mental riches. How many opulent minds have taught that secret! There were Franklin, Theodore Parker, Lincoln,—all of them poor boys with horny hands and candlelight, no more; there were Faraday, Chambers, Stephenson. Many and many a boy starting with good eyes, a fair mind, a strong will, and his odd minutes, has become an intellectual capitalist. Many a boy.—and how about the girls? Let me quote from *Far and Near*, a journal for working-girls:—"A young mother said: I haven't read a book in three months. I can't with the children." But her neighbor across the way, with one more child, had read many volumes in that time by always keeping a book in her work-basket, ready to catch up at odd minutes. She seasoned her darning, and mending with literature. Lucy Larcom, when a mill girl in Lowell, carried a book in the big pocket of her apron, and records specially the fact that she read Wordsworth's poems and many of Shakespeare's plays in spare minutes amid the clatter of spindles. Another lady told the writer that she read Carlyle's 'French Revolution' and Taine's 'English Literature' while waiting for her husband to come to dinner. She was her own housemaid, and kept the books close at hand in the dining-room."

But, of course, if I am to reach culture, the books I read must be "*best books*,"—not bad, not even pretty good, but the best my mind is able to absorb. That is our second golden rule. In this happy day of cheap literature beware

of the literature of cheap quality. Each age begets out of its very civilization its own new form of dissipation. The saloon at the corner is only about two hundred years old. The newspaper in every home is hardly fifty years old ; but the newspaper habit has already become a direful dissipation for many of us, partly because the papers are so good. We could not live without them ; but their toothsome scrappiness, taken as our minds' "square meals," bewilders the attention, shallows the judgment, fritters the memory, steals the growing time. It is the newspaper habit that does the harm. Too much newspaper will spoil one for a solid, book. Our margins are small. How shall we use them? It is easy to use them all up, and have nothing to show. Look out the words "Index Expurgatorius" in the cyclopædia to see what they mean, and then make a private Index Expurgatorius, on which a great many innocent books as well as all bad books should be registered,—innocent books which are not innocent for you and me because our time-margins are so small. Am I a boy, the question on which my education is apt to turn is this: Shall the newspaper be the staple of my reading? Am I a girl, the turning question is, Shall love-stories be the staple of my reading? Am I a grown man or woman, the turning or perhaps the turned question is, What sort of books lie waiting on my table for the leisure hour at night, and what do I read on Sunday afternoons? In the public libraries seventy to eighty-five per cent. of the books taken out are classed as "juveniles and fictions." If my library book is often in that seventy per cent., one thing is sure,—I am no candidate for "culture." Whereas the habit of

absorbing three or four "real" books each year, and year by year, goes far toward making one in ten years the gentleman or lady.

Of absorbing them. I say; for "I will read best books *in the best way.*" This our last rule, can be put in one word,—Read and *ruminate*! Read and ruminate! A book that gives no cud to chew is scarcely worth reading once, a book worth reading of which one does not chew the cud has scarcely been read.

A bracing word from John Stuart Mill shall end the talk. He says: "They who know how to employ opportunities will often find that they can create them, and what we achieve depends less on the amount of time we possess than on the use we make of our time. Several great things which this generation is destined to do will assuredly be done by persons for whom society has done far less, to whom it has given far less preparation, than those whom I am now addressing." If that be true in England, how much more true here in the Land of Opportunity! Work, society, books, with these three teachers, and a will to get the best from them, culture without college is possible, and possible for *me*.—*The Christian Register*.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

LONGFELLOW'S triumphant line,
"There is no death! What seems so is transition,"
is a truth which manifests itself to us only in our most exalted hours. As one hears of the tragedies going on about us, of the passing away of those who seem so necessary to the happiness and welfare of families,—of the mother torn from her little ones, of the husband left desolate, of the wife widowed,—and, as we feel the burden of our own, perhaps unspoken, sorrow, we are oftener moved to cry.

"The air is full of farewells to the dying,

And mournings for the dead,"

than to rise to that altitude of the spirit which sees in the fact of death only a casting-off of the material envelope and a freeing of the spirit for a wider flight.

Yet, as we are to judge individuals by their best rather than by their lowest characteristics, seeing in their highest development that to which the whole man might be raised under favoring circumstances, so we are to judge the possibilities of the conquest of the earthly side of our nature by the spiritual. If there ever comes a moment under the inspiration of some invisible force that makes us cry with full conviction, "There is no death!" that is the index of what may be continually possible to us if we give the spirit-breezes an opportunity to purify the air in which we live, to drive away the fogs of doubt, and let in the sunlight of hope and aspiration.

There is no death ! When do we feel this most strongly ? The assurance comes in different ways. To one it comes as he stands on the seashore, with a sense of the power, the immensity, the apparent omniscience and immortality of the ocean, as it beats forever and forever on the strand. Another feels the kinship of the spirit with all that is eternal amid the grandeur of the mountains. Another finds it in the reading of inspired writings, echoing the words of strong, brave souls, who were superior to death, and whose undying faith kindles a like faith in those who follow them, though centuries apart. Marvellous is the power of thought held captive in the written form, coming down the ages, and cheering multitudes who slip from the lifegiving stream that flows forever, gathering strength and sweetness and volume in its onward current. And some find the last doubt fall away at the sound of music,—not the sound of harsh trumpet, and horn, such as felled the walls of Jericho, but music which wakes the sympathy, so that

“Some chord in unison with what we hear

Is touch’d within us, and the heart replies.”

As we listen to the grand strains of “The Messiah,” for instance, we remember that, a short year ago, such a dear one sat by our side, and listened with us,—one whose mortal form is sleeping beneath the snow to-day ; but the thought of death does not intrude. In spirit we are together again. There has been no parting of the sweet soul-relation. As the pæan, “I know that my Redeemer liveth” swells on the air, the heart cries to itself, “There is no death ! What seems so is transition.” But the work-a-day world comes again with the morrow. The heavenly strains

float away ; and we hear, instead, the earthly clamour, and through its harsh noises the note of sorrow finds its way. The ocean is a forgotten dream of the summer ; the mountains are clad in ice, and awaken no sympathetic glow in aching hearts. The printed page ceases to infuse hope and courage, and the old battle must be fought anew. Still, there is the abiding consciousness that, when the soul on those rare occasions forgot itself, it found peace and consolation and assurance. Till such seasons come again, till they become the habitual temper of the mind, there remains but one way of drowning the thought that the world is full of farewells to the dying, and that is to forget one's own soul again in doing something for the living. So shall thought of life and death be merged in action, guided by faith in God and humanity, hope for an unbroken chain of life, and a love that is stronger than death and which in itself is the best pledge of immortality.

TRY AGAIN.

DESPAIR is a sin. It denotes want of faith in a living God. We have seen many persons to whom failure brings nothing but despair. They are workers probably in the field of God; but their heart is so tenderly, rather so feebly constituted that, unless success greets them at every step, they are liable to an immediate collapse of their entire moral organization. If we fail, it is because we have not worked with a will, not that God has no more strength to give us. Failure itself has a deep moral meaning in it. It is intended to show us the weakness of our moral nature, and save us effectually from the demoralizing influence of pride and conceit. It serves also as an incentive to higher efforts; and by drawing out the innate energies of the soul, shows what we are capable of in the end. If there had been no failures in this world, each man would have thought himself equal to God. Thus, religion would have been a superfluity with us. It is because we are weak, because we ought to think that we are so, that failure is so necessary an element in human success. We succeed, indeed, through failures. The highest achievements of manhood are but the culmination, or crowning point, of a series of failures. We should not, therefore, undervalue failures; nor should we ever despair. To every brother engaged in business, secular or heavenly, we say—Try again.—*The Fellow Worker.*

ETERNAL DESTINY.

(SELECTED).

WHAT a sight this world of ours must present to the eyes of any one standing above and looking down at the hundreds of millions who swarm upon its surface. Toiling, hurrying, fighting, struggling, conquering, suffering, age after age and generation after generation, the place of one man no sooner emptied by death than another rushes in to fill up the gap! To what end is all this? Is there any end at all, or is it blind chance that rules? What is our eternal destiny? Put in the language of Scripture, man's eternal destiny seems to be to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling; not "his own" in the sense that he will be unaided by God in the process, but "his own" in the sense that each stands on his own responsibility, and nobody else can work out his salvation for him. Man, we are told, was made in God's image; but surely this must mean that man was given all the capacities for becoming like God, not that he was created God-like at the start. For we see to-day, in spite of the progress heavenward that the world has made in the last few thousand years, how far man still is from attaining unto the image of the Divine. The potentiality of reflecting God's image has been given us, but no one dare say that we fully show forth that image yet. Still, century by century, and millennium by millennium, mankind is working out its own salvation, or, in other words, trying to realise God's ideal for the race.

True progress is only possible when men are possessed with an overpowering sense of what God would have them be, and when they yield themselves unreservedly to His Holy Spirit to will and to do of His good pleasure.

When looked at from this point of view earth's confusion and turmoil takes on an ordered shape, and we understand much that once seemed dark. The whole world is gradually moving on towards God; God is our end as well as our beginning. From God we came when He breathed into us the breath of life, to God we go as the goal of our spirits. It is being made "perfect through suffering." God's standard must at all costs be held before our eyes; and, therefore, when other things intervene between us and Him, they have to be taken from us for our individual good and the good of mankind at large. So money, friend, position, health, all must go if they endanger God's great ideal for the world. Whatever happens, our eyes must be kept on Him. So closely are we linked together man to man, in this social life of ours, that the failure of any one person to live up to God's purpose for him means a check in the onward progress of the race. This is one of the thoughts that should most spur us on to a higher life, and most deter us from all that is base, the thought that our individual action, small and unimportant as it may seem to us, hastens or retards the day when Christ shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied; and God, looking forth on man whom He created, can fully and finally pronounce him to be "God."

All this seems very awesome and majestic as we think about it, but it is comforting to feel that to play our part

in this grand world-scheme needs nothing out of the common on our part. It is, in fact, best done by quietly and faithfully going through the daily round; perhaps in the "drudgery" of life, as it is called (though to the true Christian there is no such thing as drudgery) are we best able to glorify our God and carry out His purposes towards us. It has ever been heaven's rule that adversity, hard work, and monotony of existence have produced the loveliest characters; and if we look on these things from the heavenward side instead of from the earthward, we shall not be so apt to murmur and repine when they fill a good portion of our life. The fulfilling of our eternal destiny is worth a little pain and sacrifice to-day; in fact, it cannot be fulfilled without them. Paul had a grand conception of this glorious end when he wrote, 'All things work together for good to them that love God': Every circumstance and incident of our lives, if only put into the crucible of God's eternal love and purpose for us, may come forth to have refining and purifying influence upon us. That is the true secret of a happy life, a life so filled with thoughts of God and of God's great plans for humanity that it has no time for morbid brooding and depression, no room for grumbling and unbelieving thoughts. It is being, in deed and in truth, God-possessed.—*The Interpreter and the new Dispensation.*

The everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite power that makes for righteousness. Thou canst not by searching find him out. Yet put thy trust in him, and against thee the gates of hell shall not prevail; for there is neither wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Eternal.—*John Fiske.*

DISCRETION.

I HAVE often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. There are infinite *reveries*, numberless extravagancies, and a perpetual train of vanities which pass through both. The great difference is that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This sort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. On such occasions the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but *thinking aloud*. Tully has therefore very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend in such a manner that if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him.

Discretion does not only show itself in words but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life. There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them.

Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtued itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's! The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation; and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like *Polyphemus* in the fable strong and blind, endued with irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world, but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods. *Addison.*

EVILS OF DRINKING.

THERE is a story told of a lady who, to cure her husband of the habit of intemperance, had him photographed while in a state of intoxication, and presented the picture to him one morning at breakfast. It is said that the remedy proved effectual. This lesson is a true photograph of the drunkard, and should prevent any from beginning a habit which may lead to such terrible consequences. Rev. C. Bridges calls this "the drunkard's looking-glass." Those who are only begining the habit will do well to look into this mirror, and take warning.

The evil of intemperance is not exaggerated. No picture could be true which was not terrible. There are few of us who cannot recall some who sat with us in the same Sunday-school, and of whom this description has now become a fact. They have had all the pleasure that the intoxicating cup can give them, and are now reaping the harvest of "woes." These woes are : (1) *Inward*. Note the margin of Rev. Ver. (29). The conscience feels the bitterness of remorse, dreads the terrible issue, and cries out "Oh!" and "Alas!" This is perhaps the first woe the drunkard feels. The bitterness of it only he himself can know. The contrast between what he was and what he is ; the regret that he should ever have formed the habit ; the sense of helplessness and hopelessness now, all these cause him inward pain. (2) *Social* woes follow. Drink makes a man contentious and complaining, inflames the passions, makes

him forget the claims of his family. Have you ever been waiting with the drunkard's wife and children for the return of the drunken husband and father? Have you noticed how they have trembled at the sound of the unsteady footstep, and how they have had to flee from his presence as soon as he entered? The picture is too vivid to be forgotten by some of us. Men who naturally love their home become cruel tyrants when influenced by drink. (3) Then come *bodily woes*. Wounds (29) received in causeless disputes, or in accidents for which drink is solely responsible. The whole face and form of the drunkard show marks of his sin. As John Ploughman puts it: "The nose blushes for the sins of the mouth." The bleared eyes, dimmed through excess (30), begin also to see strange things (33, R. V.) under the influence of delirium. Drink, like another demon, holds full possession of the man, so that he becomes insensible to his danger (34), and will return to his sinful habit in spite of every warning. (35) Illustrations of all these consequences can be found in every daily paper.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?—There are some who deny that total abstinence is ever taught in the Bible. Carefully note verses 30-32. All these curses are attributed to the *excessive* use of strong drink (30). They "tarry-long" and seek "mixed wine," *i.e.*, spiced, drugged, and therefore more powerfully intoxicating. All these consequences result from such intemperate indulgence. But what is the remedy? A *moderate* use of this intoxicating cup Solomon is too wise to make such a proposal. The evil results from excess, the remedy is the most stringent, *total abstinence*

(31). The wine cup is described in its most fascinating character. And the advice is not—Take as much of it as will conduce to health and enjoyment, but—Don't even *look* at it. How often has a look at some tempting object led to sinful indulgence ! The advice means : Keep as far away from it as possible. Don't presume upon your fancied strength to be able to stand where others have fallen. Avoid the company where the wine cup will be offered to you. He who never takes the first glass will never take the second. In New Testament language that means "deny yourself" (Matt. xvi. 24). Until you can find a better remedy, would you not do well to adopt this ?

The lesson applies to every other form of sin, of which the fascinating wine cup is a fitting type. Yet, remember, that resolutions and pledges are in themselves powerless to effect a man's deliverance. Men must not only look away from the sin, but must look to the Saviour (Isa. xlv. 22).

The Christian.

Persons addicted to excessive drinking suffer in the intervals of sobriety, and near the return of their accustomed indulgence, a faintness and oppression *circūpræcordia* which it exceeds the ordinary patience of human nature to endure.

Paley.



ECONOMY.

TO secure independence, the practice of simple economy is all that is necessary. Economy requires neither superior courage nor eminent virtue; it is satisfied with ordinary energy, and the capacity of average minds. Economy, at bottom, is but the spirit of order applied in the administration of domestic affairs: it means management, regularity, prudence, and the avoidance of waste. The spirit of Economy was expressed by Jesus Christ in the words "gather up the fragments that remain, so that nothing may be lost."

Economy also means the power of resisting present gratifications for the purpose of securing a future good, and in this light it represents the ascendancy of reason over the animal instincts. It is altogether different from penuriousness, for it is economy that can always best afford to be generous. It does not make money an idol but regards it as a useful agent. As Dean Swift observes "We must carry money in the head, not in the heart." Economy may be styled the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the mother of Liberty. It is evidently conservative—conservative of character, of domestic happiness, and social well-being. It is, in short, the exhibition of self help in one of its best forms.

Francis Hornes's father gave him this advice on entering life:—"Whilst I wish you to be comfortable in every respect, I cannot too strongly inculcate economy. It is a necessary virtue to all; and however the shallow part of mankind may despise it, it certainly leads to independence, which is a grand object to every man of a high spirit."

Smiles.

ENTHUSIASM.

“**N**OTHING is so contagious as Enthusiasm : it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus : it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and Truth accomplishes no victories without it.” So wrote the late Lord Lytton, and the words are very true and should be burnt deep into the soul of any man who wishes to live a fruitful life. Among the ancient Greeks there were certain religious festivals when the devotees of the God or Goddess gave themselves up to a kind of frenzy, shouted and sang and uttered strange things as they rushed along in the procession. These people were said to be inspired or possessed by the God, and their ecstasy was called *Enthusiasm*, which means that the God was in them inspiring them. When the Delphic Oracle was consulted, the priestess took her seat over the tripod which was placed over a fissure in the ground whence issued an intoxicating smoke. When these fumes affected her brain she fell into a state of delirious intoxication and the sounds which she uttered in this state of Enthusiasm were believed to contain the revelations of Apollo.

Such is the derivation of our word *Enthusiasm*. The very word seems to thrill us out of a cold indifference and raises up before our minds the deeds of noble characters who have left the world the better for the work that they have done in it. We think of an idea or truth firmly belived in and persistently followed with a firm determination. We think

of a man who sincerely believes in his mission and seems moved by a divining pulse to carry it on, in spite of all obstacles. There is a true enthusiasm and there is a false enthusiasm. A true enthusiasm does not imply a noisy self-assertive character but is quite consistent with a quite calm persistence. A true enthusiasm is inspired by the ideal of all that is true and right and just and manly. A true enthusiast thinks more of his subject than of himself. A true enthusiasm actuates the whole spirit of a man and captures his faculties, feelings, and talents. It prevades the body, soul and spirit of a man and moves him along with it. A false enthusiasm is rather a contradiction in terms, for what is divinely inspired cannot be false, but, as the word is now used, we can use it of one whose whole being is inspired for something material or trivial like the enthusiasm, so-called, for collecting china or postage stamps when the enthusiasm is apt to become selfish, or as we say 'the man's hobby runs away with him.'

But true enthusiasm, because it extends to others and is in the region of the spiritual and directs the higher part of nature is eminently self-sacrificing. Such enthusiasm has led martyrs to the stake. Such enthusiasm carried St. Paul on his divine mission, and made him glad and joyous in the midst of troubles and persecutions. Such enthusiasm marked essentially the Life of Jesus Christ Himself. How brightly that divine enthusiasm flashes out in His works and actions? "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business" were his words to his wondering mother, when He was twelve years old, and when He gazed upon the blind man lying helpless on the wayside, the sense of his

responsibility to others seems to have come strongly upon him. "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day for the night cometh then no man can work." What lesson for us to face our responsibilities and make the most of our present opportunities. Then again, in the last journey to Jerusalem we read that "He steadfastly set his face that He should go to Jerusalem." His enthusiasm made Him steadfastly keep his aim in view,—the salvation of mankind. With true enthusiasm there is no hurry. We see this in the Life of Christ that though there was constant haste, there was no hurry : though there was much pressure, there was no confusion. Nothing was more conspicuous in him than his unvarying dignity, calmness and self-possession, yet, underneath all, a burning enthusiasm.

Again true enthusiasm never does anything unprepared. One half of the worry and confusion of life arises from doing things at the wrong time, the mind being either weakened by borrowing to-day the trouble of to-morrow or exhausted by having on hand not only to-day's work but that which ought to have been done yesterday. Jesus Christ was ready for every duty for he came to it strengthened by the perfect discharge of the duty preceding it. Eager and enthusiastic as He was, He did not rush into his work prematurely but waited hidden in the country till mind and body were mature and every thing fully ripe, and then He came forth in the freshness of His strength and did His work swiftly, surely and perfectly. His enthusiasm was fed by constant communion with His Father. When he saw His disciples becoming exhausted or excited, He would say "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place

and rest a while." Our most sincere enthusiasm may become stale unless we refresh ourselves at the Throne of Grace.

But the world looks coldly on all enthusiasm, because I suppose it is opposed to the cold selfishness of the intellect. And if there is one thing which young men need to preserve it is that spirit of enthusiasm for that which is right and pure which all have felt at sometime in their lives. When we are young all seems bright and true, and our earnestness and sincerity has not been blunted by the cold hypocrisy of the world. People smile at the enthusiasm of youth, that enthusiasm which they themselves secretly look back upon with a sigh, perhaps unconscious that it is partly their own fault that they ever lost it.

In questions of Social reform and in the search for religious truth this is especially in need of a steady enthusiasm. The burning words of a soul convinced of truth strike deeper and give more lasting impression than the cold utterances of a dry intellectualism. In fact the heart is the seat of enthusiasm and the heart alone can arouse the affections of others. The love of God is the highest motive by which we can work and is most powerful in inspiring true enthusiasm. Let us then in 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report' cultivate the highest enthusiasm.

W. C. PENU.

ENVIRONMENTS.

“And all her great men were bound in chains.” Nahum iii. 10.

THESE were certainly close environments ; but whence had they come ? From still closer ones, I apprehend, like those of pride and enervating habits among a luxurious people ; from neglect of the higher demands of the spiritual life ; from living too much on the lower plane, which prophets in all ages have warned against. Nahum, whose little book furnishes the text for this subject, was one of the minor prophets. He lived about 630 B.C., in Nineveh, as we have reason to suppose,—that rich Assyrian city whose downfall he sees near at hand, whose people he warns of coming doom by his reference to No Ammon, a once populous city in Egypt, which for just such causes as were prevailing in Nineveh had already met the result of entire subjection and captivity. “Is Nineveh any better than that city,” he asks, “blessed by nature, situate among the rivers” (a great blessing indeed in that arid land)..... “secure and wealthy, and caring at length only for selfish ease?” But neither natural nor borrowed resources could save that city, itself profligate and indolent, from being carried away into captivity, with “all her great men bound in chains.”

This thought is the burden of all the Old World prophecies, and of all the New World prophecies as well. It did not require miraculous power then to discern what causes would be sure to produce disintegration of a city or

nation. It does not require any superhuman gift to-day. Every clear-seeing mind knows that dissipation will make nations and individuals weak and easily overcome. Certain courses will tend to strengthen and fortify : opposite courses will produce final disaster. It is always the burden and sorrow of those who see this that so many are blind in this direction, or see as through a mist. A base character, neglecting all cultivation of its highest powers, is steadily gathering within itself all the elements necessary for its own destruction. There is no power enduring and sufficient but the power of the spirit ; and, if this be neglected, there remains, of course, nothing with which to repel invasions.

And this is true of a single individual or of many united. Not the force from without, but the weakness within, should cause apprehension. Not the environments, which others are capable of bounding our lives with, but those we may be daily and hourly making for our own limitation, do we need to consider. We have often seen good work done in overcoming environments. From the lowliest surroundings genius has arisen. From the severest privations and hardships of early life men have built up great fortunes, or made themselves great, generous, honored leaders among their brethren. Did environments, hard, crushing, discouraging, hinder these brave spirits ? Did not all obstructions rather serve as aids, since by their efforts to remove them they grew continually stronger and more enduring ?

And there have been crises in the world's history when the massed power of dauntless spirit has finally swept away seemingly immovable environment. Given some incentive

which thrills the heart and stirs the pulse and rouses the conscience, and, by scores and hundreds, noble champions have risen. Boldly meeting any danger, forgetting selfish ease and comfort, looking out with wider vision upon the time to come, and seeing that which menaced the whole, they have stood shoulder to shoulder. Such men are conquerors and heroes forever. They have done more than serve the present demand. They may have freed a race or saved a country, but they have done more. They have lifted the whole mass a little higher. They have broken some stubborn bands. They have widened all humanity's horizon, and God will reward them.

No : it is not in the nature of our surroundings to hold us caged forever, or even for this life. But, in our struggles with hard environments, if we can discern about how many of them we have actually made ourselves, and therefore clearly ought to overcome, we shall see where to begin. Perhaps now those outer environments are not pressing as closely as we think : and, while we weary ourselves in vain efforts to get free from them, the very reason why we cannot may be from the pressure of intervening ones, which can and must be got rid of first. Perhaps, too, when we have thoroughly mastered the nearer ones (so near that they lie closely in the kingdom of the heart), we shall see that no violent effort is required to rend those outside. There are no chains for the free spirit. When it breaks those which itself has forged, behold, an ever-widening freedom is before it. But, while two immortal souls look, with equal desire, toward a life which shall count for something in the world, one will fix his gaze so intently on the far-away, lovely

ideal that a host of hindering interventions cannot appall him. And the other, sighing mournfully that, if he had a chance, he would reach his goal, that, if surroundings were different he would attempt it, if some one would give him a start, he could go on, halts thus before each hindrance. looks in its stony, disheartening face too long, while unseen opportunities are passing, and allows himself to be fettered, ever growing more helpless in that race where only individual prowess can win.

Let us beware of the chains of pride, resentment, envy, of criticism and complaint, and break those that we can break. And let us not limit our future advancement by looking far away to those we now think invincible. When we reach them fairly, we shall have a power unknown to us now ; and, in some noble hour of rest in God's peace, we may yet see those laws we now seem powerless against, yield, one after another, to the ever-increasing might of deathless spirit, our eternal gift from God the Father.—*Mrs. E. M. Hickok.*

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

THERE are many to whom Faith seems much less substantial, much less permanent, than knowledge. They imagine it to be the same thing as credulity, something quite unscientific. Those who walk by faith they regard as weak-minded people, who believe not what is true, but what is agreeable. They regard them as believing in God, Christ, and immortality, not on evidence, not because these things are facts, but because they are comforting and pleasant.

The truth is, Faith is the very life of the soul, the essential condition of all knowledge. All that we know rests on the solid foundation of trust; trust in certain immutable convictions, confidence in the veracity of our own faculties, reliance on the corresponding veracity of our fellow-creatures, a profound faith in the stable order of the universe, and the reign of universal law. All this is faith, not knowledge. But without it knowledge were impossible. We must all begin by trusting our own faculties. We trust our senses. When we open our eyes and see the sun, the earth, the ocean, the faces of men and women, we believe that these are realities. This is an act of faith. When we hear the melodies of winds and woods and waters, the tones of affection, the words which bring to us comfort and peace, we rely on the reality of all this. Our senses may deceive us, yet we trust in them. We trust in our higher faculties; we believe the reports which consciousness gives to us of our own identity and personality, of the reality of right and

wrong, good and evil, time and space, beauty, order, immortal truth. Thus faith is the foundation on which all our knowledge rests, faith in things unseen, behind and below all that is seen. All human knowledge, all human endeavour, all earthly progress, depends on faith that outside of what we know there is a great world of truth and good still to be discovered.

And this is, in reality, faith in God. For God is the eternal Truth, the omniscient God. He is behind all things, before all things, and above all things. We do not see Him, but faith leads directly and inevitably to Him.

Thus faith is like the primitive granite. Dig down deep, and you come to it, below all superimposed strata. Go to the summit of the highest mountains and you find it on all the loftiest elevations. Faith begins as the basis of the infant's knowledge; it ends in leading us to know God, Christ, and immortality. Faith abides with us always, the constant companion of all our discoveries and all our knowledge.

And the child of faith is Hope, equally immortal. Why do we believe in progress? Why do we try to make the world better? Why do men expect to rise in the world? It is because God has placed within the human heart this boundless expectation of something better to-morrow than we have to-day. This is the best evidence that there will be progress in this world, and in the world to come; that hope is an abiding element in human nature. On this instinct rests, in a large degree, our belief in immortality, in a reunion

with the loved and the lost in some better world beyond. And Hope is no delusion, no mere imagination, born of empty wishes. It rests on an immutable, unchangeable law of human nature planted in the soul by the Creator. It is more convincing than any argument, more reasonable than the most subtle logic. It says, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

But best and most blessed of all abiding things is Love. Love is the spirit of life, and makes all things live. Without love, life is not worth living. It is in the first look of intelligence which we discover in the infant's eye; it is in the last feeble pressure of the hand of the dying. Nothing is so real as this; it alone has solidity, substance and essential being. Selfishness is not enduring, in its very nature it destroys itself. The selfish man is only half live. He lives alone, in a cold isolation of soul.

In all religions, the most essential part is love. Christianity sums up its whole law in these two articles, "Love God and love man." Jesus does not say, "Believe this and that about God about me, about sin and salvation." But he says, "Love God with all your heart, and your neighbour as yourself." And amid all the changes of creeds, the strife of parties, the reforms and revolutions of the Church, love had its abode in many an humble home, in many a meek and trusting heart. In the hardest and most cruel days, love prompted men and women to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the prisoner, redeem the slave, cleanse the leper, and bring comfort to the forlorn.

These, then, are the unchanging unalterable facts of Christianity. Faith is the foundation; faith in God as an

infinite Friend ; faith in Christ as the way, the truth, and the life ; faith in ourselves as the children of God whom he loves and who, therefore, must have something in us worth loving. And Hope, always reaching forward, seeking, praying, working for a kingdom of heaven to come below, for a kingdom of God to begin here and continue hereafter. And Love, the bright consummate flower of human life, that which is essentially and forever divine, which makes us one with God and at peace in our own souls. Faith is the foundation on which our knowledge rests ; Hope is the motive power urging us forward from good to better ; and Love is the heaven within which makes a Heaven around us evermore.—

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D.

Whatever may be the real nature of faith, its power cannot be contested. There is profound reason for the Gospel affirmation that it can move mountains. The great events of history have been brought about by obscure fanatics armed with nothing but their faith. The great religions which have governed the world and the vast empires that have extended from one hemisphere to the other, were not built up by men of letters, of science, or by philosophers. The creed on which the civilization under which we live was founded was first spread by obscure fishermen of a Galilean market town. Shepherds from the Arabian deserts, whose contemporaries hardly knew of their existence, were the men who subjected a part of the Greco-Roman world to the dogmas of Mohammed, and founded one of the vastest empires known in history.

A strong conviction is so irresistible that only an equal

conviction has any chance of struggling victoriously against it. Faith has no enemy to be really afraid of except faith. It is sure of triumph when the material force opposed to it is the servant of weak emotions and of weak belief. But, if it is brought to face a faith of the same intensity, the contest becomes very active ; and success is then determined by accessory circumstances, usually also of a moral order, such as the spirit of discipline and better organization.—

DUTIES TOWARDS THE FAMILY.

THE Family is the Heart's Fatherland. There is in the Family an Angel, possessed of a mysterious influence of grace, sweetness and love ; an Angel who renders our duties less arid, and our sorrows less bitter. The only pure and unalloyed happiness, the only joys untainted by grief granted to man on this earth, are—thanks be given to this Angel!—the happiness and the joys of the family. He who, from some fatality of position, has been unable to live the calm life of the family, sheltered beneath this angel's wing, has a shadow of sadness cast over his soul, and a void in his heart which nought can fill, as I who write these pages for you, know.

*

*

*

*

This Angel of the Family is Woman. Whether as mother wife, or sister, woman is the caress of existence, the soft sweetness of affections diffused over its fatigues, a reflex on the individual of that loving Providence which watches over Humanity. She has in her a treasure of gentle consolation sufficient to soothe every sorrow. Moreover she is for each of us the initiatrix of the future. The child learns its first lesson of love from its mother's kiss. In the first sacred kiss of the beloved one, man learns the lesson of hope and faith in life, and hope and faith create that yearning after progress, and that power to achieve it step by step—that

future, in short—whose living symbol is the infant, our link with the generations to come. It is through woman that the Family—with its divine mystery of reproduction—points to Eternity.

Consider woman, therefore, as the partner and companion, not merely of your joys and sorrows, but of your thoughts, your aspirations, your studies, and your endeavours after social amelioration. Consider her your equal in your civil and political life. Be ye the two human wings that lift the soul towards the Ideal we are destined to attain.

Love the children given to you by God, but love them with a true, deep, and earnest affection : not with the enervated, blind, unreasoning love, which is but egotism in you, and ruin to them. In the name of all that is most sacred, never forget that through them you have in charge the future generations : that towards Humanity, and before God, you are under the heaviest responsibility known to mankind. You are bound to initiate your children, not merely to the joys and desires of life, but to life itself ; to its duties, and to its moral law of Government. “ Your children will resemble you, and become corrupt or virtuous in proportion as you are yourself corrupt or virtuous. How shall they become honest, charitable, and humane, if you are without charity for your brothers ? How shall they restrain their grosser appetites, if they see you given up to intemperance ? How shall they preserve their native innocence, if you shrink not from offending their modesty by indecent act or obscene word ! You are the living model by which their pliant nature is fashioned. It depends then

upon you, whether your children be men or brutes."

*

*

*

*

Love and reverence your parents. Let not the family that issues from you make you unmindful of that from which you sprang. Too often do the new ties weaken the old, whereas they should be but another link in the chain of love that should unite the three generations of the family in one. Surround the gray hairs of your mother and father with tender affection and respectful care even to their last day. Strew their path to the tomb with flowers. Let your constant love shed a perfume of faith and immortality over their weary souls. And be the affection you bestow on your own parents a pledge of that you shall receive from your children.

Parents, sisters, brothers, wives, and children, be they all to you as branches springing from the same stem. Sanctify the family by unity of love, and make of it the Temple wherein you unite to bear sacrifice to your country. I know not whether you will be happy if you act thus, but I do know that even in the midst of adversity you will find that serene peace of the heart, that repose of the tranquil conscience, which will give you strength in every trial and cheer your souls with a glimpse of heavenly azure even in the darkest storm.

Mazzini.

FORGIVENESS.

“GOD’S greatness flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness his rest.”

—*Mrs. E. B. Browning.*

The poet sees the highest truth. We are indeed environed by God; and our lives unfold in strength and beauty as we come into right relations with this environing reality, through obedience to the moral law. But this spiritual growth is checked by our own feelings, thoughts, and actions. We are envious, unkind, unjust. We transgress the divine law. We wrong the divine love. Is there forgiveness for us? If we repent and pray for pardon, will God set aside the law that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, and utterly blot out the consequences of our wrong-doing? Once it was easy to believe that the moral law might thus be set aside, even as it was thought that the majestic order of nature could be changed by human petitions, that the rain might be brought from the clouds, the destructive whirlwind turned aside, the plague and the earthquake averted. But, gradually, there was developed that conception of the unvarying order of the universe which the discoveries of Copernicus and Kepler and Newton rooted so firmly in the human mind that to-day the intelligent, thoughtful person does not expect the steadfast laws of nature to be set aside in his behalf. He knows that frosts will whiten all the plain, when those conditions occur which cause its glittering crystals to be formed, although his corn

may not be ripe. He knows that floods will follow melting snows and heavy rains, though life and property are swept away. He knows that the sun will not stay in its downward course, though at its setting he must die. Ay, more : he knows that moral laws are as immutable as those of nature, that whatsoever is sown must be reaped. He sees the repentant prodigal turning homeward, he hears the father's words of welcome, and marks his loving embrace of his long-lost child ; but he also notes the fact that the law of consequences is not set aside, that the penalty of wrong-doing is not remitted.

The father forgives his repentant child, but years of dissipation have planted in the constitution of the prodigal the germs of physical disease and suffering. In unsteady nerves and weakened frame he must bear with him to the grave the effects of his evil deeds. In his licentiousness he has robbed an innocent soul of the white flower of its purity, and no forgiveness can destroy his bitter memory of the ruin he has wrought, can remove the terrible effects upon himself and others of his base act. Only by patient striving can he slowly outgrow the evil and win the good. But, if neither the inner nor the outer effects of his sins are removed by his father's forgiveness, in what does this forgiveness consist?

When you sin against your friend, and he forgives you, his act does not blot out the consequences of your wrong-doing : it only makes you feel that despite your sin, he loves you still. As long as you doubt his love, as long as pride prevents you from seeking his pardon, there is a wall of separation between you and your friend ; but, when you have confessed your sin and have been forgiven, this wall is broken down,

and, conscious that his love is still your own, joy and peace succeed to doubt and vague unrest. This, I think, is the real nature of forgiveness, both human and divine.

The Father loves us while yet we wander far away. He loves us while he leaves us to bear the penalties of our transgressions. Even in the law of retribution this love is manifest, because in and through the action of this law God seeks to lead us home. But, while we continue sinning, we are not conscious of this divine love. Between it and our souls there is a wall of separation which we ourselves have builded by our own wrong-doing. But, when we sincerely repent for our transgressions and seek the better way, this wall of separation is broken down; and, made conscious that God's love enfolds us, we feel we are forgiven. As the sun does not cease its shining because we close our eyes to the light of day, so God does not cease to love us because we turn away from his love and wander in the paths of sin. But, as we must open our eyes if we would enjoy the sunlight, so we must repent our wrong-doing, turn from evil unto righteousness, and open our souls to divine love, if we would be conscious of its healing power.

Sin builds the barrier between us and God that nothing save true repentance can remove. Law is not set aside.

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,

And what we have been makes us what we are."

But, as those who have long attempted to swim against the current, and have been bruised and beaten back when once they change their course and take the opposite direction, are helped upon their way by the same waters that before buffeted and punished them, so we, when we cease to

oppose God's laws and strive to act in harmony with them are helped onward by the very same forces that before seemed ready to crush us. We bear with us the marks of past strife ; but while before it seemed as if the might of the universe were arrayed against us, we now feel that all its powers are leagued to bless us. There comes to us a consciousness of strength and peace and rest that words cannot express. We are reconciled to law, to God. We feel the touch of divine love ; we know the joy of forgiveness. God has not changed, divine law has not been set aside ; but we ourselves have changed our relations to this law.

God's love was in the law when we opposed it, even as now, when we strive to act in harmony with it ; but the love that was then "a consuming flame" is now "like sunshine in the air,—

" And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with the everlasting name."

Because divine law is as love-full as divine love is lawfull, divine forgiveness for the most sinful soul is not only possible, but inevitable, when that soul truly repents and turns from evil unto righteousness. If God's love were not unchanging, the soul might fall short of divine forgiveness, even as it sometimes fails of human forgiveness ; but, in the keeping of Eternal Love, the soul is safe, because love seeks ever the highest good of all. It waits but the opportunity to bless. It asks for no atoning sacrifice, but, like the sunlight, pours its wealth of good into every chamber of the soul that is open to receive it. This is the consoling, inspiring truth that makes it possible for us to bear the shame of sin, and yet press forward for the prize of our high calling.



“ Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.
“ Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand ;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand.
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
And turn’st my mourning into praise.”

Friends may forsake, human love may fail ; but in the blackest night of the soul’s sin and shame God’s love abides. This is the life-giving truth that we must strive to make more and more a divine reality in human consciousness, if we would be true to the faith committed to our keeping, and lead many souls out of darkness into light. In our strong reaction from the popular view of forgiveness as the blotting out of the inevitable consequences of wrong-doing, in our eagerness to teach that character is salvation, we must not ignore the saving power of hope. Souls burdened by sin and shame need not to be pointed to the law of consequences ; for of this law they are already despairingly aware in the bitter harvest they are reaping of their past evil deeds. What they need is something to inspire in them new hope, to make them feel that they may be what they might have been, and constrain them to earnest striving for the best. Despite what seems to us its irrational doctrines, the Salvation Army is strong to uplift and save the fallen, because ~~it~~ ^{it} sings and

preaches and incarnates forgiving, saving love, thus quickening hope and aspiration in souls indifferent, sullen or despairing. And we also need to preach and sing forgiving love, need to preach and sing it as never yet it has been preached and sung,—love revealed not in Jesus only but in every loving life; love not for the few alone, but for all; love that ever flows around our incompleteness, to bless and to save. This is the love we need to preach and sing, and more and more incarnate, that what Dinah Morris was to Hetty Sorrel, what Victor Hugo's good bishop was to the poor galley-slave, each one of us in some degree may be to souls that will have faith in God when they shall have more faith in man, when they shall find the divine in the human, and learn the meaning of unfailing love.

Rev. Mary A. Safford.

A being who has nothing to pardon in himself may reward every man according to his works; but he whose very best actions must be seen with a grain of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving.

Addison.

FREEDOM.

FREEDOM is not a state into which a man may be born, nor is it something that may be thrust upon him : it is something to be achieved. The laws can secure to each man the opportunity to gain it, but it must come in its truest sense from his own efforts and will.

The limitations which abridge our personal freedom are many, and are inherent in the nature of the world in which we live. For most of us it is true that, if we would eat, we must work, and our main strength and time must be given to that. We can no more go and come as we will, choose our own friends, enjoy our own lives irrespective of the rights of others, than we can breathe under water. True freedom means, first, the acceptance of certain limitations ; and then the spirit that refuses to be cramped by them, but uses them as aids to its fuller expression. Only that man is free, or on the road to freedom, whose spirit is stronger than the circumstances in which he lives, and who can maintain himself in harmony with the higher, universal laws of spirit despite the ills that may assail the body. Which was the more truly free, Epictetus the slave, or Epaphroditus the master ? John Bunyan, dreaming his dreams in prison, or his jailers ? Dante, preferring exile from his beloved Florence to an ignominious return, or his creed-bound, party-bound, caste-bound opponents ? Savonarola, calmly correcting the bishop, who declared him separated from the Church militant and tri-

umphant, with his serene, "From the Church militant, yes ; from the Church triumphant, no : that is not yours to do,"— or the bishop himself, confused and trembling with the responsibilities of his office ?

To be free does not imply at all the separating ourselves from duties that are difficult, or cares that are distasteful. It means the cultivation of an habitual state of mind in which these things have no power to hurt. It includes the possession of inner resources which shall atone to us for pain or disappointment such as the world inevitably inflicts. This is one reason for the faithful pursuit of literature, music, or art as an avocation, even when something very different from these is necessarily our vocation. Everything that lifts the mind out of absorption in the petty details of monotonous, necessary cares is a liberating agent. It is possible to turn at once from the crowd of trifles that perplex and harass us, and enter a larger world of ideas ; and no man, is more truly a slave than he who, in an hour or two of blessed leisure, knows nothing better than to let his thoughts continue in the bonds by which he fancies he is imprisoned.

More than this : it is not necessary to wait for the hour of leisure, in order to free one's self from the chains that hinder. The free soul is free, even in the midst of accepted drudgery and restrictions. Only ourselves can lead us captive. "Do you think," said Epictetus, "freedom to be something great and noble and valuable ? Is it possible, then that he who acquires anything so great and valuable should be of an abject spirit ? " " In short, if you see a man wailing, complaining, unprosperous, call him a slave, even in purple."

The Christian Register.

FRIENDSHIP.

TULLY was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy, and dividing our grief; a thought, in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship, that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and, indeed, there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of Confucious, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher; I mean the little apocryphal treatise, entitled, "The wisdom of the son of Sirach." How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour; and laid down that precept which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, "That we should have many well-wishers, but few friends." "Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair-speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand." With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends; and with what strokes of nature, I could almost say of humour, has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self interested friend? "If thou wouldst get a friend prove him first.

and be not hasty to credit him : for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day to thy trouble. And there is a friend, who being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach." Again, "Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction : but in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face." What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse? "Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends." In the next words he particularises one of those fruits of friendship, which is described at length by the two famous authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general eulogium of friendship, which is very just, as well as very sublime. "A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such a one, hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour," that is, his friend. "be also." I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, that a virtuous man shall, as a blessing, meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer: "Forsake not an old friend, for the

new is not comparable to him : a new friend is as new wine : when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure." With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, has he described the breaches and violations of friendship : "Whoso casteth a stone at the birds, frayeth them away : and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not : for there may be a reconciliation : except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound, for, for these things every friend will depart."

Addition.

When all the hopes that thou hast raised upon the promises or supposed kindnesses of the fastidious and fallacious great ones of the world, shall fail, and upbraid thee to thy face, He shall then take thee into his bosom, embrace, cherish and support thee, and, as the Psalmist expresses it, *he shall guide thee with his counsel here, and afterwards receive thee into glory.*

Robert South.



GENEROSITY AND LIBERALITY.

A MAN may be generous and not liberal, or he may be liberal and be criticised for not being generous. Generosity is a child of emotion, and is helpful to things that move the heart but stops short of reaching the intellect. It acts quickly, and in an inferior sphere. Generosity is drawn out by the sight of need, while liberality provides for a need that reason foresees. One acts from emotion, the other from judgment.

Everybody should be generous, and there is no reason why this generosity should not ripen into liberality. Generosity connects man immediately with his fellows in such a way as to draw forth their best feelings and gratitude. It meets daily requirements. It alleviates transient sorrow and aids men in a pinch. It produces cordial relations and cements society together by kindness most felt, because, felt at the very time of need.

A kind word to a discouraged man is a generosity. A small favour in time of need may be more to him than liberality at other times. A habit of generosity is like oil on machinery, it makes life run smoothly. There is more in it to teach men to love one another than all the preaching in the world.

A sermon on generosity is a very good thing. It is a generosity of pulpit, and men give it away freely. But after all, if one could say his sermon was good, but when he heard of my loss and restored it at his own expense, I thought

that was the best sermon I ever heard, they would be saying about right in a coarse way. An act of kindness brings God's angels nearer to men than almost any form of declaration. Some selfish people do not believe others are generous except for selfish purposes. They cannot understand why it should be pleasant for them to be kind and generous. They lie back and wait to see if it is not about to catch somebody.

Then there are men in civilised communities who do not believe in generosity. Mankind is most affected by that which appeals to its bodily senses. The man who takes a sick man to his own house and waits upon him because he is sick, is thought more of than if he had built a refuge for the sick whom he had not seen.

Men say generosity is better than liberality. The man who builds a hospital that will be a refuge for the sick for many years may not get as much credit as the man who takes one small-pox patient into his family and cares for him.

It is because generosity is on a level, and better understood and appreciated. They like to have their vanity pleased.

Some men will say :—"That fellow has a heart as big as an ox. Talk about missions and colleges, and all that but I like to see a man go into his pocket and help a neighbour when in trouble. I gauge a man's religion by the Path between his hand and his pocket-book." Well, I do not condemn that idea. Generosity is a glorious thing, but it is inferior to liberality, and certainly when both are taken together. The world is more affected by charities least visible at the time, but which have a long period of usefulness. It is good to relieve one orphan, but better to establish an in-

stitution that will relieve many thousands during its whole career. It is a great generosity to give a hall and large library to a community, but men will say, "Why didn't distribute more flour and potatoes?" There is no reason why he should not do that. But he who gives knowledge to his generation and provides for generations to come, will enable multitudes to procure "flour and potatoes" who otherwise would be subjects of charity. A man might so walk as to have the poor involuntarily give him honour, but if in addition to that he seeks to open up a fountain that shall flow through coming generations and bless the world, he places his conceptions of benevolence upon a much higher plane, and his purpose of life may be much more noble.

It is the selfishness of riches that makes wealth dangerous. Oh that our world were full of liberal-minded men like a David Clark, a Peter Cooper, and a Reuben Springer !

They cannot be harmed by the detractions of even the worst men. If there should come sudden trouble, they would be caught up by a magnanimous people and cared for like the royalty of kings. Then let generosity and liberality come into an alliance with each other, and thus the world will be greatly blessed.

Rev. W. H. Orr.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN

A GENTLEMAN'S first charecteristic is that fineness of structure in the body, which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation ; and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies—one may say, simply, " fineness of nature." This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy Elephantine strength may drive, its way through a forest and feel no touch of the boughs ; but the white skin of Homer's Atrides would have felt a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feeling in glow of battle and behave itself like iron. I do not mean to call an elephant a vulgar animal ; but if you think about him carefully, you will find that his non-vulgarity consists in such gentleness as is possible to elephantine nature; not in his insensitive hide, nor in his clumsy foot; but in the way he will lift his foot if a child lies in his way; and in his sensitive trunk, and still more sensitive mind and capability of pique on points of honour.

And, though rightness of moral conduct is ultimately the great purifier of race, the sign of nobleness is not in this rightness of moral conduct, but in sensitiveness. When the make of the creature is fine, its temptations are strong as well as its perceptions ; it is liable to all kinds of impressions from without in their most violent form ; liable therefore to be abused and hurt, by all kinds of rough things

which would do a coarser creature little harm, and thus to fall into frightful wrong if its fate will have it so. Thus David, coming of gentlest as well as royalest race, of Ruth as well as of Judah, is sensitiveness through all flesh and spirit; not that his compassion will restrain him from murder when his terror urges him to it; nay he is driven to the murder all the more by his sensitiveness to the shame which otherwise threatens him. But when his own story is told him under a disguise, though only a lamb is now concerned, his passion about it leaves him no time for thought. "The man shall die"—note the reason—"because he had no pity." He is so eager and indignant that it never occurs to him as strange that Nathan hides the name. This is true gentleman. A vulgar man would assurdly have been cautious, and asked "who it was?"

Hence it will follow that one of the probable signs of high-breeding in men generally, will be their kindness and mercifulness; these always indicating more or less fineness of make in the mind; and miserliness and cruelty the contrary; hence that of Isaiah: "The vile person shall no more be called liberal, nor the churl said to be bountiful." But a thousand things may prevent this kindness from displaying or continuing itself; the mind of the man may be warped so as to bear mainly on his own interests, and then all his sensibilities will take the form of pride, or fastidiousness, or revengefulness; and other wicked but not ungentlemanly tempers; or, further they may run into utter sensuality and covetousness, if he is bent on pleasure, accompanied with quite infinite cruelty when the pride is wounded or the passions thwarted;—until your

gentleman becomes Ezzelin, and your lady the deadly Lucrece: yet still gentleman and lady, quite incapable of making anything else of themselves, being so born.

A truer sign of breeding than mere kindness is therefore sympathy;—a vulgar man may often be kind in a hard way, on principle, and because he thinks he ought to be; whereas, a highly-bred man even when cruel, will be cruel in a softer way understanding and feeling what he inflicts, and pitying his victim. Only we must carefully remember that the quantity of sympathy a gentleman feels can never be judged of by its outward expression, for another of his chief characteristics is apparent reserve. I say “apparent” reserve; for the sympathy is real, but the reserve not: a perfect gentleman is never reserved, but sweetly and entirely open, so far as it is good for others, or possible, that he should be.

Self-command is often thought a characteristic of high-breeding; and to a certain extent it is so, at least it is one of the means of forming and strengthening character; but it is rather a way of imitating a gentleman than a characteristic of him; a true gentleman has no need of self command; he simply feels rightly on all occasions; and desiring to express only so much of his feeling as it is right to express, does not need to command himself. Hence perfect ease is indeed characteristic of him; but perfect ease is inconsistent with self-restraint. Nevertheless gentlemen, so far as they fail of their own ideal, need to command themselves, and do so; while, on the contrary, to feel unwisely, and to be unable to restrain the expression of the unwise feeling, is vulgarity; and yet even then, the vulgarity

at its root, is not in the mistimed expression, but in the unseemly feeling; and when we find fault with a vulgar person for 'exposing himself' it is not his openness, but clumsiness; and yet more the want of sensibility to his own failure, which we blame; so that still the vulgarity resolves itself into want of sensibility. Also, it is to be noted that great powers of self-restraint may be attained by very vulgar persons when it suits their purposes.

John Ruskin.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent: but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination, so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; everything he says or does is accompanied with a manner or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

Sir Richard Steele.

GOD.

IF the world be regarded as a collection of powers,—the awful force of the storm, of the thunder, the earthquake ; the huge magnificence of the ocean, in its slumber or its wrath ; the sublimity of the everduring hills ; the rocks, which resist all but the unseen hand of time ; these might lead to the thought that matter is God. If men looked at the order, fitness, beauty, love, every where apparent in Nature, the impression is confirmed. The All of things appears so beautiful to the comprehensive eye that we almost think it is its own Cause and Creator.

The animals find their support and their pleasure ; the painted leopard and the snowy swan, each living by its own law ; the bird of passage that pursues, from zone to zone, its unmarked path ; the summer warbler which sings out its melodious existence in the wood-bine ; the flowers that come unasked charming the youthful year ; the golden fruit maturing in its wilderness of green ; the dew and the rainbow ; the frost flake and the mountain snow ; the glories that wait upon the morning, or sing the sun to his ambrosial rest ; the pomp of the sun at noon, amid the clouds of June day ; the awful majesty of night, when all the stars with a serene step come out, and tread their round and seem to watch in blest tranquility about the slumbering world ; the moon waning and waking, walking in beauty

through the night:—daily the water is rough with the winds; they come or abide at no man's bidding, and roll the yellow corn, or wake religious music at nightfall in the pines—these things are all so fair, so wondrous, so wrapt in mystery, it is no marvel that men say, this is divine; yes, the All is God; he is the light of the morning, the beauty of the noon, and the strength of the sun. The little grass grows by his presence. He preserveth the cedars. The stars are serene because he is in them. The lilies are redolent of God. He is the one; the All. God is the mind of man. The soul of all; more moving than motion; more stable than rest; fairer than beauty, and stronger than strength. The power of Nature is god; the universe, broad and deep and high, a handful of dust, which God enchants. He is the mysterious magic that possesses the world. Yes, he is the All; the reality of all phenomena.

Theodore Parker

Deity is unknowable just in so far as it is not manifested to consciousness through the phenomenal world—knowable just in so far as it is thus manifested; unknowable in so far as infinite and absolute; knowable in the order of its phenomenal manifestations, knowable, in a symbolic way, as the power which is disclosed in every throb of the mighty rhythmic life of the universe; knowable as the Eternal Source of a moral law which is implicated with each action of our lives, and in the obedience to which lies our only guarantee of the happiness which is incorruptible, and which neither inevitable misfortune nor unmerited obloquy can take away.

Professor John Fiske.

ON THE KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE OF GOD.

IT is not strange that men do so little for the service of God, and that the little they do costs such an effort; they do not know Him; they hardly believe in His existence; the belief which they have in Him is rather a blind deference to the authority of public sentiment, than a living, distinct conviction of Deity. They take it for granted that He is, because they dare not examine for themselves. There is upon this subject a vagueness of thought, an indifference which grows out of the strength of their passions for other objects. They know God only as a something mysterious, unintelligible, and far removed from us; they regard Him as a powerful and austere Being, who exacts much from us, who opposes our inclinations, who threatens us with great evils, and against whose terrible judgments we ought to be upon our guard. They say of such people:—They are those who fear God. Truly they only fear Him; they do not love Him. It is because they do not know God; if they knew Him they would love Him. God is love; he who does not love Him does not know Him; for how can we know love without loving? We must believe, then, that he who only fears God does not know Him.

O God, so glorious and yet so intimately with us, so high above these heavens and yet stooping to the lowliness of Thy creatures, so immense and yet dwelling in our hearts, so awful and yet so worthy of love! When will Thy children cease to be ignorant of Thee? When shall we return love for

love ? When shall we turn toward Him who is ever seeking us, and whose arms are ever around us? It is while resting on His paternal bosom that we forget Him. The sweetness of His gifts makes us forget the Giver. Blessings which we daily receive, instead of softening our hearts, turn them away from Him who gave them. He is the source of all true pleasures. His creatures are only the gross channels through which they flow to us, and the stream has made us forget the Fountain Head.

This infinite love follows us everywhere, and we are ever trying to escape from it; it is in all places and we see it nowhere. We call ourselves alone when we have only God with us; He does all things and we trust in Him for nothing. We think our hopes are desperate when we have no other resource than His Providence, as if infinite and all-powerful love could not do all things. *Fenelon.*

God is love, and you can never escape from love. No sorrow, no sin, no estrangement, no darkness, can enable you to escape from love. The omnipotence is the omnipotence of love, and the omnipresence is the omnipresence of love. You may loosen your hand, but he will not loosen his.

Lyman Abbott.

THANKFULNESS FOR WORLDLY BLESSINGS.

“**W**ELL, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-struck; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burden of an accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear; and therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there may be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money,

have ate and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely ; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh ; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money ; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, " the hand of the diligent maketh rich ; " and it is true : but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy : for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, " that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful ! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as god knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness ; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself ; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for quiet conscience.

Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value or not praise him, because they be common ;

let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings we enjoy daily. And for most of them because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content and leisure to go a fishing.

Isaiah Wallon.

GREATNESS.

THERE are different orders of greatness. Among these, the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral* greatness or magnanimity ; to that sublime energy, by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and human nature ; scorns all meanness and defies all peril ; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders ; withstands all the powers of the universe, which would sever it from the cause of freedom and religion ; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever “ ready to be offered up ” on the altar of his country or of mankind. Next to moral, comes *intellectual* greatness, or genius in the highest sense of the word ; and, by this, we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge, rises from the finite and transient to the infinite and the everlasting, frames to itself from its own fulness lovelier and sublimer forms than it beholds, discerns the harmonies between the world within and the world without us, and finds, in every region of the universe, types and interpreters of its own deep mysteries and glorious inspirations. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, and to the

master-spirits in poetry and the fine arts. Next comes the greatness of *action* ; and, by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans ; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects.

* * * *

The greatest man is he who chooses the Right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.

* * * *

When I see a man holding faster his uprightness in proportion as it is assailed fortifying his religious trust in proportion as providence is obscure, hoping in the ultimate triumphs of virtue more surely in proportion to its present afflictions ; cherishing philanthropy amidst the discouraging experience of men's unkindness and unthankfulness ; extending to others a sympathy which his own sufferings need but cannot obtain ; growing milder and gentler amidst what tends to exasperate and harden ; and through inward principle converting the very incitements to evil into the occasions of a victorious virtue—I see an explanation, and a noble explanation, of the present state.

Channing.

HABITS.

IT is indeed scarcely possible to over estimate the importance of training the young to virtuous habits. In them they are the easiest formed, and when formed they last for life ; like letters cut on the bark of a tree they grow and widen with age. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The beginning holds with it the end ; the first start on the road of life determines the direction and the destination of the journey ; *ce n'est que le premier pas quicoute*. "Remember," said Lord Collingwood to a young man whom he loved, "before you are five and twenty you must establish a character that will serve you all your life." As habit strengthens with age, and character becomes formed, any turning into a new path becomes more and more difficult. Hence, it is often harder to unlearn than to learn ; and for this reason the Grecian flute-player was justified who charged double fees to those pupils who had been taught by an inferior master. To uproot an old habit is sometimes a more painful thing, and vastly more difficult, than to wrench out a tooth. Try and reform a habitually indolent, or improvident, or drunken person, and in a large majority of cases you will fail. For the habit in each case has wound itself in and through the life until it has become an integral part of it, and cannot be uprooted. Hence, as Mr. Lynch observes, "the wisest habit of all is the habit of care in the formation of good habits." Even happiness itself may become habitual. There is a habit

of looking at the bright side of things, and also of looking at the dark side, Dr. Johnson has said that the habit of looking at the best side of a thing is worth more to a man than a thousand pounds a year. And we possess the power, to a great extent, of so exercising the will as to direct the thoughts upon objects calculated to yield happiness and improvement rather than their opposites. In this way the habit of happy thought may be made to spring up like any other habit. And to bring up men or women with a genial nature of this sort, a good temper, and a happy frame of mind, is perhaps of even more importance, in many cases, than to perfect them in much knowledge and many accomplishments.

Smiles.

Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. Now is the seed-time of life; and according to what you sow, you will reap. Your nature is yet pliant and soft. Habits have not established their dominion. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible and old age miserable.

Blair.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

WE say to ourselves, I can only secure happiness on condition that all other creatures love me more dearly than they love themselves. This, however, is an impossibility. Notwithstanding this, we all contrive to live, and our entire activity, our striving after riches, family, glory, power, are but so many endeavours to compel others to love us more than they love themselves.

Riches, glory, power, give us the simulacrum of the condition we desire, and we are almost satisfied; at times we even forget that we have grasped an illusion instead of a reality.

All creatures love themselves better than they love us, and happiness is therefore impossible.

Some people—and their number is daily increasing—finding themselves face to face with this problem, and unable to discover a satisfactory solution, put an end to their lives, saying that life is a hollow, stupid joke.

And yet the solution is not only simple but self-evident.

I can only be happy if things be so ordained that all creatures love others better than themselves, and the whole world would be happier if all beings loved not themselves but their fellows.

I am a being, a man; and, reason teaching me the law of universal happiness, I am bound to observe that law and to love others better than myself.

The instant we look at the question from this point of view, life presents itself to us in colours very different from those in which we were wont to behold it.

On the one hand human beings annihilate each other, and on the other hand they love and help each other. Life, however, is maintained not by the passion of destroying, but by the sentiment of reciprocity, which in the language of our heart we term love.

As far as it has been given me to trace the development of the life of the world, I have found there only the manifestation of this one principle of mutual help ; and universal history is nothing more than the gradual growth and slow development of this unique principle of concord and good fellowship among all human beings.

COUNT TOLSTOI *in the Review of Reviews.*

Happiness, that great mistress of the ceremonies in the dance of life, impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Aristippus pursued her in pleasure, Socrates in wisdom, and Epicurus in both ; she received the attentions of each, but bestowed her endearments on neither, although, like some other gallants, they all boasted of more favours than they had received. She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth, as the water on the verge of a cataract, and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm ; but, like the mirage in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys. Those that conquer her adversaries—*ambition, avarice, love, revenge*, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come unto them.

C. C. Colton.

HEALTH

HEALTH is a great matter, both to the possessor of it and to others. On the whole, that humorist in the moral essay was not so far out, who determined on honouring health only ; and so instead of humbling himself to the high born, to the rich, and well-dressed, insisted on doffing hat to the healthy : coronated carriages with pale faces in them passed by as failures, miserable and lamentable ; trucks with ruddy checked strength dragging at them were greeted as successful and venerable. For does not health mean harmony, the synonym of all that is true, justly-ordered, good ; is it not, in some sense the net-total, as shown by experiment of whatever worth is in us ? The healthy man is the most meritorious product of Nature so far as he goes. A healthy body is good but a soul in right health—it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for ; the blesseddest thing this earth receives of heaven Without artificial medicament of philosophy, or tight-lacing of creeds (always very questionable), the healthy soul discerns what is good, and adheres to it, and retains it ; discerns what is bad, and spontaneously casts it off. An instinct from Nature herself, like that which guides the wild animals of the forest to their food, shows him what he shall do, what he shall abstain from. The false and foreign will not adhere to him ; cant and all fantastic diseased incrustations are impossible as Walker the *original*, in such eminence of health was *he* for his part, *could* not, by much abstinence

from soap and water, attain to a dirty face ! This thing thou canst work with and profit by, this thing is substantial and worthy : that other thing thou canst not work with, it is trivial and inapt : so speaks, unerringly the inward motion of the man's whole nature. No need of logic to prove the most argumentative absurdity absurd ; as Goethe says of himself, "All this ran down from me like water from a man in wax-cloth dress." Blessed is the healthy nature ; it is the coherent, sweetly cooperative, not incoherent, self-distracting, self-destructive one ! In the harmonious adjustment and play of all the faculties, the just balance of oneself gives a just feeling towards all men and all things. Glad light from within radiates outwards, and enlightens and embellishes.

Carlyle.

If by gaining knowledge we destroy our health, we labour for a thing that will be useless in our hands ; and if, by harassing our bodies (though with a design to render ourselves more useful) we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitutions can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbour of all that helps which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform.

John Locke.

PURIFICATION OF HEART.

HOW to purify our hearts against temptations :—Consider from time to time what passions are most predominant in your soul, and having discovered them, adopt a manner of life the very opposite to them in thoughts, and words, and deeds. If, for example, you find yourself inclined to vanity, think often of the miseries of human life, what inquietude these vanities will raise in your conscience at the day of your death, how unworthy they are of a generous heart ; that they are nothing but empty toys, fit only for the amusement of children. Speak often against vanity, and although it be against the grain do not cease to cry it down heartily, for by this means you will engage yourself even in honour, to the opposite side. And by dint of talking against a thing we bring ourselves to hate it, though at first we had an affection for it. Do works of abjection and of humility, as much as possible, though with ever so much reluctance ; since by this means you so get a habit of humility and enfeeble your vanity, that when temptation comes, you will have less inclination to favour it, and more strength to resist it.

If you are inclined to covetousness, think often of the folly of a sin which makes us slaves to that which was made to serve us, that at death we must part with all, and leave it in the hands of those who perhaps may squander it away, or to whom it may be a cause of ruin and damnation.

Speak aloud against avarice and in praise of contempt of the world. Force yourself to give frequent alms, to let slip some occasions of gain.

In short, in time of peace, namely, when temptations to the sin to which you are most inclined, do not molest you, make frequent acts of the contrary virtue; and if the occasions to practice it do not present themselves, endeavour to find them; for by this means you will strengthen your heart against future temptations. *S. Francis of Sales.*

I don't think God has put any passions in the human frame which may not be subdued in a healthy manner as long as it is necessary to subdue them. There is no means of preserving rectitude of conduct and nobleness of aim but the grace of God obtained daily, almost hourly waiting upon Him, and continual. Faith in His immediate presence Get into this habit of thought and you need make no promises. Come short of this and you will break them, and be more discouraged than if you had made none. The great lesson we have to learn in this world is to give it all up: it is not so much resolution as renunciation—not so much courage as resignation that we need. He that has once yielded thoroughly to God will yield to nothing but God.

John Ruskin.

THE UNSATISFIED HEART.

IT is not the selfish, grasping heart which is unsatisfied. It is the loving and generous one. The baby born with such a nature makes friends with all the world. As a child, it claims the whole school as play-mates. Arrived at maturity, there is still the eager outstretching far more to love. The happy wife is not satisfied till little ones of her own give a still wider opportunity for the tendrils of affection to clasp and cling. She watches them grow in turn to manhood and womanhood, and rejoices in grandchildren on whom to pour out the rich balm of her heart. While she lives, she loves : she is unsatisfied else.

There is a world of difference between the unsatisfied and the dissatisfied heart. The latter might well envy the former. One feels out for the infinite, and gratefully accepts every good that comes. The other frets and fumes because the infinite is not thrust into its bosom. One thinks of others : the selfish, cynical soul, only of itself.

The man or woman with the tender, loving heart may see dear one after dear one pass away ; yet there is this ever on-reaching of affection which holds like a magnet all who come within its influence. There may be no outward attempt to win friends ; but the gentle qualities of the nature draw every one to it, as the mellow influence of the sun in spring wins to the surface every seed which has within it the responsive germ of life. One might indeed speak of the sun as

unsatisfied in the same sense. It awakes the spring, it lures the summer, and it summons the fall with its wealth of fruitage. It is ever calling on and upward. So with the unsatisfied soul. It sees ever in perspective joy and love, and stretches out its wings to reach them. The immortal life is to it an unquestioned reality. How else could the instinctive longings of the heart be gratified? When there are enough such souls in a community to leaven it, the tone of that place is optimistic. If things are not right, they will be made so. There is no halting-place for the unsatisfied heart. It springs from better to better, finding satisfaction only in the Infinite Life and Love :—*C. Register.*

Every natural desire must have its natural object to answer that desire, or else the desire was made in vain ; which is a reproach to our wise maker, if he has laid a necessity on us of desiring that which is not in nature, and therefore cannot be had. We may as well suppose that God has made eyes without light, or ears without sounds, as that he has implanted any desires in us which he had made nothing to answer.

Dr. Wm. Sherlock.

QUIET HEROISM.

DO you remember the soldiers of the *Birkenhead*? It is not so difficult to die in the excitement of battle, not so difficult to die when one has been battered for days in a storm, and nature is wearied even to death. But these men, when the ship struck in calm water, stood on deck on parade, and while women and children and passengers went away, spoke no word, made not one movement of disturbance, but to the last, in quiet order, sank in still water without a hope. That is great to hear of; God grant we may have strength to do the same, if the call is made, for not only on the sea are such sacrifices made. In other and hidden spheres of life we are sometimes asked to stand as on parade, and die quietly for others. Duty may demand of us to give up all our youth, or our hopes, or the career we looked forward to, for the sake of cheering the lingering days of one to whom we are bound; we do it, but our heart breaks in the endeavour. That is to stand on parade, and die in calm water. God may ask of us, at the very height of our happiness and reputation, to retire from our work, since it can no longer be truthfully done; we do it, but we know life will be sombre to the close, and though we may bear the ill-fortune bravely, yet we never recover it. That is to stand on parade, and die in calm water.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

A HERO.

A FEW years ago the traveller through Switzerland might have seen a charming little village, now, alas, no longer in existence. A fire broke out one day, and in a few hours the quaint little frame houses were entirely destroyed. The poor peasants ran around, wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and the bones of the burned cattle.

One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors even. True, his home and cows were gone, but so also was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept, and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighboring villages.

Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and looking up, he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son.

"Oh, my son! my son!" he cried: "are you really alive?"

"Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.

But the boy said: "Oh no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger. And I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried the father; "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."—*Selected.*

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

AND now how shall I speak of it? How shall I bring out the worth and beauty which religion gives to life? Realize it most vividly as I think of life, of life's various ages, various experiences, of what life has to be to men and women just in the common average way. Childhood and youth and maidenhood rise up before me. I see the busy father at his work, the mother with her many cares. I see life prosperous again, it is struggling,—as most life has to be. I see life waning into age; I see it looking on into the shadows that close about all earthly ways! Friends, it is when I most take in what all this means, when I think of what may really help and strengthen, of what may most heighten joy and give cheerfulness in trouble, and make all life most worth living,—it is then that I feel the beauty of holiness.

Children are often strangely susceptible to religious thoughts, as if hearing.

‘Voices on the shore

That our ears perceive no more

Deafened by the cataract's roar.’

Was it only a pretty phrase when Christ spoke of our becoming “as little children” if we would enter the kingdom of God? I like that picture of Holman Hunt's. “The Boy Jesus in the Temple,” because it is so realistic. He stands there, not the weak ideal of youthful beauty that the old masters used to paint, but a strong, wholesome, ruddy Syrian lad, with homely dress and bare feet, just as such a

lad come up with caravan from a country village would be apt to be only in his face the light of a far away look as such a lad might have into whose heart were drawing those great thoughts of God and God's service which were afterwards to mould his life

Shall I speak of the beauty of holiness in youth? I fancy that young men are most of all inclined to feel shy of the whole thing to some it savours of grave restrictions to others of a sort of cant All very proper for a divinity student but for a young man looking forwards to the common work and pleasure of the world and rejoicing in vigorous life—ah wait a while! And yet it is in that very life of vigorous youth—youth with its keen sense of life youth brave and skilful in manly sport youth just entering on the strong work and strong temptations of the world—it is just in such a life that earnest unaffected religiousness brings the very finest grace of real manhood It would not make him weak but gentle and helpful with his strength It would not lessen pleasure but keep its sweet and wholesome the very merriest laugh that comes ringing to me through the hills of memory is that of one of my early friends who always seemed to me the most like Christ of all I ever knew Religion—earnest unashamed religion—does not make a young man less brave but more adding to mere nerve and pluck that finer courage which can stand up squarely against wrong say No! to profanity and dissipation and say it so as to be respected And so to the whole opening life religion gives a richer zest a finer appreciation of all things great and good, and that interest in higher things which keeps bringing to the front the strong and helpful men of each new generation

As beautiful is holiness in those just growing into womanhood. And even more needful in one way ; for woman's life, growing up in a comfortable home, nurtured in elegance and refinement, surrounded by all the allurements of fashion and society,—ah ! it is so easy for the maiden's life to be frittered away in these things,—just sunk in them, as here and there on the northern moors you see a beautiful stream sink in and disappear among the sand and stones ! Is there anything that can save her like that beautiful spirit of devotion and doing good with which Christ has touched so many ? That will not make her despise her beautiful surroundings or the pleasant grace of society, but will keep her pure and kind and helpful amid them all, will send her forth on errands of teaching and of mercy, and give higher aims and thoughts all through her life....

Friends, let us strive toward that. Perhaps we may never come to anything so lofty as that word "holiness" sets before us : "the beauty of holiness" to us will ever seem not in what we are, but in what we follow,—in the light of Christ's great thought and life. But, if we do keep these before us, and follow, it will not be in vain. For they change all who look on them and love them ever a little and a little more into the same image ; and so we go, though not "from glory unto glory," at least "from strength to strength." Only strength—here, and earth's strength is often pain and struggle. But this is only the beginning ; and in the greater life beyond the strength is lifted into peace and peace to joy, and over *all* the beauty of the Lord.

Brooke Herford.

HONOUR AND VIRTUE.

HONOUR is unstable, and seldom the same ; for she feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her food. She builds a lofty structure on the sandy foundation of the esteem of those who are of all beings the most subject to change. But virtue is uniform and fixed, because she looks for approbation only from Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Honour is most capricious in her rewards. She feeds us with air, and often pulls down our house to build our monument. She is contracted in her views, inasmuch as her hopes are rooted in earth, bounded by time, terminated by death. But virtue is enlarged and infinite in her hopes, inasmuch as they extend beyond present things even to eternal ; this is their proper sphere, and they will cease only in the reality of deathless enjoyment. In the storms and in the tempests of life, honour is not to be depended on, because she herself partakes of the tumult ; she also is buffeted by the wave, and borne along by the whirlwind. But virtue is above the storm, and has an anchor sure and steadfast, because it is cast into heaven. The noble Brutus worshipped honour, and in his zeal mistook her for virtue. In the day of trial he found her a shadow and a name. But no man can purchase his virtue too dear ; for it is the only thing whose *value* must ever increase with the price it has cost us. Our integrity is never worth so much, as when we have parted with *our all to keep it*.

Chesterfield's advice to his son.

IMPATIENCE OR HURRY.

FEW, very few, can detect how often they become impatient. We take ourselves for very peaceful men as long as we do not fall foul with any person. We deceive ourselves very frequently about our temper because we have no thermometer to measure its heat. Our dear friends in faith may sometimes help us, but it is not possible for them to make us see our inner self and we fail to enjoy peace of mind. We might say that we have *yoga* or communion with God, but He always points out our failings. But this is not possible under the present circumstances. We have not the blessed state of communion at our command. When we have that, we are with the Safest of Friends, no doubt. But we are at present not mindful of the remarks of our friends. When a friend points out our impatience in anything, let us humbly admit it plainly or at least say that it might be even if we could not see that at the time. Experience has shown that friends may mistake in hundred cases to one. But what friend can be always with us? Let there be some very strict rules of conduct on this point. It has been proved to demonstration that all harsh words, all hurried expressions, almost all loud voices, all anxieties, all curiosities all, arbitrary orders are the result of impatience. Any one wishing to keep the mind in peace or to see God, always must refrain from all this and all such words and deeds of impatience.

Hurry is only one kind of impatience. To tell the truth we become impatient every now and then and about almost every thing. Our impatience manifests itself not only when we have any great interest at stake but also at times about things which are absolutely of no use to us. At times we are ashamed when found to be impatient to read in the first instance a letter or an article or to speak a word and so on. It would not do to say that all this is done owing to a burning desire within and that when we are free from that desire we shall not be impatient about anything. We must try our best to detect and drive away that enemy—desire—wherever we see it and this is the only way of helping ourselves. When by the grace of God we shall be above all desire we know not but this much we do know. Heaven helps those who help themselves.

There is no divinity in a hurry is a very noble saying. Whenever we are in a hurry we are in an unsafe state of mind. If we examine our minds carefully we shall easily find that when we are in a hurry reason loses its sway. It requires no prophet to tell us that a true religious man should never be in a hurry. He cannot but be grave and majestic in all his actions and movements. It is only to those who wish to control their inordinate passions that we advise to make it a rule of life never to be in a hurry.

Unity and the Minister

INDIVIDUALITY.

INDIVIDUALITY is that which individualizes one, those distinctive traits of character that mark a man as different from others. Individuality is not so much the mark of morality or immorality as of power. It gives positiveness and decision, and so also confidence and courage. It is that quality of character by which one resists the influence of circumstances and events, and makes these subordinate to the human will. It was that which enabled Grant to cut himself loose at Vicksburg from the timid Halleck and the government at Washington. It made Napoleon feel himself to be the man of destiny. It appears in the words ascribed to Cæsar: "The ship that carries Cæsar and his fortunes cannot sink." It distinguishes the moral hero everywhere, from the Roman Cincinnatus at his plough to Garrison and Phillips and Theodore Parker.

In literature and art and science, individuality is the creative and organizing force that marks the difference between the man who can originate, who can think new thoughts and put them on paper, in marble, or on canvass, and the man who either unconsciously repeats or merely imitates and copies. Wherever you find creative and original force of mind, there also is individuality. The power that newly thinks, creates, originates, is always individual power.

Without the distinctive and positive traits that constitute individuality, the mind is only a slate or sponge. It merely absorbs and registers its impressions.

Individuality is the transfusing and transforming power. Without it we are but mere harps played by every passing wind of circumstance, social influence, and opinion, docile enough, it may be, to learn from others, but with small power to think or act for ourselves.

Without some decided individuality our opinions are those of our party, our church, our neighbourhood. They cannot be said properly to be our own. Without it one may still have a kind of religion, but it will be a borrowed one. He will think, feel, and act religiously after a certain fashion, but always as he is told.

Morally and intellectually, your man of feeble individuality is apt to be timid and conventional. It is not so much what is true as what is believed to be true that interests him. The mind of such a man until solidified from without is in a liquid state, and so can be run in any mould of custom, prejudice, belief, strong enough to grasp and hold it.

True individuality runs in no one invariable mould. It is that power that enables us to act on the thought, the customs, the opinions, the life of men about us, and to shape them anew and in accordance with our own will.

All really great and representative men are possessed of it. A man who has it seems often by a right, self-acquired and indisputable, to lay claim to the knowledge, the service, the skill, that others may yield him. Your man or woman of individuality, no matter how humble, stands out from his or her surroundings; and we seem to see the life about them reflected and intensified and magnified in them.

While people of strong individuality are apt to be decisive, positive, and aggressive, they are also sometimes

narrow and conceited, egotistic and arrogant, disposed to imagine their own the most valuable type of character, and to measure other people by their own narrow standard. Success in life along any line, unless guarded against, may make a man fancy his own the highest type of superiority. The man of strong individuality often has the defects of his virtues. But, narrow, conceited, arrogant, or egotistic, remembers that he is strong not because of these weaknesses, but in spite of them. The strength of the arrogant man is not in his arrogance, but in the vigour and assertive force of character that sometimes goes with it. The strength of the conceited man is not in his conceit, but in the buoyant self-assurance and confidence that may accompany it.

The cure for these faults of individuality is not less, but a broader, nobler, more cultured individuality,—broad enough to show us not only our own strength, but our own weakness.

Individuality lies at the foundation of all solid and noble character. It is what puts us in possession of ourselves; and until we own ourselves what avails any other kind of ownership? How shall we best cultivate and develop individuality? We must learn to concentrate our forces, and not scatter ourselves. The man who aims at everything is likely to hit nothing. The foundation of individuality and of all else that is solid and enduring is "know thyself." We must know both our own strength and weakness, what we are and are not, what we can do and cannot do. The sooner we begin to find this out for ourselves, the better for us every way.

That is a good morality, that is a good religion, that is a good business for you, however it may be with others,

that most helps you to be yourself We want, then, to so train and educate ourselves as to acquire this self-knowledge

Individuality demands of us a certain self-training and self-culture What it chiefly requires is that we so think and so feel and so act that our thoughts, feelings, and actions be really our own The church the political party society, our social set, all are continually asking us, either silently or openly, to agree with them, but, as we value our individuality as we prize freedom and progress for ourselves and others let us be careful how we suffer any agreement except it be an honest one Said Goethe —

‘Self-contradiction is the only crime

And by the laws of spirit in the right

Is every individual soul

‘That acts in strict accordance with itself ’

The gospel, then, of individuality is this think your own thoughts, and live your own, not another’s life

True individuality consists not in merely differing from others It may quite as often, probably far more often, consist in agreeing with them The two great forces of all progress, civilization and society, are self-interest and the interest of the many Both, a narrow individualism and a narrow socialism, set these two forces in opposition On the one hand, the man who measures every thing by the standard of his own individuality is morally sure to sometimes mistake his own mere whim for absolute reason, and prejudice for truth Relying thus narrowly on himself, he is likely to treat with contempt the teachings of history and other men’s experience, while he tries to measure everything by his own little one inch rule But there are ocean depths

and infinite heights in humanity that his one inch rule cannot fathom or explore.

Again, he who makes little of the individual, who fancies that a Moses, a Jesus, a Buddha, a Confucius, a Mohammed, and all great thinkers, heroes, and reformers, count for little or nothing in the unfolding of our race, makes the opposite mistake. The true philosophy of human society and human history recognizes both the force of individual men and also the logic of events.

Rev. J. A. Chase.

"In every connection," says a French writer, "individuality is one of the first conditions of success. A man does nothing well that he does not do while remaining himself." The people who have made themselves names in the world are not those who have conceived of themselves as specimens of a class, or members of a school or party, but those who have made the discovery that God has put something into their clay which was meant to give its own colour and flavour to their life. These men found themselves endowed with gifts which they used, not merely that they might make themselves great, but that they might be ready to become just what God willed, and nothing less.

THE INTELLECT AND THE CONSCIENCE.

KNOWLEDGE is power while conscience is restraint. The former claims the admiration, the latter the reverence of all men. And as the one is a feeling of pain while the other is one of pleasure, people are as a rule more apt to be carried off their feet in the contemplation of intellectual power than to sit down patiently to make up their account with men of strict conscientiousness in their society. Nay, a very common estimate makes more of intellectual ability than of a righteous temperament. Yet there can be no doubt that men are more indebted to the latter than to the former for all that they prize in their civilization. For the intellect is mere power or rather latent energy which waits upon the kinetics of the affections and the regulation of the conscience to be a means of diffusing good to men. On the other hand altruism is the special feature of the conscience which, however, needs the foresight and wisdom of the intellect to direct it to the most efficient and unerring ways of effecting its object. The man of conscience is apt at times to go wrong. But for all that, he is by no means so dangerous a personage as the man of the intellect. We read in history of some very intellectual societies that have suffered dissolution for want of the whole some restraint of religion and morality. But nowhere have ages of superstition left a worse record behind them than one of persecutions and massacres of individual men and women. Indeed, from the nature of things, a power whose great aim is the

sacrifice of the individual, and the demands of the passing moment to the good of others and the permanent interests of the individual, is essentially a social advantage. But there is no guarantee that an immoral capacity will lend itself to social ends and not sacrifice others for the sake of the individual. And yet it is a common idea that the one thing needed to advance a society is the diffusion of knowledge among the people. Assuming that it is so, it will be still admitted that knowledge needs to be made serviceable to all, and this is impossible without the help of the altruistic springs of action. Knowledge propelled by selfish feelings and desires often does more harm than good to society at large. At best, it teaches men to stand up for their rights. But it rarely inspires them with a sense of their duties. As a result, we bring about perpetual conflicts between men and men and universal self-seeking, ruinous to society, ruinous to progress. What we need most is something which will abate this tendency, replace unsocial by social feelings, and substitute national and social for individual or sectional ends and aims. What knowledge can do is at best to open the mind to liberal ideas, to clear the vision of idle prejudices, to enable everybody to guard his interest and possibly enlighten notions of self-interest. But for all that, the seeds of dissension will not die, nor class pride or the exclusive pursuit of one's own private ends and objects. Knowledge can neither train the heart to self-sacrifice, nor fire it with ardent love for others, or teach enthusiasm and devotion to duty, or bring the courage of conviction, a readiness to submit to discipline and an unlimited capacity for patient effort or wise forbearance. Nay, all these are functions of

the heart and conscience with which no amount of intellectual capacity as such, or knowledge as knowledge, has much to do. They are the province which morality and religion rule over. It is they that constitute the vital sap of the social organism, and at the present day we need nothing so badly as an assurance of their presence sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, in the character of the people.

Subodha Patrika.

There are but few men who can be brought to task their powers so as to achieve much by motives drawn from this world only. Wealth cannot bribe to steady, unwearied efforts; ambition may lay an iron hand on the soul, but it cannot, excepting here and there, do it with a grasp sufficient to keep it in action: the soft whispers of pleasure can do nothing towards shaking off the indolence and sluggishness of man; and fame, with a silver trumpet, calls in vain. These motives can reach only a few. But conscience is a motive which can be brought to bear upon all, and can be cultivated till she calls every energy, every susceptibility, every faculty of the soul into constant, vigorous powerful action. Trials, and misfortunes, and disappointments, damp, kill any other governing motive. But this is not so of the man who acts from conscience you can crush him only by destroying his life. Shut him up in the prison, and he writes the Epistles to the Hebrews. Shut him up in prison, and his conscience arouses him, and carries him onward to exertions unthought of before.

Todd.

“IN THY PRESENCE IS FULNESS OF JOY.”

JOY in the presence of God ; and not in some future state, but here and now. That is an unfamiliar thought to most, is it not ?

How many there are to whom God is unknown, and who never take His name upon their lips but to profane it with an oath ! How many there are who regard Him only as a judge, before whom they must appear sometime, but they put the thought away from them as long as possible. How many, again, who think of Him as a distant Being, who may be addressed in humble supplication, and who may be moved to supply their needs. But few, how few, have learned to know that they can live in God's presence, who willingly seek that presence, and in it find their highest delight ! And yet these words come, borne down to us through the centuries, testifying to this great truth, which is confirmed by those who have lived saintly lives in modern times. What a great gap divides the soul that can testify to this joy and the unawakened soul ! It represents the whole experience of the religious life, and if any justification be required for sermons, it is to be found in the need of expounding the principles of that life, in the necessity for leading souls in the way of salvation ; out of the isolation which means death into the heavenly brotherhood, from the kingdom of this world in which no peace can be found, into the joy of the kingdom of God.

The soul of man is a great mystery. It is an impregnable citadel, and only the occupant can let down the draw-bridge by which others can enter ; and yet isolated it must perish. We know how often the souls of our loved ones are closed against us ; in their childhood they have been trustful and candid, but as self-consciousness grows, and new powers make themselves felt within them, we note a change. We see the expression of moods, the purport of which we cannot divine, and their confidences become partial ; they are feeling the burden of their soul, the innermost workings of which is known to its Creator alone. Our children may partake of our physical nature, but spiritually they are a new creation. We can seek their sympathy, but we cannot force it ; even God will not enter unbidden, for the kingdom of heaven does not come by violence. He knocks and He waits, He brings all His artillery to bear, by changing circumstance, by trial, by tribulation, by blessing ; but He will not enter until He be bidden. The prodigal must arise, the invitation "Come unto Me" must be accepted, the door must be opened, ere the Spirit of God will dwell with the soul of man. Not yet is the victory complete. The chamber must be purged, every passion conquered, self-will subdued, ere the soul will find its supreme happiness in obeying God. First righteousness, then peace, then joy in the Holy Spirit.

And why does the soul feel joy ? First, it has been purged, made pure, for God can only dwell where purity is ; and being pure, it is free from the oppression that only comes from sin. Secondly, it follows righteousness, for it obeys the will of God, and there being no

struggle nor strife, obedience brings peace and harmony. Thirdly, it is strong, for it is sustained by a strength not its own. Most of us have probably met with those exceptional natures in whose presence we have felt a pleasure, a stimulus, a strength unknown to us at ordinary times; and if a fellow-being can help us in this way, how much more can God? Thus strength, peace, harmony, are felt by the soul that dwells in God. Finally, it is uplifted; there is that tension of the spirit, that freedom from the shackles of the flesh which we call joy; but unlike other joys, it is not transient; there is no reaction, for the conditions are permanent. The soul reconciled to God can dwell in His light for evermore; it receives as much of the Holy Spirit as its capacity will permit, therefore there is a fulness of joy; and it is out of this fulness that psalmists and prophets have sung and testified to the goodness of God, and it is the power of this joy that has sustained martyrs through bitter persecutions to the death, so that their tormentors have marvelled at the sight.

Neither wealth nor influence can purchase this joy; it is God's precious gift to docile, loving, trustful hearts. It is free to all, and its power is such that the heart is uplifted above earthly cares, and for ever chants its song of praise to the Heavenly Father.

E. C. M.

The Inquirer.

OUR JUDGMENT OF OURSELVES.

IT requires constant watchfulness to keep down our estimate of ourselves ; and yet it is difficult to account for the fact that we seldom appreciate the magnitude of the danger that there is in giving ourselves credit for more than we really possess. We hear much of the necessity of being extremely careful in our judgment of others, but it seems to be generally overlooked that one pernicious consequence of our misjudging others is that we are led to raise our notion of our own worth by depreciating the conduct and motives of others. Vanity—the loss of the invaluable power of impartial self-scrutinizing—is the sure punishment of our abusing the right of condemning what deserves to be condemned by censuring too hastily. It is a most precious privilege for a man to be able to look into his own heart and to search out its hidden stains. He who seeks God, he who prays to God with all the hunger of his soul to be washed clean and to be made capable of loving deeply, thirsts to be rigorously just to himself; he knows that the first step towards the obliteration of a stain is to confess it, for otherwise there can be no true prayer against it; and therefore, he alone knows what a loss is it to be deprived of the right of seeing ourselves as we are; and knowing this, such a man realises fully how heavy is the penalty of getting into the habit of looking down upon others and, as the result of it, of imperceptibly heightening our figure to our own view. Prayer rests upon humility and penitence, and let those who believe that through prayer alone we can draw nearer and

nearer to God, be on their guard against permitting flattering delusions to grow up in their minds. If there is anything which it is worth while for a man to examine patiently, it is his own faults. It is usual to speak of the moral courage required in avowing one's principles when those principles are at variance with current opinions; but it requires greater courage to acknowledge one's self. When we ourselves are concerned, we feel disposed to admit extenuations which certainly we would not allow in the case of others. We know our own struggles, and set too high a value on these; while in judging of the conduct of others, we see only the outward result and know nothing of the wrestlings behind it. We over-rate the force of circumstances which have influenced our own actions, but we make no concessions whatever when the wrong step to be judged of is not our own. There are various causes tending to create a wide disparity between the spirit in which we view our own character and that in which we measure the worth of others; and it is one of the elements of moral heroism to judge of ourselves as we would judge of others. He who is unjust to others can scarcely be just to himself; as we have before remarked, the readiness to exaggerate the faults and under-rate the merit of others makes a man imagine the moral level around him to be lower than it is, and thus leads him to raise himself in his own estimation. The moral injury resulting from this, it would be impossible to over-rate. This inability on the part of a man to see his own littleness and to appreciate the worth of others, lowers his moral ideal and dries up the springs of prayer: in short, it leads to spiritual death.

No remedy is more efficacious against vanity and self-applause than to associate with men who belong to a higher moral sphere than ourselves, men who can command our admiration and shame down our self-conplacency. But in order to profit by such fellowship, it is essential that we should have the candour to admit their superiority and the power to admire heartily. There are some who seem so obstinately bent upon condemning every body and everything that even heroic presences fail to warm them up to the fervour of moral admiration. They seem to be animated by a spirit of moral scepticism, refusing to believe that there can be goodness anywhere; of course the best examples would have little influence upon such minds. But wherever there is the frankness to acknowledge excellence, the companionship of the virtuous will be the most effectual rebuke to conceit. It is this which makes spiritual companionship so valuable. We come in contact with better men who help us to perceive our littleness. We are not permitted to indulge in flattering thoughts about the progress we have made, for higher types of character are constantly before us, and we are humbled by seeing others repose upon heights to which we cannot ascend without arduous struggles. Our efforts are stimulated, our spiritual horizon widened, by getting glimpses of the glorious experiences of others which are as yet far beyond our own ken. We are taught to be humble and to hope. Those who are far in advance of us teach us to believe that there is a long journey before us, and that, with all its difficulties, the journey is not an impossible one. Lessons of purity and truthfulness that would seem quite beyond human efforts are proved to be

within our reach. Wherever the fellowship of the worthy is wanting, the heart finds it easy to deceive itself in many ways: it may think too highly of itself, it may become sceptical as to the powers, and the destiny of the soul, it may imagine what is only difficult to be impossible. Such are the pernicious tendencies of spiritual isolation. There may, however, be cases in which men have nothing to learn from those who surround them they themselves standing on a higher ground than that occupied by those with whom they are compelled to live and work; but even then, they need not feel the want of such companionship as may invigorate and instruct, the heroes of the past, their sayings and acts, are a precious store for them to draw from whenever they choose. And in all circumstances, meditations upon the greatness of God and efforts to feel his nearness will tend to cure vanity. The consciousness that God is with us chases away folly.

The Indian Messenger.

JUSTICE, MERCY. AND FAITH.

HUMAN nature everywhere is made for Justice, Mercy, and Faith. Religion frequently begins, not with faith, but with works. "Do justly." The purpose to do right lies at the foundation of goodness. It puts one in the right way. Those who are determined to do what their conscience commands, who mean to fulfil every duty, who keep their minds open to truth, are going in the right direction. If it be necessary to draw the line between the converted and the unconverted, between saints and sinners, I should draw it here.

Every man who is seriously intending to do justly, to keep himself true to his own conscience and sense of duty, has taken the step which separates those who are going toward God from those who are going away from Him. Why? Because conscience is the voice of God in the soul, and obedience to conscience is obedience to God. A thrill of awe passes through us whenever we meet an example of one who is obeying this great law. He may be a saint and martyr who dies for his faith, or he may be a child resisting some childish temptation; but the chord struck is the same. Each has the same solemn tone, and both go to the depths of our soul. Obedience to this law in the heart makes the universal Church of God, composed of men of all races, all times, all religions. In a great procession, some may be at the head; and some far behind; but all are going the same way, and all who obey the law of right

belong to the great company of the sons of God. They are followers of God as dear children.

Every attempt to do right enlarges our view of what is right. Thus we are led to see that, in order to do justly, we must also "love mercy." A just man is not necessarily merciful; sometimes his very sense of justice makes him unmerciful. He sees the difference between right and wrong so clearly, and feels the evil of wrong doing so acutely, that often he has little tenderness towards the wrong-doer. Great prophets of truth are frequently intolerant of heretics. Pure souls will shrink from those who are stained with evil. It is possible, according to Paul, to bestow all our goods to feed the poor, and give our bodies to be burned, and yet not have the love which suffers long and is kind. So that to love mercy is an important addition to doing justly.

It is a great attainment when, doing right ourselves, we can pity those who do wrong; when, ourselves preserved by God from evil conduct, we can sympathise with the suffering of those who sin. When this element of mercy is wanting, good people separate themselves from wrong-doers, and so lose the power to make them better. This reluctance to have communion with evil-doers is natural enough; but it is discouraging to the man who has committed faults. If good people avoid him, he thinks his case is hopeless, and it is apt to become so; for the sympathy of the good is the great means of help for those who are not so.

Therefore we need to take another step upward, and that comes when to justice and truth we add humility. When we do not think too highly of ourselves, when we see our own faults clearly, we are able to have compassion for

the faults of others. When we look up to God we see how very poor are our best virtues, and how little reason we have for despising any man, or feeling contempt for any one on account of his sin. Who has made us to differ? God gave us perhaps a better temperament, a descent from purer ancestors. God gave to our childhood happier influences and led our youth through more peaceful paths. What good there is in us is largely owing to such circumstances, and God has helped us in this way to higher plane, that we may help to raise up others to whom life presents more difficulties. Walk humbly with God. He who walks with God thus, who has a sense of a Divine presence and a Divine love, acquires more strength for every duty.

Faith in God, a humble, grateful trust in a heavenly friend, is the medium which assimilates justice with mercy, and makes righteousness and peace kiss each other. The motive of justice is the law of duty; the motive of mercy is a generous desire to do all the good one can. Thus duty leads naturally to love, justice ripens into generosisty, and the law of right is fulfilled in the law of love.

J. Freeman Clarke.

LABOUR OR THE MOST HONOURABLE.

TWO men I honour, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement labouriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, course, wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue indefeasibly royal as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee, hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles, wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour, and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable—for daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly—him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavouring towards inward harmony, revealing this by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavours are one; when we can name him artist,

not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implements conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have good, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality?

These two, in all their degrees, I honour, all else is chaff and dust, which let the mind blow whither it listeth. Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a peasant-saint. Could such now anywhere be met with, such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth like a light shining in great darkness.

Carlyle.

Manual labour is a school in which men are placed to get energy of purpose and character—a vastly more important endowment than all the learning of all other schools.

Channing.

To labour is to pray. Work is religion. But not all work. Not work that is grudgingly and carelessly and meanly done, but work that is done faithfully, generously, and handsomely.

LEARNING.

LEARNING is not without its effect upon the soul ; it either lends its wings to bear it up to God, or leaves behind it tiny sparks, which little by little, consume the whole being.

If you would ascertain all the good, or ill, you have derived from all those hours devoted to historians, poets, novelists, or philosophers, put to yourself these questions ; since acquiring this knowledge, am I wiser ? am I better ? am I happier ?

Wiser ?—That is to say more self-controlled, less the slaves of my passions, less irritated by small vexations, braver in bearing misfortunes, more careful to live for eternity.

Better ?—More forbearing towards others, more forgiving, less uncharitable, more reticent in exposing the fault of others, more solicitous for the happiness of those around me ?

Happier ?—That would mean more contented with my station in this life, striving to derive all possible benefits from it, to beautify rather than to alter it ?

Have I more faith in God, and more calmness and resignation in all the events of life ?

If you cannot reply in the affirmative, then examine your heart thoroughly, and you will find there, stifling the good that God has implanted, these three tyrants that have obtained dominion over you :—(I) Pride, (II) Ambition (III) Self-Conceit.

From them have sprung :—dissatisfaction and contempt of your life and its surroundings, restlessness, a longing for power and dominion over others, malice, habitual discontent, and incessant murmurings. Have you any further doubts? then inquire of those with whom you live.

Ah! if this be indeed the sad result, then whatever may be your age, close, oh! close those books, and seek once more those two elements of happiness you ought never to have forsaken, and which, had you made them the companions of your study, would have kept you pure and good.

I refer to prayer and manual labour :—*Gold, Dust.*

Learning is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is, at first rising, little, and easily viewed; but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank; not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 't is; till, at last, it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore—no end of that liquid fluid vastness. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect and have power and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But when we come to metaphysics, to long-buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition, but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover.

Owen Feltham.

BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

I DO not claim a future life at my Maker's hands, because I deserve one ; I do not even say my poor cold love deserves His affection in return. But I do say that he must be, not infinitely higher, but lower than myself if he could have beguiled us to love Him on the false pretence that He would do what love dictates, yet intending some day to cast us off like a faded flower, or a withered leaf. I claim a future life at my Maker's hands, not on the ground that I deserve it, or that He needs my poor services, but on the ground that He has made me long for it, has caused the hope of an eternal growth in knowledge and in goodness to colour all my life, to make me forego much earthly pleasure and worldly advantage ; and has so trained me by this hope as to alter the whole course of my conduct, to put upon myself burdens of restraint and discomfort which nothing but the love and longing for holiness could justify me in bearing. Now if all this culture is to be thrown away, I maintain that I have been wronged and deceived. Ah ! well indeed may we say if there be no life to come, there is no God !—

Rev. Charles Voysey.

THE GREATNESS OF LIFE.

“**T**HE life which is opening before you is a great one. But greatness and glory are not born of ease. And in proportion to your high responsibility will be the height and the breadth of your duty. As I said to you the other day, the Prince is the subject of his own subjects. In all that he does he should obey, not his own selfish will, but their interests. If he makes their best interests one with his will, then he is a great and good Prince. This, of course, involves a life of labour, of unremitting self-sacrifice; but what a glorious life it is! For, indeed, we all come to see, as we grow older, that nothing in life is worth living for but work for our fellow-men, and the higher the work the higher the happiness. Your life is born to be a very high one; it will also be a very happy one if it be led in the paths of virtue. Believe me, who have lived longer than you, it cannot be happy if it be led otherwise. Unselfishness is the great thing; live for others, think for others, act for others, slave for others, never think of yourself. So others, with full hearts, will give you their blessing, and God our Father will bless you—He who is the loving King-Father of all men. In this world, where men who act best act so much by impulse and feeling, it is not easy, nor perhaps wise, to give maxims of general behaviour; but there are in the Old Testament of my Bible a few short sentences which to me appear always to suggest, in the briefest compass, all that is best for my pupils in this

college. Therefore I venture to suggest them to you, and I do not think you will value them the less on account of the source from which they are taken. 'The Lord hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, O man, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'"

Principal Macnaghten.

No truth is more fitted to touch our hearts than the doctrine of our entire Dependence upon God and the Giver of Life. It sets before us a Goodness, from which countless blessings incessantly proceed, and a Power that can instantly withhold them. It implies the most tender and intimate relationship between ourselves and the Greatest of Beings. It impresses on every good of existence the character of a Gift. It awakens us to habitual thankfulness. It rebukes the hard heart, that lives unmindful of the all-sustaining Father. It utters remonstrance and warning against contempt of His gracious laws. It teaches that all other beings, are as nothing to us, compared with this Infinite One, "who is above all, and through all, and in all." And it summons us to cherish a devoted love for our Divine Benefactor, more ardent, and more constant, than to any other friend.

Channing

MIDDLE STATION OF LIFE.

HE bid me observe it, and I should always find, that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind ; but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind ; nay they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasinesses either of body or mind, as those were who, by vicious living, luxury and extravagancies on one hand, or by hard labour, want of necessaries and mean and insufficient diet on the other hand, bring distempers upon themselves, by the natural consequences of their way of living, that the middle station of life was calculated for all kinds of virtues, and all kind of enjoyments ; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune ; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable divisions and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life, that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it, not embarrassed with the labours of the hands or of the head, not sold to the life of slavery for daily bread or harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace, and the body of rest ; not enraged with the passion of envy, or secret burning lust of ambition for great things ; but in easy circumstances sliding gently through the world, and sensibly tasting the sweets of living without the bitter, feeling that they are happy, and learning by every day's experience to know it more sensibly.

Daniel Defœ.

OBJECT OF LIFE.

EACH one of us has a task to do and a place to occupy, in the economy of Providence, which perhaps no one else under the same circumstances could so beneficially fill. Seek out, then, the work which God intended for thee. Fulfil it earnestly and faithfully; and thou wilt be honoured and blest. To find it thou must cast no envious eye at the lofty and glittering pinnacles of this world's greatness. Look rather within. Consult thy own heart. Listen to the voice of conscience. Ponder well the ever-recurring suggestions of thy calm and serious moments. Behold where God has placed thee. Examine dispassionately what He has given to thee, without and within. Ask thyself what good can be done, what evil averted, what knowledge acquired, what truth sought after, what happiness diffused, in that little circle which bounds thy present being. Fill it up to its limits, with earnest, faithful duty, with pure and reverent love; and its circumference will gradually expand, and a new horizon will widen round thee. If God has buried a richer talent within thee, and has nobler work for thee here to do, His hand will bear thee upward to a higher stage and cause thee to move in a larger sphere. Thou wilt be spared a fall from the giddy heights of a treacherous ambition; for thy way will be secured beneath thee; and thy power at every step will be equal to thy aspiration.

The Christian Life.

“ We may be sure that everything created by the All-wise Being has a fixed object to fulfil. From the most rational being to the smallest insect and even the dust under our feet, everything exists for the fulfilment of a divinely ordained purpose. But it is the privilege of man alone to be conscious of the object of his existence, and his spiritual progress depends upon the vividness with which he can keep this object before his mind’s eye. All our duties, from the commonest to the most special, are indeed divinely assigned. But in so far as we discharge them without a consciousness of their divine origin, and without the putting forth of any moral effort, we resemble those inanimate things or merely instinctive beings which fulfil the objects of their existence unconsciously and automatically. All routine work in fact, however wisely and conscientiously conceived at the beginning, are apt to become mechanical in course of time and lose their uplifting power. To avoid this, we should, every now and then, set before us duties the performance of which would require the putting forth of fresh moral effort, inspire us with fresh sense of responsibility, and lead us to pray for divine help with more than ordinary earnestness and fervency.

Unity and the Minister.

RULES FOR LIFE.

1. A. P. Peabody's rule : Every] man should have an avocation besides his vocation.

2. A large life rather than a small one.

3. It is better to do a thing than not to do it, all other things being equal. That is, in a lazy world, action is better than rest.

4. A varied life is better than a monotonous one.

5. Nahor Staples's rule : At the end of a year be able to say definitely what advance you have made in some one business in that year.

6. Mr. Emerson's rule : Do the thing you are afraid to do.

7. Carlyle's rule, borrowed from Goethe : Do the duty that comes next your hand.

8. Goethe's rule : Accept the universe.

9. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue or if there be any praise, think on these things." Paul means the necessity of careful thought as well as that of prompt action.

10. Plato's axiom : Speech is silver, silence is golden. To which Mr. Edward Everett's is of kin : "If you want your secret kept, keep it."

11. Never speak to another person's disadvantage excepting on the witness-stand.

12. Paul's rule : " As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

13. Paul's other rule : " Let no man think of himself more highly than he ought to think." This is one of Paul's humorous aphorisms, meant to be humorous. And it is all the more practical for that.

14. In repeating any statement of hearsay, cut off ten per cent., twenty, or even fifty of any numerical statement made. This is to correct inevitable exaggerations.

15. Make children your companions as much as you can. It is good for them and good for you.

16. Even in early life connect yourself with some public enterprise. This is Henry Purkett Kidder's rule.

17. Starr King's rule : If you spend a dollar for your own amusement, as at an opera or summer excursion, spend as much for some one else.

18. Dr. Wayland's rule : It is by the little pleasures which we give to other people that we do the most to help the world. (Sent me, in other words, by Miss J. M.)

19. It is a very happy thing for a man to have lived a day without food. It is a great thing to learn solidly not to quarrel with your bread and butter.

20. Sleep is privilege, duty, and blessing. Take all of it that you want.

21. We do not break engagements with others as easily as we break promises to ourselves. It is a good plan, therefore, to agree to read or walk or study with other people.

22. One hour a day to training the body, one to the mind, and one to some conscious "self-sacrifice." There will

be twelve more hours ; but, if you have thus taken care of three, you may trust to destiny or chance of whatever else you may choose to call it for them.

23. The successful man is he who knows the difference between a large thing and a small one.

24. Napoleon's rule . If you set out to take Vienna, take Vienna.

25. F.'s rule : Face the music. March up to the captain's office.

26. L. G. W's rule : Face your perplexities.

I have copied these in no order. They are, as will be seen, the hints given by very different people. I should like to have such a selection as I have suggested for Fos. 4, 5, and 6 of what we would call the " Aggies ' Code."

Edward E. Hale.

Rules of Life on Women, Love and Marriage.

He who gets a good husband for his daughter, hath gained a son ; and he who meets with a bad one, hath lost a daughter.

A prudent woman is in the same class of honour as a wise man.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady, is when she has in her countenance mildness ; in her speech, wisdom ; in her behaviour, modesty ; and in her life, virtue. Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself.

LOVE AND DUTY.

LOVE and Duty are the two ruling principles of life. Love makes life sweet and beautiful. Duty makes life strong and noble. Each of these two has its necessary complement in the other, and a perfect ideal of life is a harmonious blending of both. The moment we surrender ourselves to our affections without regulating conduct by the moral law, without being prepared to control even our tenderest impulses at the bidding of duty, life becomes ignoble and weak ; we place ourselves at the mercy of the feelings, going wherever they may lead us. There is no domain of life which can claim exemption from the stern and lofty law of duty, and the purest affections must submit to discipline and self-control. Duty, on the other hand, when separated from tenderness, makes life too harsh and austere. Righteousness assumes a benign aspect only when sweetened by the touch of a loving and kindly nature. There may be diseased conditions of society when a fierce hatred of wrong alone is needed in men that have the power to mould society a new and when the softer side of their nature should be held in check. But such is not the type of character which the world generally wants and which we should cherish as the ideal of moral greatness. We must aspire to a combination of excellences in which the softest traits of character may exist side by side with the most heroic.

These two principles help each other. Duty chastens love, and love makes duty easy. The affections are purged of impurity and worldliness by the fervour of righteous-

ness, and love gives us the power to perform the hardest tasks uncomplainingly. The purifying effect of a strong sense of duty on the affections is clearly seen in the difference between the domestic relationships of a godly man and those of a selfish, worldly-minded person. The former does not look upon those who are dearest to him as mere objects of enjoyment, but as beings entrusted by God to his care. He holds himself bound to serve them and promote their true welfare by teaching them to love God and obey him. He does not think himself their master, having the right to use them as he pleases for his own ends, but looking up to God, he strives to fulfil his obligations to them while he enjoys their love and companionship in a devout spirit. In them he sees the love of God reflected. He sees the bountiful sweetness of the Divine nature flowing into him through them. Far different is the spirit in which an unrighteous man acts towards those who are most nearly related to him. He loves them indeed ; he loves them warmly. But his love is not exalted by the presence of high moral ends in his mind. It is not given to him to have the blissful consciousness of serving them for the sake of God While ministering to their common earthly wants, he is not mindful of their supreme need of a Godly spirit. In short, the tie that binds him to them has not in it the heavenly perfume of holiness.

If duty helps love by ennobling it, love helps duty no less by making its path smooth. What is more common than to see the hardest sacrifices gladly made for the sake of those one loves ? Toils or hardships that would otherwise appear formidable become trifling when we are required to

undertake them in the service of our dear ones. It is amazing to think what energy we derive from the affections. Love makes apparent impossibilities possible. It makes the weakest equal to gigantic tasks. Love is power in the highest sense. We become strong through love. It is the selfish that are weak.

It is a great ethical lesson that is taught by the common experience which attests the might of love. How is it that our will so largely deviates from the will of God? It so often seems impossible to bring the two into harmony! And yet they *must* be made to agree. It is not a matter of choice or option with us. We are bound to obey God, and can have no peace until we learn perfect obedience. We are weak, and love alone can transmute our weakness into strength. If we only loved God as we should, what immense difficulties would be at once solved, what barriers removed from our heaven-ward path, what rugged passages smoothed, what yawning gulf between inclination and duty made to disappear in a moment! We strive to be pure, but the "slips in sensual mire" come day after day. We seek to trample pleasure under foot, and enthrone righteousness in our bosoms; but repeatedly does pleasure overcome noble aims. We can be lifted up from this succession of failures only by loving God. What airs of heaven perfume the chambers of the soul when we know ourselves to be in the presence of God! A glimpse of his beauty removes mountains of despair and opens the hidden springs of purity within us. It then seems impossible to be impure! Being constantly with God is the one perfect solution of all the perplexities and cares of spiritual life.—*I. Messenger.*

LUSTS.

Behold those who prosper in the world, as the smoke consume away, and retain no remembrance of their past joys.

But even whilst they are alive, they do not rest in them without bitterness, weariness, and fear.

For the self something which brings them pleasure, frequently also brings with it the penalty of sorrow.

And it is just that it should be so that having inordinately sought and followed after pleasures, they should not cram themselves with them without bitterness and shame.

O how short, how false, how inordinate and base are all their pleasures.

Nevertheless so in inebriated and blind are they that they have no understanding, but like dumb animals, for the sake of some passing delight of this corruptible life, they incur the death of the soul.

Thou, therefore, my son, "Go not after they lusts, but refrain thyself from thine appetites." "Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

For if you desire true delight, and to be plenteously comforted by me, behold in the contempt of worldly things, and in the cutting off of every vile gratification, shall be your blessing; and abundant consolation shall be rendered to you.

And the more you withdraw yourself from the consolations of creatures, so much the sweeter and more powerful shall be the consolations which you shall find in me.

But at first you shall not attain to these consolations without some sadness and labourious struggle. Ingrained habits will make resistance but they can be overcome by the formation of better habits.

The flesh will complain, but by fervour of spirit it can be curbed.

The old serpent will urge you on, and harass you but by prayer you can put him to flight; and beside that, by useful occupation you can in great measure prevent his approach.

Thomas a Kempis.

Remember that no human strength can keep promises except by instant flight from all temptation—instantly turning the thoughts in another direction. No reasoning or resolution will stand. To turn away the eyes and thoughts is the only way. If you have not been hitherto enabled to do this, you will find that in perfect chastity of thought and body, there is indeed a strange power, rendering every act of the soul more healthy and spiritual, and giving a strength which otherwise is altogether unattainable. Spencer has set it forth perfectly under the image of the all conquering Britomart. When I say “no human strength can keep it, except,” etc., I mean that not even by flight human strength can conquer without perpetual help. But God has appointed that His help shall be given to those who “turn their eyes from beholding vanity”; nay it is by this help that those eyes are returned. ,

John Ruskin.

MAN HIS LITTLENESS AND HIS GREATNESS.

FAMILIARITY, it has been said, is our worst enemy. There are ever so many things in this world, which, because we see them daily, we have ceased to be curious about. 'How few of us look at the sky' Ruskin asks. Indeed, very few really see it, for it has been our companion from the earliest moments of our lives, and has, by its assuring constancy, lulled to rest the spirit of questioning. The child stares with surprise at a stranger, but never so at its own mother. To Miranda, the desert bred maiden, Fernandez, though quite as much man as her own father, is full of curiosity and interest. For the same reason, we look more wistfully at a new spinning-wheel than at the sky with all its serried phalanx of stars. If, however, the same sky with its gilded heraldry, had not been when we were born, and were to surprise us with a sudden arrival, our wonder and curiosity would reach a poetic height, and the lowest of the little men of earth would lift up his hands with awe and reverence and pour forth in the simplicity and fulness of his fear a hymn of praise with almost Vedic vigor. But now look at our dulness. The sky is hourly, minutely phenomenal. No two moments of its life are alike: clouds pass and repass; the sun rises and sets with epic pomp, the moon shines out with lyric sweetness; there is a ceaseless rising and falling of the curtains above and the scenes there are being endlessly shifted; but the majority of us are perfectly dull to such charms, though we know absolutely nothing about them.

But why talk of the sky : we are hardly concerned with it ; how far it is going to meddle with our day's work, the meteorological chart shows us, and that is quite enough for all our practical purposes ; let us go to things nearer home ; let us take man himself, the one object in creation with which we are most closely concerned. Very few men can rid themselves of human associations ; in work and out of work, we are always with men. 'Society, love and friendship' is the silent cry even of our spare moments. But what do we know of man ? Nothing. He comes and goes, we do not know where. One man is a poet and another a warrior, we hardly know why. Man breathes while he lives, but at the moment of death breath fails : no human physiology can tell us satisfactorily enough what it is, that lies breathless, and what that which was breathing, why we came, and where we go, if the life we lived ends with death, and whether we are matter, or spirit, or soul, or mind, or the senses, or everything, or nothing. The great and profound mystery that encircles us all around baffles our feeble attempt to unravel it, and it was in the fulness of this sense of the darkness around that Goethe cried out, 'We are eternally in contact with problems. Man is an obscure being : he knows little of the world and of himself least of all.' In the same way Rousseau has said " we have no measure for this huge machine—the world. We cannot calculate its relations ; we know neither its primary laws nor its final causes. We do not know ourselves ; we know neither our nature nor our active principle." These are great sayings—the sayings of men who have at least shaken off the dulness of familiarity. To feel the mystery,

to understand the problem, to recognise the feebleness of our understanding, is itself a privilege in the world, where man too often falls a victim to the sense of familiarity, and, being hardly able to raise himself above his little concerns that rise in successive surprise, resembles the fisherman swimmer on the sea who, while battling with its wavelet for the sake of prey, feels not the majesty of its voice or the glory of its storms.

We of to-day are, however, the heirs of ages and great men—god-like men have been before us; and in the light of the visions they have had, and the truths they have bequeathed to the world, we shall proceed to chalk out, however vaguely, the range of the curious self-reflecting animal called ‘man.’

इन्द्रियाणि परा ण्याहरिन्द्रिये भ्यः परं नः ।

मनसस्तु पराबुद्धि र्योबुद्धेः परतस्तुतः ॥

i. e., the senses are higher than the body, the mind is higher than the senses, the intellect is higher than the mind; the soul or the *Atman* is higher than all these.

Man has been called ‘the roof of creation;’ but he can hardly be so called if we take his body alone into account. Though he is ‘express and admirable,’ as Shakespeare puts it, in form and moving, animals there are which are stronger, more beautiful, more majestic and better than he is in the qualities of the body. Huxley considered the horse the best built animal in creation. There is a majesty about the tusked Indian Elephant to which the best gladiator can lay no claim. The bearing of a lion is more royal than that of a born king. The gait of a well-bred bull of Southern India would shame that of a warrior. The

peacock's spreading its feathers is a splendid festival. Not even Nurjehan had the soft complexion of a parrot. The skylark, the 'pilgrim of the sky,' is much more privileged than man chained down to earth. The cobra that spreads its hood at the sound of sweet music is almost divine, while the Garuda bird that hymns across the sky is certainly so. Man, then, is not more favoured than other animals in creation, in point of physique, and is indeed a more dirty animal than many a wild beast. Schopenhauer considers the faces of most men common-place. Pattanathu Pillaiyar, the great Dravidian philosopher, says, 'I have survived the shafts of women's eyes : My lord has made me one with Him. So whether I live or die it matters not, my happiness is all the same. Still it is disgusting to bear company with this body.' The pride of man is not therefore his body. The dignity he has and the majesty of his 'heaven erect' face are primarily due to the grandeur of the spirit that beams forth from within.

Passing on from the body of man to his senses and mind, there too we find he has little reason for pride. So far as the activity of the senses is concerned, he is almost inferior to animals. Schopenhauer goes to the length of putting him down as decidedly lower than most animals. There are men that make the tiger and the bear good and virtuous. The tiger and the bear have enemies marked out instinctively. The tiger does not interfere with the crow, the bear kills not cats. Man on the other hand has no such discrimination with respect to his quarrels. 'All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea and whatso-

ever passeth through the paths of the seas'—all are his possible enemies. From the innocent ant upwards to man himself, there is not one animal which he hesitates to injure for his purposes. In the storm of the senses the most sacred of social relations are set at nought. One word, *dayada*, meaning a cognate, has become a synonym for foe. Schopenhauer says, 'Do we desire to know what men morally considered are worth as a whole and in general? We have only to consider their fate as a whole. That is want, wretchedness, affliction, misery and death. If men were not as a whole worthless, their fate would not be so sad.' And then when we take the question of criminal responsibility into account, when we remember that man has few instincts of enmity to obey and has a will free to use and abuse, we hardly know where to place him in the list of living animals. The ant and the spider have taught many a man. The parliament of the bees would shame the assembly at the Westminster Hall. The gentleness of the cow is proverbial. Serpents with their ear for music and their taste for flowers and smells would shame a poet. Man's boundless selfishness, his vanity, his cruelty, his arrogance and wantonness, are purely devilish and Hamlet might well ask, 'Who would bear the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love, the law's delay, the insolence of office and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes?' Indeed a great French writer has remarked that he is not worth living who has not in the midst of men even once seriously thought of suicide. 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude', has in it a philosophy that must be appreciated. Pascal said that

half the evils of the world would vanish if only people will learn to be quiet, but that man cannot; and as the Gita says, he is doing *Karma* and sowing the seeds of sinful life every moment of his existence. The rage of the lion, the rancour of the elephant, the ferocity of the tiger, the venom of the serpent, the low cunning of the fox, the ugly instincts of the boar, the vileness of the rat have all their counterpart in the mind of man. Nay, he often overdoes these so-called lower animals, and is weaving a constant and ever thickening web of hatred and desire as naturally as a spider weaves its cobweb.

Now passing on to man's intellect, we observe he leaves many animals far behind. Indeed the intellect is a saving element in him. Newton losing himself in his mathematical calculations leaves the earth far behind. Archimedes running naked from the river with a grand discovery in his head is a demigod in human form. Galileo, 'the Tuscan artist viewing the moon through optic glass' from the top of Fesole is a veritable mountain spirit. But, alas! how few are our heroes, how few when compared with the vast and never ending wilderness of men. Every man has intellect, but, mixed up with his senses, it is no more a sanctuary to shelter him, but a whirlwind to toss him to and fro, on the already stormy sea of this sensuous world. Intellect, the precious gift of man, is in most cases prostituted, and, in professions like that of the lawyer and the merchant, proves often a curse to the society and to the individual. It may be that it is given to us 'to fill the heavens with commerce,' 'to rift the hills, roll the waters, flash the lightnings, and weigh the sun.' As Renan says, the world

has a destination, and to its end it goes with a sure instinct. So forward, forward let us range, that the great world may spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change, and as we go let us sing a triumphant anthem to the deity of knowledge—the goddess Saraswati.

But in the highest height of knowledge where are we? What we once knew to be water we now know to be oxygen plus hydrogen; but what is hydrogen and what oxygen—who can tell? What we once know to be an element we now know to be a compound, but what further can we say? In Biology, in Geology, in Physiology, in Astronomy, in Physics, in Chemistry, and in fact in every one of the various branches of human knowledge there is an imperial edict. ‘Thus far shalt thou and no further’ thundered forth in solemn majesty; and as we go farther and farther, the mystery thickens instead of dissolving, so that at last after an untiring, earnest and almost frantic pursuit after the phantom of knowledge, the verdict has come forth from the lips of no less an apostle than Kant that ontology is unknowable. It is, however, an old conclusion given out in all humility by Socrates in Europe and Sankara in India. Newton’s metaphor, that he was but playing on the shore of the roaring sea of knowledge, was no mock humility. I take a drop of water, I call it water and cast it away. Turner takes it and draws it on a piece of paper. Tyndall takes it, weighs it, examines it by the microscope, and wonder of wonders—innumerable creatures are found living in it, all full of life, full of consciousness, and full of activity and carrying out their mission on earth with as much earn-

estness and freedom as man. Poor Tyndall is struck dumb with awe and wonder, lets fall the little drop and swoons away in meditation. As for knowing that drop of water, neither you, nor I, nor Turner, nor Tyndall can do it, it is impossible and absolutely so—a melancholy conclusion, no doubt, but inevitable.

In point of intellect, then, though we are far superior to other animals, with the ever ringing 'I know nothing,' we have no special reason to be proud—much less to glorify ourselves as the lords of creation. We hardly know what beings beside ourselves live, what powers they have, what worlds hang out on space. We do not know the air we breathe, the earth we stand on, the stars that shine above—'those innumerable pitiless, passionless eyes in the heavens which burn and brand his nothingness into man.' But we know that the universe is boundless, that there are millions and millions of worlds like ours, that the whole creation is unutterably grand, and that we ourselves with the littleness of our body, the lowness of our senses, with the feebleness of our understanding and with our wickedness, vanity, and ignorance are unspeakably insignificant. We are atoms, poor insignificant atoms in this mighty, measureless and glorious universe. In the old superstition man was the centre of the world, but

"He is now but a cloud and a smoke who once was
a pillar of fire

The guess of a worm in the dark and the shadow of
its desire."

There is one faculty, however, in man which goes a little way in making up for this extreme littleness. It is the

faculty of imagination: it is a magic possession as precious as the fabled jewel in the head of a toad. It is a priceless faculty with which we can measure the universe. Of it the poet has said—

‘ Whatever God did say

Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted way :

Nay even beyond His works thy voyages are known.’

Poetry, I mean the highest imaginative poetry, like that of Shelley and Wordsworth is its most fragrant flower. True, we cannot understand the universe, but we can enjoy it. As Wordsworth so beautifully puts it, ‘ The poet is content to enjoy the things which others might (or might not) understand.’ Shelley really measures the sky when he sings:—

‘ Palace-roof of cloudless heights,

Paradise of golden lights,

Deep, immeasurable vast

Which art now and which wert then !

.....

Presence-chamber, temple, home

.

Even thy name is as a good,

.....

Generations as they pass

Worship thee with bended knees.’

Nay, not content with this, he is able to go farther and say,

‘ What is heaven ? a globe of dew, &c.

Here is poetry of the most splendid kind, a tacit but rapturous recognition of the power of the human mind, which tramples under foot the low cares of life, and soars

aloft like the sky-lark into the domain of boundless space, becoming for that time that boundless space itself. No fetters can here bind the man, nothing can check his heavenward flight, and no one here at least can say, 'Thus far shalt thou.' Sing forth, O spirit, till your dirty bonds break asunder, for thou art on the road to salvation, very near the radiant throne of the Almighty, who rejoices to thy flight and welcomes thee with open arms. Here man is grand, nay, boundlessly so.

Even this is not the height of man's glory, for poetry, gives both pleasure and pain : it has to record both the greatness of the universe and the littleness of man. Then, again, it cannot fall in love with the sultry day, the dirty tank, the barren desert and things of that kind, of which there is no lack on earth. At the best, therefore, poetry is but a resting place on the wayside, a *mantapa* on the road to the Temple.

A higher happiness than what poetry can give is the birthright of man. It is his prerogative to be eternally and changelessly happy, to rejoice as much as sultry weather as at a moonlit night, to regard with equal composure the wanton wickedness of men and their benevolent self-sacrifice, not merely to weep with joy at a Cumbrain sunset, and fly into space with a singing sky-lark's flight, but to 'mingle in the universe and, feeling what he can never express but cannot all conceal,' become himself the sun, the setting, the splendour, the sky-lark, the singing and the sky and all the rest in the glorious universe. Man is destined to conquer the heavens, the stars, the mountains, and the rivers, along with his body, his mind, and his senses, and even in this life

to dissolve himself into boundless space, and feel all within himself the roaring sea, the high mountain, the shining stars, and the noisy cataract. In this sense, he is the Lord of the creation—its exultant and all-pervading Lord, the Parabrahman of the Vedas, and at this stage he is above all anger, all meanness, and all wickedness. The rage of intellect and the storm of the senses are all over, and in the mind of the highest emancipated man, there is an eternal moony splendour, boundless beatitude that is above all expression. Now he can sing with the author of the Maitreya Upanishad—

अहमस्मिपरश्चास्मि ब्रह्मास्मिप्रभवोऽस्म्यहम् ।

सर्वलोकगुरुश्चास्मि सर्वलोकोऽस्मिसोऽस्म्यहम् ॥

i.e., I am myself, I am others, I am *Brahman*, I am the author of creation. I am the *Guru* to the whole world, and I am the whole world, and I am He, for he is himself the *Atman*, the birthless, changeless, deathless *Atman* whom swords cannot kill, fire cannot burn, water cannot moisten and wind cannot wither. This, then, is the height of human glory, which man, senseless man, is battering away every moment for the low pleasures of life—this his birthright which blinded by passion, he sells away for ‘a mess of pottage!’

Most of us do not know ourselves: we do not realise our resources; we do not think about the treasures that lie concealed within the four walls of our little frame. The Vedanta Philosophy, like Manackal Nambi in the story of Alavandar, invites us to take hold of our priceless birthright and be eternally happy. This is the grand promise of the Upanishad which, not few have found, is kept to the very letter. Having thus known the potentiality of man, the

greatness to which he is heir, the Psalm shall no longer be :

‘ O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth, who hast set Thy glory above the heavens, when I consider the heavens the work of Thy fingers etc.,’ but

‘ O man ! O man ! how excellent is Thy name in all the earth, who hast set Thy glory above the heavens—who art Thyself the heavens, the son, the moon, and the stars, and the God that made them all ’—Aum Tat Sat.

B. R. Rajam Iyer, B. A., Late Editor "Awakened India."

Man is the wondering Jew in whose ear the fiat rings for ever, “ move on ” ! He is the tree Ygdrasil, whose roots are in Hela, whose trunk is in the lower natures, whose fruit is passion from the blood of instinct, and whose branches wave in the air-deeps of the world’s breath. He is the mid-gard serpent in whom end and beginnings meet, and who hoops the whole world. He is the true ark of Noah, in which all the lower natures are housed. He travels with a whole menagerie in his cerebellum and in him the creator brings all his dumb creatures under one roof.

Man has touch with every spherule. The circle of his arms is the girdle of creation. His electric wires have compressed the earth until the elbows of the nations touch, and the winged heels of mercury come tardy off beside the fleet Ariel of Edison and Bell. He is the protens that slips from form to form. All history lies under his hat, and he is the trustee of every past age. Religion is born from him. He makes his Deity in his own image ; and from his own heart and brain are shed the Bibles of the race as the leaves are shed from the tree. He is animated oxygen, breathing granite, living clay.

Rev. E. M. Wheelock.

LETTER TO A YOUNG MAN.

THE following letter was written by Theodore Parker to a young man who was starting out upon his first sea voyage. It reveals one side of Theodore Parker's character, which is not familiar to those who think of him only as an ardent controversialist. It is a letter filled with golden advice for a young man entering a vocation exposed to great temptations. The letter had a lasting influence upon the life of this young man, who rose to be a captain, and who always felt grateful to Mr. Parker for the advice he had given him. There are few young men starting out in life, whatever their vocation, who might not profit by his counsel.

BOSTON, 7th July, 1851.

My dear Friend,—Your mother told me that you are soon to leave her and all the tender ties of home, and go out to seek your fortune in the world. She wished me to say a word of counsel to you at this time. I am glad to do so, as I remember well the time when I first left my father's house, to find a home elsewhere. I was younger than you are, and went to teach a little village school. Let me say a few words to you, which my own experience suggests.

I suppose you wish to be rich. Most young men have a longing for riches; and most old men too. I don't think *riches* desirable. I should be sorry to have inherited wealth. But a *competence* is very desirable, is indispensable. Well the way to get it is by *forethought* to plan, *industry* to execute, and *prudence* to keep the earnings of your work. I

should always wish to get what I earned, but never to take more than I had honestly, fairly, really earned. I am sure that with forethought, industry and prudence, you cannot fail to get a competence. All that you get more than a sufficient fortune is commonly a misfortune. A competence is not hard to get.

But the best thing which you can get in life is not money, nor what money brings along with it. A great estate is not worth so much as a good man. You are here in this world to become a *good man*—a wise man, a just man, an affectionate man, a religious man. This is the one thing you will carry out of this world, and into the next. Money will make you acceptable to man: manhood—I mean wisdom, justice, affectionateness, and religion—will make you welcome to God, and blessed by Him for ever. Your business is one help to obtain that manhood, but business alone will not give it to you. You must work for your manhood as much as for your money, and take as much pains to get it, and to keep it too. The first thing, then, is to *keep clear of certain vices*. As yet, you hardly know the temptations which will come upon you. But there are three things which you must set your face against at once and for ever, *intemperance, gambling, licentiousness*. These three vices ruin thousands of young men, every year. To some persons, perhaps to most young men, the temptation to some one of these is very powerful. Resist these three, and you will do pretty well in this period of life.

Now I would not recommend you to be gloomy and sour and stiff. I hope you will be cheerful, lively, even gay and mirthful, all that belongs to your period of life. But you

can be all this without *sin* : you need not put a sting in your heart to torment you for ever. Trust me, there is little real pleasure in anything which your conscience forbids.

Then you want to cultivate your mind. This you can do in part by reading valuable books, as you have leisure and opportunity. I have always found a good deal of time for it at sea. Forethought, industry and prudence, will help you here as much as in getting money. I used to find it a profitable thing to keep a journal, in which I wrote down what I saw that was remarkable, what I *read*, what I *thought*. I believe you will find this pleasant and profitable too. Especially if you visit foreign countries—where everything is remarkable to a stranger—you will find advantage in this. In regard to reading, I should wish to be familiar with the history of America, with the lives of its great men ; then, with the History of England, and the lives of its great men ; and next, with the writings of the best authors in English and American literature. All this you can accomplish in the course of a few years—before you are thirty—and not encroach on your proper business or your proper pleasure, and not injure your health.

One thing more I must say : I think there is no real and satisfactory happiness in life without religion. I am not a sour, malignant man, wishing to cloud over the morning of life. But I wish to prolong its sunshine for ever. I am not at all superstitious. For this very reason, I think more of the value of religion. It is a restraint from doing wrong, an encouragement to do right, and a great comfort at all times of life. I do not mean by religion a certain *form of belief*, nor a certain *ritual*, joining a church or any-

thing of that sort. But I do mean a respect for your own nature, and obedience to its laws. I mean a love of truth, a love of justice, a love of a man as yourself, and of God with all your mind and conscience and heart and soul.

You can easily cultivate your religious nature, as easily as your mind. One of the best helps that I know is this—to set apart a few minutes of everyday to commune with yourself and with your God. Suppose it is at night before you sleep or in the morning before you go to work. Then it is well to review all the actions of the day—the *deeds*, the *words*, even the *thoughts* and *feelings*—and ask if they are such as God can approve. If not, then resolve to do such things no more, and in your prayer to ask the help of God for the future. Trust me, this will be of great avail. No man can faithfully pursue this course without great growth in manly excellence. You will never repent the pains you take to be a great, a good, and a religious man.

The prayers of your father and mother will go with you in your new enterprise. Absent from their sight, you will still live in their heart of hearts; and their highest earthly wish will be that you may prove yourself a noble man.

With a desire for your prosperity and success in life, believe me,

Truly your friend,

Theodore Parker.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

THE following advice given by the late Lord Tennyson to a young man going to the University, taken from the recently published life of the poet by his son, the present Lord Tennyson, is well worth the serious consideration of every young man :—

“ If a man is merely to be a bundle of sensations, he had better not exist at all. He should embark on his career in the spirit of selfless and adventurous heroism ; should develop his true self by not shirking responsibility, by casting aside all maudlin and introspective morbidities, and by using his powers cheerfully in accordance with the obvious dictates of his moral consciousness, and so, as far as possible in harmony with what he feels to be the Absolute Right.

Self-reverence, self knowledge, self-control,

These three alone lead life to sovereign power

Yet not for power (power of herself

Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,—

Acting the law we live by without fear ;

And, because right is right, to follow right

Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

It is motive, it is the great purpose which consecrates life. The real test of a man is not what he knows, but what he is in himself and in his relation to others ; for instance, can he battle against his own bad inherited instincts, or brave public opinion in the cause of truth ?

The love of God is the true basis of duty, truth, reverence, loyalty, love, virtue and work. I believe in these although I feel the emptiness and hollowness of much of life. "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect."

* * *

"Low subjective energy is unfavourable to any surplus of voluntary energy for conduct over and above the expenditure in attention to ideas. And given considerable energy it may tend originally to divide itself in any proportion between activity in thought and in deed. One may think so hard on virtue as to be incapable of the effort it requires or one may waste in feeling. Education cannot increase the store of subjective energy though fresh air, good food and exercise may; but education can alter the *habitual* distribution from any extreme to a satisfactory mean rate. As Aristotle taught us long ago, virtue—each virtue—may become a habit or secondary instinct by *constant and unremitting* practice. Thus the general habit of practical reasonableness can be acquired by the *practice* of carrying out all practical ideas whatever they may be. Facilities of time and opportunity should be given to children from an early age to make easy little plans *and carry them out*, and throughout, the utmost care should be taken that ideas of beneficent action more particularly be not checked. Perhaps no department of education is more liable to neglect and perversion than this one. If the idea of reason as it develops is to be practical, then it must be lived as it comes to light."

Dr. Sophie Bryant.

MANLINESS.

THE often-quoted remark of Solomon, in regard to authorship and study is true to life; and that study which is such a "weariness to the flesh," will almost certainly reach the nerves, and render you more or less liable to be irritated. Who would have thought that the elegant Goldsmith would, in his retirement have been peevish and fretful? So, we are told, was the fact. And perhaps he who could write the "Citizen of the world," and the "Deserted Village," and the "Vicar of Wakefield," exhausted his nerves, in trying to be kind-hearted and pleasant in his writings; so that, when he fell back into real life, he had no materials left with which to be agreeable. Be this as it may, it is not unfrequently the case, that he who can appear kind and pleasant with his pen, and when abroad, is nevertheless growing sour and crabbed in his study. Hence it has sometimes been said of a student, "He is at times the most agreeable, and at times the most disagreeable of men." It will require no small exertion, on your part, to become master of yourself. He that is master of his own spirit, is a hero indeed. Nothing grows faster by indulgence, than the habit of speaking to a companion hastily; it soon becomes so fixed that it lasts through life. In order to avoid it, cultivate manliness of character. Be frank and open-hearted. Not merely appear so, but really *be* so. There is an openness, a nobleness of soul, about some men, which is quickly discovered and as highly valued.

We know that there is originally a difference in men. Some seem to be born small, close, misanthropic, and their whole contour is on a contracted scale. But there is no reason why they should yield to this constitutional trait, and become more and more so. You may have been neglected in your childhood in this respect; but this is no reason why you should neglect yourself. You will often see students, whose means are small, much respected for their nobleness and manliness of character. I mention this, that you may not forget that it is not the circumstance of being rich or poor, which creates this trait in your character.

Todd's Student's Manual.

Chivalrousness necessarily reckons courage among its elements, not simply that physical bravery which most men inherit,—which indeed, seems a constitutional qualification,—but that higher and purer form which we distinguish as *Moral* courage, “the holy and humble elevation of the heart,” as St. Bernard calls it. In the daily work of life this courage is often severely tried. It is so much easier at times to say the thing that is pleasant than that which is true; so much easier to excuse ourselves for neglecting a duty than to discharge it; so much easier to yield to a temptation than to resist it. How frequently we can find a plausible reason for advancing ourselves at the expense of our neighbour! The moral courage that will do right for the sake of right is a rarer virtue than we are apt to suppose. It means patience under wrong, self-control under provocation, calmness in adversity, and moderation in prosperity.

Adam.

THE USE OF NOBLE MEMORIES.

WE cannot overrate the use of all noble memories. The fact is that the memory of the past is the symbol and earnest of man's hope of the future. If we look backwards, it is that we may better move on and upwards into the future. Like the boy who wishes to take a great and bold leap, so we move backward a little, that we may run forward the more effectively.

This is why we read history. If history were only a record of the past, if its struggles and tragedies had no further consequence, it would be the most dreary, pathetic, and futile reading. But history is not for the sake of the past. It is for the future. Its heroisms, its achievements, its slow but certain movement, its glorious memories of noble lives, hearten us for future accomplishments and heroisms.

It is the same with all our dear and sweet memories of the friends who have gone from us into the land of light. Their memories are never for the past. It is unworthy of them if we only mourn and grieve for their loss. But their memories are a constant symbol of hope and life. We look back to the thought of their heroism, their accomplishments, their great love, only that we may look forward again, and be sure that love and heroism are deathless. Like Jesus, all the true-hearted souls bid us "look up and not down, forward and not backward." Their memories are a grand appeal to the chivalry in us, to the divine and infinite nature which God has implanted. God forbid,—our souls make

answer to these memories,—God forbid that we who have known in the presence of these friends what the prize of love is, and therefore what real and true life is, should ever cease to be worthy of this divine love, that we should ever permit ourselves to walk backwards in a world where all the voices of God bid us keep our faces steadily to the front, and never to fear or to doubt! God forbid that “the children of a king should go mourning all their days”!

Charles F. Dole.

The chief use of biography consists in the noble models of character in which it abounds. Our great forefathers still live among us in the records of their lives as well as in the acts they have done, which live also; still sit by us at table, and hold us by the hand; furnishing examples for our benefit, which we may still study, admire and imitate. Indeed, who ever has left behind him the record of a noble life, has bequeathed to posterity an enduring source of good, for it serves as a model for others to form themselves by in all time to come; still breathing fresh life into men, helping them to reproduce his life anew and to illustrate his character in other forms. Hence a book containing the life of a true man is full of precious seed. To use Milton's words “it is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.” But, above all, there is the book containing the very highest example set before us to shape our lives by in this world—the most suitable for all the necessities of our mind and heart—an example which we can only follow afar off and feel after.

Smiles.

MEN OF CLAY AND MEN OF IRON.

SCULPTORS model in clay, but carve in marble. The clay changes form readily, every touch leaving its impress; and the lump that was fashioned into a saint to-day can be moulded into a villain to-morrow, while the marble retains each feature through the ages.

We note similar characteristics among men, and speak of men of clay and men of iron, men who are moulded by every circumstance and men of solid character, whether it be good or bad. We find in every community men who have chased every political, social, and religious phantom that has appeared.

The world has always honored men of iron; and all its heroes have been men of that metal, whether a Cæsar, a Hannibal, a Cato, or a Luther, a Savonarola, a Garrison. The world honors men that it can find when it looks to them for service, and can fully trust when it has found them.

We want boys and girls, men and women, of iron to meet the temptations of life. When our boys and girls go away to the city, we do not wish days and nights of anxiety for fear they may yield to the allurements of the world about them. When we employ them, we need the assurance that we can trust them. We need church members who believe something, and have enough iron in them to be trusted in their work.

We want men of iron in our politics. When we attempt to replace a man of clay in political life, we are not

sure we have not put another in his place. But I need not enumerate the places where we need men and women of iron. It is wherever there is noble work to be done.

The thought of unfeeling hardness is often associated with the idea of men of iron. It is true of some men of iron, but it is not necessarily true. Luther, who was as immoveable as the eternal hills for right, was tender and loving in his social relationship. Was Sir Philip Sidney any less a hero that he gave his cup of water, in the agony of his own dying thirst, to the wounded soldier? We need not fear hardness of heart in making ourselves men of iron.

It may be objected that, were men generally of iron, there could be no progress. Heat softens iron, so that it may be moulded into new forms. The heat of a living issue and the blows of earnest debate soften men of iron, and beat them into new forms.

Can we do anything to change men of clay into men of iron? There is a mysterious alchemy that transmutes clay into iron, for all are plastic at first. We should use our best efforts to aid that transmutation. We should train our children to endure hardness as good soldiers of God. We often coddle them into incurable babyishness,—and often more in religion than anything else,—instead of fitting them to be heroes. We ought to refuse to make a selfish use of the weaknesses of others, and so discourage them,—refuse to make the pliability of another serve us in politics or religion. Were a man to come to me and say, "I have had trouble with Deacon Jones, and wish to withdraw from my church and join yours," I should tell him to stay at home and settle his difficulty with his Deacon like a man. Were I to do

otherwise, I should not only encourage the very trait of character that I condemn, but manifest the same trait.

There are some who are doomed to remain clay through life ; but, if there be a little sand in their composition, heat, the fires of trial, difficulty, affliction, persecution, may give them considerable firmness. I once heard a minister pray God to send persecution upon his denomination. It seemed to me a strange prayer : yet that minister knew that the fires of persecution would bake the clay men about him into some firmness and consistency of form.

Rev. W. F. Place.

Truthfulness, integrity, and goodness—qualities that hang not on any man's breath—form the essence of manly character, or, as one of our old writers has it “that inbred loyalty unto virtue which can serve her without a livery.” He who possesses these qualities, united with strength of purpose, carries with him a power which is irresistible. He is strong to do good, strong to resist evil, and strong to bear up under difficulty and misfortune. When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of his base assailants, and they asked him in derision, “where is now your fortress?” “Here,” was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest lustre ; and when all else fails, he takes stand upon his integrity and his courage.

Smiles.

METHOD.

METHOD and moderation are the student's two great safe guards ; he must be moderate in his aims and he must systematise his work. The mind will bear an immense strain if it be evenly distributed, if the pressure be not applied all at once and in one direction ; it is muddle that kills. No man was ever killed by regular work on the contrary, the annals of biography prove that it is favourable to longevity. It is easier to *rust* out than to *wear* out.—*Adams*.

* * * * *

Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning or genius who are often too full to be exact and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them.

Method is of advantage to a work both in respect to the writer and the reader. In regard to the first, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his discourse, he finds a great many thoughts rising out of every head, that do not offer themselves upon the general survey of a subject. His thoughts are at the same time more intelligible, and their drift and meaning better discovered when they are placed in their proper sights and follow one another in a regular series than when they are thrown together without order and connection. There is always an obscurity in confusion and the same sentence that would have enlightened the reader in one part of a discourse,

perplexes him in another. For the same reason likewise, every thought in a methodical discourse shows itself in its greatest beauty, as the several figures in a piece of painting receive new grace from their disposition in the picture. The advantages of a reader from a methodical discourse are correspondent with those of the writer. He comprehends every thing easily takes it in with pleasure and retains it long. Method is not less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himself understood.

When I read an Author of Genius who writes without method, I fancy myself in a wood that abounds with a great many noble objects, rising among one another in the greatest confusion and disorder. When I read a methodical discourse, I am in a regular plantation, and can place myself in its several centres, so as to take a view of all the lines and walks that are struck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole day together, and every moment discover something or other that is new to you ; but when you have done, you will have but a confused imperfect notion of the place : In the other. your eye commands the whole prospect, and gives you such an idea of it, as is not easily worn out of the memory.

Addison.

"I CALL THAT MIND FREE."

I CALL that mind free which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness, which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

I call that mind free which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its author and finds in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

I call that mind free which resists the bondage of habit, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which whilst consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself listens for new and higher monitions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

I call that mind free which sets no bounds to its love, which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of his children, which conquers pride, anger and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free which is not passively framed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

I call that mind free which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion, which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's, which respects a higher law than fashion, which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few, . . . which guards its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world.

I call that mind free which, through confidence in God and in the power of virtue has cast off all fear but that of wrong-doing, which no menace or peril can enthrall, which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself though all else be lost.

In fine, I call that mind free which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in his promises by Jesus Christ devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers, which passes the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance for ever, and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

Channing.

MODERATION.

“**M**ODERATION!” Is not the word almost strange at first? Does it not chill us? Moderation, we cry. Nay, but in him whose soul is full of glorious expectation, will not enthusiasm be the great condition? Will not his soul expand and claim its larger heritage? What a hard, cold word it is! The new version renders it “forbearance.” The true idea is self-restraint, self-possession.

human character in which all wayward impulses are restrained, not by outside compulsion, but by the firm grasp of a power which holds everything into obedience from within by the controlling purpose of the life. This character dreads fury and excitement as signs of feebleness. It hates exaggeration of statement, because it means weakness of belief. It shrinks from self-display just in proportion as it accepts the responsibilities of selfhood. It is patient because it is powerful. It is tolerant because it is sure. It is hopeful for very many because it has found solid ground, in the midst of the great turmoil, for itself to stand on, and believes that all other men have the same right to solid ground to stand on as itself. It is this character that Paul calls moderation. It is self-possession. It is the soul found and possessed in God.

Moderation is not apathy. It is characteristic of that noblest kind of activity which is inspired by faith. The man who doubts is the man who frets and fusses and fumes, who tries to do everything, and really accomplishes nothing

The Christian cannot be hasty, for he waits God's time. He cannot be apathetic, for he is God's co-worker. He cannot be harsh, censorious, and denunciatory, for he knows that love is the fulfilling of the law. With meek, patient, yet tireless energy he does his heavenly Father's will, and trusts in His Word that all things shall work together for good.

Christian Age.

Self-possession is one great effect and advantage of self-knowledge. Both have their temptations. To some, the temptations of prosperity are the greatest; to others, those of adversity. Self-knowledge shows a man which of these are greatest to him; and, at the apprehension of them, teaches him to arm himself accordingly, that nothing may deprive him of his constancy and self-possession, or lead him to act unbecoming the man.

We commonly say "no one knows what he can bear till he is tried." And many persons verify the observation, by bearing evils much better than they feared they should. Nay the apprehension of an approaching evil often gives a man a greater pain than the evil itself. This is owing to want of self-possession.

A man that knows himself his own strength and weakness, is not so subject as others to the melancholy presages of the imagination; and, whenever they intrude, he makes no other use of them than to take the warning, collect himself, and prepare for the coming evil, leaving the degree, duration, and the issue of it, with him who is the sovereign disposer of all events, in a quiet dependence on his power, wisdom and goodness.

Mason

MORALS AND MANNERS.

MORALS and manners, which give colour to life, are of much greater importance than laws, which are but their manifestations. The law touches us here and there, but manners are about us everywhere, pervading society like the air we breathe. Good manners, as we call them, are neither more nor less than good behaviour; consisting of courtesy and kindness; benevolence being the preponderating Element in all kinds of mutually beneficial and pleasant intercourse amongst human beings. "Civility," said Lady Montague, "costs nothing and buys everything." The cheapest of all things is kindness, its exercise requiring the least possible trouble and self-sacrifice. "Win hearts," said Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, "and you have all men's hearts and purses." If we would only let nature act kindly free from affectation and artifice, the results on social good humour and happiness would be incalculable. The little courtesies which form the small change of life, may separately appear of little intrinsic value, but they acquire their importance from repetition and accumulation. They are like the spare minutes, or the groat a day, which proverbially produce such momentous results in the course of a twelve month or in a life-time.

Manners are the ornament of action; and there is a way of speaking a kind word, or of doing a kind thing, which greatly enhances their value.

Affability and good breeding may even be regarded as essential to the success of a man in any eminent station and enlarged sphere of life; for the want of it has not unfrequently been found in a great measure to neutralise the results of much industry, integrity, and honesty of character.

Smiles

THE LOVE OF NATURE AND OF SCENERY.

IT is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening ; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view ; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous, and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steams and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table.

But some minds there are of a different make, who, even in the early part of life, receive from the contemplation of nature a species of delight which they would hardly exchange for any other ; and who, as avarice and ambition are not the infirmities of that period, would, with equal sincerity and rapture, exclaim :

“ I care not. Fortune, what you me deny ;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace ;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky.
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve.”

Such minds have always in them the seeds of true taste and frequently of imitative genius. At least, though their enthusiastic or visionary turn of mind, as the man of the world would call it, should not always incline them to practise poetry or painting, we need not scruple to affirm that, without some portion of this enthusiasm, no person ever became a true poet or painter. For he who would imitate the works of nature, must first accurately observe them, and accurate observation is to be expected from those only who take great pleasure in it.

To a mind thus disposed, no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and solitary isle, in the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to rouse or to soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding. And from every mental energy that is not attended with pain, and even from some of those that are, as moderate terror and pity, a sound mind derives satisfaction; exercise being equally necessary to the body and the soul, and to both equally productive of health and pleasure.

James Beattie, LL.D.

Grand as nature is, it only typifies something grander man,—unconscious heights and breadths and depths within him, waiting to embosom themselves within the life and light of God. Seeking that in effable oneness with him, man and nature send up together one yearning response through the holy silence: "Grant us thy peace!"

Lucy Larcom.

THE LAW OF OBEDIENCE.

THERE is a law of things in the religious life. It is separate cause and effect here, as in the physical realm.⁸ Neither in nature nor in "grace" does anything come by chance. You never happen to be blessed. Joy is not something thrust into a man : it is an effect. Peace is not something shot out of the moon : it is a result. When one of our friends said to her daughter the other day, "You must ask God to make you well, and to make you patient," "No," said the little philosopher, "no, mamma : I must be patient myself." Wise child ! We get patience by being patient : we get gentleness by being gentle, liberality by practising liberality. God never made a stingy man generous in answer to prayer. In all that pertains to the growth of right character, we get on, not by begging, not by asking God to give us noble being, but by taking sides with God against our lower self,—against irrational impulse, evil habit, perverse tendency. When once a man makes the pure will of God his own, he will find the secret of harmonious growth. How long before we learn that the spiritual realm is not one of magic ! How long before we learn the unity and consistency of the universe ! How long before we learn that there is kinship between us and God, and that only obedience to the divinest within us can bring us into the divine order and peace !

See how deeply rooted is this law of obedience ! God is the immanent God, having his actual presence in and

through all things. Obeying God, therefore, is obeying your highest reason, your deepest convictions of what is divine and right and true. A man must confess the Christ that is revealed to him,—not necessarily the Christ of the creeds, but such as the man himself can believe in and follow. He must stand by the Church, but not necessarily this Church or that. The true Church is made up of “those who fight the battle of good against evil,” penetrate “into the invisible from the thick shadows which environ them, and see the open vision which is manifested to all in every nation who fear God and work righteousness.” He must stand for the truth, not as it may be expounded to him, but as it finds him and possesses him. Emerson says, “We know truth when we see it, let sceptic and scoffer say what they choose.” God is as near to us as he was to Moses, and the will of God which we are to obey is that which reports itself to our own souls. Enthroning righteousness, taking part against evil and for good, standing for truth and right in all circumstances, obeying the voice of one’s better against his lower self; and doing this habitually, we are obeying God as he is revealed to us. And this is the way to peace and enlarging knowledge.

A. J. Wells.

Nothing simplifies life like obedience. We sometimes think we are beset by problems, that life is a very difficult and complicated affair. It is not really. All life is simply *doing* or bearing the will of God. There is never more than one duty for one moment.

Rev. H. A. Bridgman.

OBSERVATION.

A DERVISE was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him: "you have lost a camel," said he, to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise. "He was," replied the merchants. "Had he not lost a front tooth?" said the dervise. "He had," rejoined the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "most certainly he was," they replied; "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly you can, in all probability, conduct us unto him." "My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you." "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?" "I have neither seen your camel, nor your jewels," repeated the dervise. On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the Cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him *as a sorcerer*, when the dervise with great calmness, thus addressed the Court:—"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a

camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route ; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path ; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand ; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burthen of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

Rev. Caleb Colton.

The difference between men consists, in a great measure, in the intelligence of their observation. The Russian proverb says of the non-observant man, "He goes through the forest and sees no *firewood*." "The wise man's eyes are in his head," says Solomon, "but the fool walketh in darkness." "Sir", said Johnson, on one occasion, to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the hampstead stage than others in the town of Europe." It is the mind that sees as well as the eye. Where unthinking gazers observe nothing, men of intelligent vision penetrate unto the very fibre of the phenomena presented to them attentively noting differences, making comparisons, and recognizing their underlying idea. Many before Galileo had seen a suspended weight swing before their eyes with a measured beat ; but he was the first to detect the value of the fact.

Smiles.

ON GIVING AND TAKING OFFENCE.

OFFENCE is very often taken where it is not meant to be given ; and by far the majority of instances in which people "turn nasty," as we say, are due not so much to intention as to misunderstanding. The most amiable and useful relation-ships are sometimes marred by one party or the other too readily taking offence. There are very many what we call "touchy" people in the world, who have a knack of invariable misreading our motives. It is a nice enquiry as to why this is so. My brother is a man professing a most anxious desire to do the right and proper thing : he frankly admits that it should be the aim of a man to do the best and speak the truest, and carry himself according to purest Christian principles ; but when I tell him of a flaw I discover in his judgment, a lack of polish in his manners, or an error in his avowed knowledge, he manifestly doesn't like it ; but becomes unnatural and stiff towards me, and evidently takes offence. Why should he be angry ? If I have done him a moral service, helped him to discern his imperfections, surely he ought to feel grateful to me, assuming that I offer my opinion and my advice as a brother should.

Here is a young lady who, professing to play the piano, murders time : doesn't seem to understand the value and place of time in music ; and here's a man who has a voice of agreeable quality, capable of being sweetly developed, only he hasn't a ghost of a notion that he sings flat ; why is it that if you point out their faults to them, in the friendliest

way, and suggest a remedy, they will be annoyed rather than thankful, and "cut" you severely for ever afterwards? Or there's the man who has preconceived notions that things should be done in a certain way in his Church Service; but the majority of his fellow-worshippers think otherwise, and with no disrespect to him, they make innovations in accordance with their own sense of fitness. Instead of respecting the will of the majority, even if he does not become converted, he takes offence, is actually mad enough to think they are purposely endeavouring to offend him, and thenceforth he stays away from service.

One lady meets another in the street and passes her without recognition; not wilfully, but because she really did not notice her. Immediately, the other is aggrieved: she positively refuses to put a Christian construction upon the occurrence; but assumes straight away that it was intentional, and treats her acquaintance accordingly, without enquiring whether it was so or not. You have to think a dozen times before you open your mouth to some people, lest they take offence at what you say, however innocent and well meaning the reflection. It is as cruel and absurd to take offence lightly where it was never intended as it is wilfully to give unjustifiable offence. Most thoughtful men would be careful not wittingly to carry infectious disease from one house to another; but they are not so particular about guarding against the spread of moral disease. He who, by giving offence or by taking offence unreasonably, sours the temper of his friend, and makes him unhappy, is as criminal as he who deliberately takes smallpox or scarlet fever into his friend's home. The one crime is apparent enough to us;

GREATNESS.

THERE are different orders of greatness. Among these, the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral* greatness or magnanimity ; to that sublime energy, by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and human nature ; scorns all meanness and defies all peril ; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders ; withstands all the powers of the universe, which would sever it from the cause of freedom and religion ; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever “ ready to be offered up ” on the altar of his country or of mankind. Next to moral, comes *intellectual* greatness, or genius in the highest sense of the word ; and, by this, we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge, rises from the finite and transient to the infinite and the everlasting, frames to itself from its own fulness lovelier and sublimer forms than it beholds, discerns the harmonies between the world within and the world without us, and finds, in every region of the universe, types and interpreters of its own deep mysteries and glorious inspirations. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, and to the

to the required length, or if they were too long he shortened them by cutting off their feet. Now, you would shudder at the thought of serving your brother man in this cruel fashion; and yet from the moral point of view, it is equally cruel to compel his mind and conscience to fit your own mould, and lop off or stretch arbitrarily his opinions towards such an end. There are so many people, somehow, who think that the crime of murder is restricted to the body, and that thieving has reference only to material possessions. Nothing of the kind. The enormity of a crime lies in the motive of the criminal. Let us always bear this in mind, and then our transactions will be more considerate.

There are some traits of character we should strictly guard against, as especially leading to the taking and giving of offence; such for instance, are Selfishness, Envy, Pride and Conceit, and that tantalising unreasonableness which is due to ignorance. These attributes of character tend to blind a man, or at least seriously distort his vision. Selfishness, if unrestrained, recognises no wants save its own; no opinions, no rights, no knowledge, no worth except its very own. It is the most unreasonable and dogmatic and unsympathetic thing in the world. You can easily see how quickly selfish people become offended. They regard a mere straw of obstacle in their pathway an impertinence. The selfish man has no respect for his fellows, and sticks at nothing when his personal interests are concerned. When such an one is a member of your church or your family, you cannot help at times, being offended at his attitude, his unreasonable demands and perposterous expectations. Selfishness is an imperfect and accursed thing even when

the degree of it may be subtle, and imperceptible to the general observer.

Envy is closely allied to it; indeed, it may almost be regarded as a species of it. The envious man doesn't like anybody to have any sort of advantage over him. Envy makes a man suspicious, so that he often denies honesty to those who differ from himself in opinions or possessions. Views and schemes initiated by himself are all right, and he will invariably sacrifice time and money to advance them: but he casts doubt upon the wisdom of those introduced by others; he has no generosity, no warmth of heart, no true affection, no broad public sympathies. He never goes up to another and grasps his hand and sincerely thanks him for any service he has rendered to him or to the community. How can you genuinely encourage your neighbour when you are selfishly tantalised because you cannot occupy his position; that you did not discover his invention; that nature did not endow you with his special faculties instead of him? The envious man is never truly happy, because he is never contented. He cannot give a fair, unbiassed opinion about any merit which another may have. He naturally underestimates your worth, forgetting that "he who envies another confesses his superiority." He is always offended at somebody or something, and probably at everybody and every thing in turns; and, being of such an unbeautiful, repulsive disposition, it is no wonder that he should be constantly giving offence to others.

Next, we have pride and conceit. As every one knows there is a certain kind of pride which we commend in a man; a pride that takes note of the dignity of human nature, the

nobleness of virtue, the value of knowledge ; a pride that makes a man scorn to tell a lie, or do an unworthy action ; but the pride which indicates vanity and self-conceit, and which runs riot in mincing manners and scorn and vaunted superiority, is a rank weed in humanity which poisons the relationship of life that otherwise might be sweet and profitable. " It is this passion alone," says Steele, " that lays us open to flatterers ; and he who can agreeably condescend to soothe our humour or temper, finds always an open avenue to our soul ; especially if the flatterer happens to be our superior. . . . Pride is an overweening sentiment of our worth. . . . It is a powerful impediment to a progress in knowledge. Under the influence of this passion men seek honour, but not truth. They do not cultivate what is most valuable in reality, but what is most valuable in opinion." The man who loves the flattery of his fellows quickly takes offence when one has the temerity to tell him the truth. Pride doesn't want the truth ; it only wants confirmation of what it at present believes. Hence you see that much of what is called religious ardour manifested in dogmatic orthodoxy is nothing but pride ; and it is most in connection with politics and religion that people become offended with and inimical to one another. Pride is the mother of bigotry ; and how hard it invariably is to change the preconceived notions of men in theology and politics. We pretend to want truth and the progress that leads to truth, and yet pride makes us conservative, makes us dogmatic and unwilling to admit that we have ever been in error or in ignorance.

There is a text which says, " Yielding pacifieth great offences." This is true ; but it does not mean that the

ignorant, selfish, proud man is to have his own way for peace and quiet's sake. If a man cannot of his own self see when his character is despicable, we must force the fact upon his attention, and withstand his pride and inconsistency. It was in this way and no other that the race advanced out of the tyranny of despotism, with the liberty and fulness of life which we to-day enjoy. An honourable, earnest man cannot sacrifice all his principles simply because he fears to give offence to those who will not trouble themselves to understand him. Yet remember that when we demand consistency and reasonableness in other people we are morally bound to exhibit those qualities in ourselves; and, moreover, it will invariably be found by the wise that between the two extremes there is a median course, the adoption of which will give the minimum of offence and will involve the least waiving of principle. Wise and reasonable compromise except where distinctly vital principles are concerned, will be found to be the ladder up which men mount to higher grades of civilisation and greater possibilities of life.

Charles Roper.

Why dost thou fear to be wronged? It can at the worst kill thee. Who is born to live for ever? Consent to be wronged, be silent under every injury. But of one thing be sure: do the fullest, the most scrupulous justice to all men, and chiefly to those who have wronged you.

Mozoomdar.

PASSING AWAY.

IT is a twice-told tale that the world is passing away from us, and there is very little new to be said on the subject. God has written it on every page of His creation that there is nothing here which lasts. Our affections change. The friendships of the man are not the friendships of the boy. Our very selves are altering. The basis of our being may remain, but our views, tastes, feelings, are no more our former self than the oak is the acorn. The very face of the visible world is altering around us. We have the grey mouldering ruins to tell of what was once. Our labourers strike their ploughshares against the foundations of buildings which once echoed to human mirth—skeletons of men, to whom life once was dear—urns and coins that remind the antiquarian of a magnificent empire. To-day the shot of the enemy defaces and blackens monuments and venerable temples, which remind the Christian that into the deep silence of eternity, the Roman world which was in its vigour in the days of John, has passed away. And so things are going. It is a work of weaving and unweaving. All passes. Names that the world heard once in thunder are scarcely heard at the end of centuries—good or bad, they pass. A few years ago and we were not. A few centuries further, and we reach the age of beings of almost another race. Nimrod was the conqueror and scourge of his far-back age. Tubal Cain gave to the world the iron which was the foundation of every triumph

of men over nature. We have their names now. But the philologist is uncertain whether the name of the first is real or mythical—and the traveller excavates the sand-mounds of Nineveh to wonder over the records which he cannot decipher. Tyrant and benefactor, both are gone. And so all things are moving on to the last fire which shall wrap the world in conflagration, and make all that has been, the recollection of a dream. This is the history of the world, and all that is in it. It passes while we look at it. Like as when you watch the melting tints of the evening sky—purple-crimson gorgeous gold, a few pulsations of quivering light, and it is all gone:—we are such stuff as dreams are made of.

Sad and gloomy truths to the man who is going down to the grave with his work undone. Not sad to the Christian: but rousing, exciting, invigorating. If it be the eleventh hour, we have no time for folding of the hands: we will work the faster. Through the changefulness of life: through the solemn toiling of the bell of Time, which tells us that another, and another, and another, are gone before us: through the noiseless rush of a world which is going down with gigantic footsteps into nothingness. Let not the Christian slack his hand from work: for he that doeth the will of God may defy hell itself to quench his immortality.

F. W. Robertson.

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

NEITHER Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth, no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublimer geometry, felt more intellectual joys than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends all the force of his understanding and directs all his thoughts and actions to the good of his country. When such a man forms a political scheme, and adjusts various and seemingly independent parts in it to one great and good design, he is transported by imagination, or absorbed in meditation, as much and as agreeably as they; and the satisfaction that arises from the different importance of these objects, in every step of the work is vastly in his favour. It is here that the speculative philosopher's labour and pleasure end. But he who speculates in order to act, goes on and carries his scheme into execution. His labour continues, it varies, it increases, but so does his pleasure too. The execution, indeed, is often traversed by unforeseen and untoward circumstances, by the perverseness or treachery of friends, and by the power or malice of enemies; but the first and the last of these animate, and the docility and fidelity of some men make amends for the perverseness and treachery of others. Whilst a great event is in suspense, the action warms and the very suspense, made up of hope and fear, maintain no unpleasing agitation in the mind. If the event is decided successfully, such a man

enjoys pleasure proportionable to the good he has done—a pleasure like to that which is attributed to the Supreme Being on a survey of his works. If the event is decided otherwise, and usurping courts or overbearing parties prevail, such a man has still the testimony of his conscience, and a sense of the honour he has acquired, to soothe his mind and support his courage. For although the course of state affairs be to those who meddle in them like a lottery ; yet it is a lottery wherein no good man can be a loser ; he may be reviled, it is true, instead of being applauded, and may suffer violence of many kinds. I will not say, like Seneca, that the noblest spectacle which God can behold is a virtuous man suffering, and struggling with affliction ; but this I will say, that the second Cato, driven out of the forum, and dragged to prison, enjoyed more inward pleasure, and maintained more outward dignity, than they who insulted him, and who triumphed in the ruin of their country.

Lord Bolingbroke.

Patriotism may be as much an outcome of religious feeling as that love for one another which Christ and the Apostles so constantly inculcated. It looks prayerfully to God as the ruler of nations for those blessings that shall make the people pure in thought and life, unselfish in their desires, devoted to justice, mindful of the weak and defenceless, abhorrent of wrong in high places or low, and anxious to cultivate more friendly relations with other Governments. It eagerly welcomes the thought of settling the controversies between nations by equitable arbitration, believing that

“ Peace unweaponed conquers every wrong.”

CHRIST'S PEACE.

CHRIST'S kingdom was not of this world ; silver and gold had he none ; but what he had, that left he us. It was his peace. Peace !—it is a word of power ; it is a name of might. It is not the bare negation of an empty sound ; it is not mere quiescence ; it is not sullen in action ; it is not the silence of the desert ; it is not the stillness of the tomb ; its symbols are not the motionless torpor of the stagnant and dead sea, nor the breathless desolation of the valley of dry bones. If we would realise peace, we must think of accomplished warfare ; of swords that are beaten to ploughshares, and spears to pruninghooks ; of the hero homeward wending from the well-fought field ; or again, of the calm that succeeds the storm ; of the rainbow that smiles in beauty on the rear of the retreating clouds, or the sky that greets the mariner when the squall has swept the main ; or yet again, of the abiding rest beneath and above the tempest ; of the deep heart of ocean, untroubled by the billows on its breast, and the unshaken stars that look down through the hurricane's alarm.

Christ's was no easy life. No path of flowers was his to walk ; no bed of roses was his resting-place, who had not where to lay his head. His course was marked by conflict—fightings within and without. Now he was wrestling in the desert with the demon of expediency, and the temptation to grasp the demagogue's hollow popularity ; now, as we may well believe, without the witness of legend, he hun-

gered by the barren fig-tree, and thirsted by the patriarch's well ; now he was hunted by Herod ; now waylaid by Scribe and Pharisee and Sadducee ; now left in the lurch by his faint-hearted friends ; menaced by the rulers of the synagogue, reviled by his mocking townsfolk, rebuffed by the dulness of his followers ; and yet, within was peace—profound and full, an ever-flowing font—so that he summoned to his open arms the weary and heavy laden, and promised to give them rest.

This rest, this peace, he leaves to us. Its secret is an open one to all. Trust in God, and labour for mankind ; that is the sure foundation. “My peace I give unto you.” It is a peace that he imparts. “Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.” No, it is not the worldling's peace ; it is not the peace of dissipation ; but the peace of absorption in duty, and tranquil consignment of consequence to God. It is not the peace of insensibility ; for none more keenly felt the wrongs he strove to right, the ills he toiled to alleviate. It is not the peace of blind perversity—of a Gallio, who cared for none of these things ; the questions of his time he boldly faced. It is not the peace of indolent acquiescence—a little more sleep, and a little more slumber, until the trump of God dispel the idle dream, and sweep with the bosom of destruction the paradise of fools. It was not the peace of self-righteousness. For him, as for all the humble and sincere, there was none good, save God. And to this peace he calls us. It is a perfect peace ; inward, not outward, but in the secret soul.

E. M. Geldart.

PENITENCE.

THE bare and shallow rationalism of nearly all the freer teachers of theology has been doubtless a cause why they have failed to touch the hearts of men. The thought which alone truly makes sin hateful, which reveals it in all its hideousness, and thereby brings out that true penitence which has nothing to do with fear of punishment, which is simply *sorrow for sin*—that thought is the absolute goodness, the Infinite Love of the Being against whom we have sinned. To think we offend against a despotic sovereign, a cruel taskmaster, that is a thing to make a man, if he be cowardly terrified ; if he be highspirited, hard and stubborn. But to think that we offend against the most loving of Fathers, the tenderest of Mothers, the Being who has made us to be the objects of His love throughout eternity, that is a thing to make the coldest heart melt, the proudest soften. The faith which teaches that God is Good, not in name only but in deed : good as our inmost hearts yet scarcely dare to dream of goodness ; good in the sense of a love which knows no bound or measure, which is absolute, changeless, supreme ; that faith alone is qualified to teach us also what sin is, how base, how hateful, how full of blackest ingratitude.

There seems no one fact more clearly revealed by the experience of religious men, than that on the depth and intensity of the sense of what has been called “ the exceeding sinfulness of sin,” must depend also the depth and vigour of the whole religious life. It has been said well by one of the

noblest thinkers of the age: "It is in the sense of sin that the finite creature must first approach to the infinite Holiness of God." The instinct is not a false one which makes us all feel that the emotions of penitence are most sacred of any; that Thanksgiving and Adoration we may speak of to our fellows, but that the deepest prayer for forgiveness is for the ear of God alone. Here is the innermost core of our religion, and if it be profaned by the inspection of a stranger, we feel a sacrilege has been done. And why? Because to us as moral creatures, our moral relation to God is all in all; because to us, His sinful children, the position we hold to Him as our forgiving Father is nearer and dearer than any other. Out of this sense that we have sinned and are pardoned, springs every true emotion. This alone places us in the right attitude, and without it, from beginning to end, we are in a false position, either to bear the sorrows, or accept the joys, or contend with the temptations of life. There is nothing which ever thoroughly softens the stony ground of our hearts to humility, save the tears of penitence; and only out of that softened ground of Humility springs the flower of Gratitude. If we imagine we have done little wrong and much good, then all the joys God may give us seem only according to our claims, and all our griefs seem hardships which would justify us in discontent or rebellion. But the knowledge that we *deserve* to suffer changes all this. Every pleasure, then, becomes a gratuitous benefaction; nay, more, a tender token of the mercy of God. Every sorrow becomes a natural and right decree, tempered with many an inward and outward comfort for which we may be thankful.

Frances Power Cobbe.

PERSEVERANCE.

AN anecdote is given in an ancient Persian manuscript concerning the Asiatic conqueror, Tamerlane, whose chief characteristic was his extraordinary perseverance. Early in his career he was once forced to seek refuge from his enemies in a ruined building, and spend many hours there alone. To occupy his mind, he watched a small ant carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. He counted sixty-nine times that the grain fell to the ground ; but the ant persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top of the wall with its burden teaching him a lesson that he never forgot.

Perseverance is as useful to mankind as to insects ; and what may it not achieve ? The old Roman philosopher Seneca, declares that “an obstinate resolution gets the better of every obstacle, and shows that there is no difficulty to him who has resolved to be patient.” A like sentiment is expressed by that delightful English poet, Robert Herrick, when he says :—

“ Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt :

Nothing’s so hard but search will find it out.”

Another couplet by the same author is entitled “ Perseverance,” and runs thus .—

Hast thou begun an act ? Ne’er then give o’er :

No man despairs to do what’s done before.”

Shakespeare speaks of “ the king-becoming graces, as justice, verity, temperance, stableness, bounty, perseverance,

mercy, lowliness, devotion, patience, courage, fortitude," where the virtue of perseverance is certainly in good company. Again he makes a character say: "Perseverance, dear my lord, keeps honor bright: to have done is to hang quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail in monumental mockery."

In the work that forms the first attempt at a universal history, the Greek writer Polybius remarks that "some men, like bad runners in the stadium, abandon their purposes when close to the goal; while it is at that particular point, more than at any other, that others secure the victory over their rivals." Something to the same effect is said by the French author La Bruyere, in this passage: "The generality of men are more capable of great efforts to obtain their ends than to continuous perseverance: their occupation and inconstancy deprive them of the fruits of the most promising beginnings. They are often overtaken by those who started sometime after them, and who walk slowly, but without intermission."

Perseverance is inculcated by the proverbs of almost every language. The French say, "At the first blow the tree does not fall," and "Perseverance comes to the end of everything." In German we are told, "Perseverance carries off the victory," "Perseverance overcomes everything," and "To him that has perseverance nothing is impossible." The Spaniard asserts that "perseverance kills the game"; while the Hollander phrases it, "Perseverance brings success."

In "*Clarissa*," that famous novel of the last century, Richardson writes, "Patience and perseverance overcome the greatest difficulties." Another old author, Sir Roger

L'Estrange, says we ought to " wait the seasons of providence with patience and perseverance in the duties of our calling, whatsoever difficulties we may encounter." Bacon affirms that " great effects come of industry and perseverance; for audacity doth almost bind and mate the weaker sort of minds." Lord Chesterfield gives this excellent bit of advice : " Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable. However, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable." Samuel Johnson, in his "Rasselas," puts these words into the mouth of one of the characters : " Great works are performed not by strength, but perseverance : yonder palace was raised by single stones, yet you see its height and spaciousness. He that shall walk with vigour three hours a day will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe." And, in an essay of the *Rumbler*, Johnson says, " All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance."

Rev. H. Hooker, in his little volume of " Thoughts and Maxims," writes : " Never give up " is an excellent maxim ; but it means not that we should always hold on in the same way, as the many take it, but in some way : in the same, if we can and find it good ; but in some other, if we cannot and find it better." Samuel Smiles makes this observation in his " Self-help " : " Nor are the qualities necessary to insure success at all extraordinary. They may, for the most part, be summed up in these two,—common sense and perseverance." The French author Marmontel gives the follow-

ing definition : " Perseverance is a perpetual stability in maturely considered resolutions." Rousseau asserts that " up to a certain point perseverance takes the place of talent."

If perseverance is commendable in worldly things, how much more is it to be advised in the things that are not of this world ! In an essay, " On Equability, and Perseverance in Welldoing," John Robinson, the pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, writes : " And, indeed, it is a great honor to God when a good man, notwithstanding all discouragements either from within or from without, perseveres in the course of goodness begun, and gives not over till he comes at the goal, how tiring soever his way be." The famous composer of " Divine Songs," Isaac Watts, has this passage in his prose works, where his mind may be filled, perhaps, with the old theological doctrine of the perseverance of the saints : " A constant sincere pursuit of universal holiness, and perseverance therein till the hour of our death. This is also necessary in order to our arrival at heaven. We are entered into a race when we are first converted and set our face towards heaven : we must not turn backward, lest we lose the prize. We must keep the path of duty with sincerity and diligence, and in this manner we must run through the whole stage of life, till we reach the goal of death, if we would obtain the glorious crown of righteousness." In an eloquent " Lecture on Perseverance in Prayer," John Foster says : " But still men are to ' pray always.' What else can the suppliant do ? where else can he go ? This he must do, and persevere to do, unless he can be willing to raising all for lost." This is but reiterating the words of Saint Paul

in his Epistle to the Ephesians, where he describes the complete armor of a Christian, and then tells how it ought to be used,—“Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.”

A. Bierstadt.

The habit of perseverance is specially valuable as a means of mental discipline. To check the thought from fluttering aimlessly over many fields, to prevent the imagination from feeding on unprofitable good, I know nothing so effectual as a good stiff course of logic or the thorough study of an ancient or modern language. It is also an instrument of *moral* discipline. When the monks of old dreaded the temptations of Satan they immediately redoubled their assiduous labours. And if every hour have its particular occupation, there can be no time for mean jealousies, unclean desires, frivolous fancies; for any of the fruitless projects and empty passions which too often take possession of the vacant mind and gradually impel it to its own destruction.

Adam.

SOLID PIETY.

“**I**T'S Deity is the God of Love, within whose encircling arms it is beautiful to be. The demands it makes are to keep the Law he has written in the heart, to be good, to do good ; to love man, to love God. It may use forms, prayers, dogmas, ceremonies, priests, temples, sabbaths, festivals, and fasts, yes, sacrifices if it will, as means, not ends ; symbols of a sentiment, not substitutes for it. Its substance is love of God ; its form, love of man ; its temple, a pure heart ; its sacrifice, a divine life. The end it proposes is, to reunite the man with God, till he thinks God's thought, which is truth ; feels God's feeling, which is love ; wills God's will, which is the eternal Right ; thus finding God in the sense wherein he is not far from any one of us ; becoming one with him, and so partaking the divine nature. The means to this high end are an extinction of all in man that opposes God's Law ; a perfect obedience to him as he speaks in Reason, Conscience Affection. It leads through active obedience to an absolute trust, a perfect love ; to the complete harmony of the finite man with the infinite God, and man's will coalesces in that of him who is All in All. Then Faith and Knowledge are the same thing. Reason and Revelation do not conflict ; Desire and Duty go hand in hand, and strew man's path with flowers. Desire has become dutiful, and duty desirable. The divine spirit incarnates itself in the man. The riddle of the world is solved. Perfect love casts out fear. Then religion demands no particular actions, forms, or modes of

thought. The man's ploughing is holy as his prayer; his daily bread as the smoke of his sacrifice; his home sacred as his temple; his work-day and his sabbath are alike God's day. His priest is the holy spirit within him; faith and works, his communion of both kinds. He does not sacrifice reason to religion, nor religion to reason. Brother and sister, they dwell together in love. A life harmonious and beautiful, conducted by rectitude, filled full with truth and enchanted by love to man and God,—this is the service he pays to the Father of All. Belief does not take the place of life. Capricious austerity atones for no duty left undone. He loves religion as a bride, for her own-sake, not for what she brings. He lies low in the hand of God. The breath of the Father is on him.

"If joy comes to this man, he rejoices in its rosy light. His Wealth, his Wisdom, his Power, is not for himself alone, but for all God's children. Nothing is his which a brother needs more than he. Like God himself, he is kind to the thankless and unmerciful. Purity without and piety within; these are his Heaven, both present and to come. Is not his flesh as holy as his soul,—his body a temple of God?

"If trouble comes on him, which Prudence could not foresee, nor Strength overcome, nor Wisdom escape from, he bears it with a heart serene and full of peace. Over every gloomy cavern and den of despair, Hope arches her rainbow; the ambrosial light descends. Religion shows him, that, out of desert rocks, black and savage, where the Vulture has her home, where the Storm and the Avalanche are born, and whence they descend, to crush and to kill; out of these hopeless cliffs falls the river of life, which flows

for all, and makes glad the people of God. When the Storm and the Avalanche sweep from him all that is dearest to mortal hope, is he comfortless? Out of the hard marble of life, the deposition of a few joys and many sorrows, of birth and death, and smiles and grief, he hews him the beautiful statue of religious tranquility. It stands ever beside him, with the smile of heavenly satisfaction on its lip, and its trusting finger pointing to the sky."

Theodore Parker.

What is solid piety? It can be best described negatively by contrasting it with what is not. In the first place, it is something different from that shallow effervescence of emotional religion which spends itself in occasional outburst of pious sentiment which produce no lasting results. It is also to be distinguished from that exuberance of personal energy which often springs from vanity and which seeks ones' own glory of God. Thirdly, it is wholly free from a desire to *show* in preference to the desire to *be*. Solid piety is more concerned with the thing that is true and right in the eye of God than with things agreeable to men. Solid piety primarily seeks conformity to the will of God and wholly surrenders itself to that will. It is deep in insight, profound in feeling, broad in spiritual sympathies, strong in the sense of duty, unflinching in courage full of the spirit of self-surrender and of the love of God. Meditation and action are equally developed in it; in moments of solitary reflection it is absorbed in communion with God, and in moments of energetic action it gives itself freely for the service of man.

Indian Messenger.

LIBERATION FROM ONE'S PLACE.

THE instinct which drives men to travel is at bottom identical with that which fills men with passionate desire to know what is in life. Time and strength are often wasted in restless change from place to place; but real wandering, however aimless in mood, is always education. To know one's neighbours and to be on good terms with the community in which one lives are the beginning of sound relations to the world at large; but one never knows his village in any real sense until he knows the world. The distant hills which seem to be always calling the imaginative boy away from the familiar fields and hearth do not conspire against his peace, however much they may conspire against his comfort; they help him to the fulfillment of his destiny by suggesting to his imagination the deeper experience, the richer growth, the higher tasks which await him in the world beyond the horizon. Man is a wanderer by the law of his life; and if he never leaves the home in which he is born, he never builds a home of his own.

It is the law of life that a child should leave his father and separate himself from his inherited surroundings, in order that, by self-unfolding and self-realization, he may substitute a conscious for an unconscious, a moral for an instructive relation. The instinct of the myth-makers was sound when it led them to attach such importance to the wandering and the return; the separation effected in order that individuality and character might be realized through

isolation and experience, the return voluntarily made through clear recognition of the soundness of the primitive relations, the beauty of the service of the older and wiser to the younger and the more ignorant. We are born into relations which we accept as normal and inevitable; we break away from them in order that by detachment we may see them objectively and from a distance, and that we may come to self-consciousness; we resume these relations of deliberate purpose and with clear perception of their moral significance. So the boy grown to manhood, returns to his home from the world in which he has tested himself and seen for the first time, with clear eyes, the depth and beauty of its service in the spiritual order; so the man who has revolted from the barren and shallow dogmatic statement of a spiritual truth returns, in riper years and with a deeper insight, to the truth which is no longer matter of inherited belief, but of vital need and perception.

The ripe, mature, full mind not only escapes the limitations of the time in which it finds itself, it also escapes from the limitations of the place in which it happens to be. A man of deep culture cannot be a provincial; he must be a citizen of the world. The man of provincial tastes and ideas owns the acres; the man of culture commands the landscape. He knows the world beyond the hills; he sees the great movement of life from which the village seems almost shut out; he shares those inclusive experiences which come to each age and give each age a character of its own. He is in fellowship and sympathy with the smaller community at his doors, but he belongs also to that greater commu-

nity which is coterminous with humanity itself. He is not disloyal to his immediate surroundings when he leaves them for exploration, travel, and discovery; he is fulfilling that law of life which conditions true valuation of that into which one is born, upon clear perception of that which one must acquire for himself.

The wanderings of individuals and races, which form so large a part of the substance of history, are witnesses of that craving for deeper experience and wider knowledge which is one of the springs of human progress. The American cares for Europe, not for its more skillful and elaborate ministration to his comfort; he is drawn towards it through the appeal of its rich historic life to his imagination, and through the diversity and variety of its social and racial phenomena. And in like manner the European seeks the East, not simply as a matter of idle curiosity, but because he finds in the East conditions which are set in such sharp contrast with those with which he is familiar. The instinct for expansion which gives human history its meaning and interest is constantly urging the man of sensitive mind to secure by observation that which he cannot get by experience.

To secure the most complete development one must live in one's time and yet live above it, and one must also live in one's home and yet live, at the same time, in the world. The life which is bounded in knowledge, interest, and activity by the invisible but real and limiting walls of a small community is often definite in aim, effective in action, and upright in intention; but it cannot be rich, varied, generous, and stimulating. The life, on the other hand, which

is entirely detached from local associations and tasks is often interesting, liberalizing, and catholic in spirit; but it cannot be original or productive. A sound life—balanced, poised, and intelligently directed—must stand strongly in both local and universal relations; it must have the vitality and warmth of the first, and the breadth and range of the second.

This liberation from provincialism is not only one of the signs of culture, but it is also one of its finest results; it registers a high degree of advancement. For the man who has passed beyond the prejudices, misconceptions, and narrowness of provincialism has gone far on the road to self-education. He has made as marked an advance on the position of the great mass of his contemporaries as that position is an advance on the earlier stages of barbarism. The barbarian lives only in his tribe; the civilized man, in the exact degree in which he is civilized, lives with humanity. Books are among the richest resources against narrowing local influences; they are the ripest expositions of the world-spirit. Travel is robbed of half its educational value unless one carries with him a knowledge of that which he looks at for the first time with his own eyes. No American sees England unless he carries England in his memory and imagination. Westminster Abbey is devoid of spiritual significance to the man who is ignorant of the life out of which it grew, and of the history which is written in its architecture and its memorials. The emancipation from the limitations of locality is greatly aided by travel, but it is accomplished only by intimate knowledge of the greater books.

The Outlook.

POWER.

THE passion for power is one of the most universal ; nor is it to be regarded as a crime in all its forms. Sweeping censures on a natural sentiment cast blame on the Creator. This principle shows itself in the very dawn of our existence. The child never exults and rejoices more, than when it becomes conscious of power by overcoming difficulties, or compassing new ends. All our desires and appetites lend aid and energy to this passion, for all find increase of gratification in proportion to the growth of our strength and influence. We ought to add, that this principle is fed from noble sources. Power is a chief element of all the commanding qualities of our nature. It enters into all the higher virtues, such as magnanimity, fortitude, constancy. It enters into intellectual eminence. It is power of thought and utterance, which immortalizes the products of genius. Is it strange, that an attribute, through which all our passions reach their objects, and which characterises whatever is great or admirable in man, should awaken intense desire, and be sought as one of the chief goods of life ? This principle, we have said, is not in all its forms a crime. There are, indeed, various kinds of power, which it is our duty to covet, accumulate, and hold fast. First, there is inward power, the most precious of all possessions ; power over ourselves ; power to withstand trial, to bear suffering, to front danger ; power over pleasure and pain ; power to follow our convictions, however resisted by menace or scorn ; the power of calm reliance in seasons of darkness and storms. Again, there is a power over outward things ; the power by which the mind

triumphs over matter, presses into its service the subtlest and strongest elements, makes the winds, fire, and steam its ministers, rears the city, opens a path through the ocean, and makes the wilderness blossom as the rose. There is another power, which should not be lost sight of. We mean power over our fellow creatures. It is this which ambition chiefly covets, and which has instigated to more crime, and spread more misery than any other cause. We are not, however, to condemn even this, universally. There is a truly noble sway of man over man ; one which it is our honour to seek and exert ; which is earned by well-doing ; which is a chief recompense of virtue. We refer to the quickening influence of a good and great mind over other minds, by which it brings them into sympathy with itself. Far from condemning this, we are anxious to hold it forth as the purest glory which virtuous ambition can propose. The power of awakening, enlightening, elevating our fellow creatures, may, with peculiar fitness, be called divine ; for there is no agency of God so beneficent and sublime as that which He exerts on rational natures, and by which He assimilates them to Himself. This sway over other souls is the surest test of greatness. We admire, indeed, the energy which subdues the material creation, or developes the physical resources of a state. But it is a nobler might which calls forth the intellectual and moral resources of a people, which communicates new impulses to society, throws into circulation new and stirring thoughts, gives the mind a new consciousness of its faculties, and rouses and fortifies the will in an unconquerable purpose of well-doing. This spiritual power is worth all others.

Channing.

PRAYER.

ALONE of all beings here below, man prays ! Among his moral instincts none is more natural, more universal, more indestructible than prayer. The child inclines to it with eager docility. The old man betakes himself thither, as to a refuge against decay and solitude. Prayer comes spontaneously to young lips which with difficulty stammer out the name of God, and to dying lips which no longer have strength to pronounce it. Among all nations celebrated or obscure, civilised or barbarous, one meets at every step acts and forms of invocation. Wherever men live, in certain circumstances, at certain times, under the control of certain impressions of the soul the eyes are raised, the hands clasped, the knees bent to implore aid or render thanks, to adore or to appease. With transport or with fear, publicly or in the secret of his heart, it is to prayer that man betakes himself, in the last resort to fill up the void of his soul, or to bear the burdens of his destiny ; it is in prayer that he seeks, when all else fails, strength for his weakness, consolation in his grief, hope in his virtue.

M. Guizot.

If you wish to live in God, live in prayer. If you wish to feel the immediate presence of God, pray for something which is immediately and really for your life or consolation. Know this for certain that God supplies real wants. If you have no wants, you require no God. But remember if you require things which can be supplied by men or the earth,

you cannot expect so much as to see God. You can see God only when you require things which cannot be supplied by men. True it is that all things and all men are of God, and from God, so that to ask anything of them is to ask the help of God; but in asking from them direct, you have deprived them of their divinity. These would not help you to realize God. Your prayer must always be independent of all earthly things. Your prayer must rise direct to the throne of the Most High; and whatever you receive in response, you must accept thankfully. This is a new and real means of communion or *yoga*. Pray without ceasing, and realize God in every kind of supply that is coming to you. This is *yoga*; it is both easy, natural and real.

Unity and the Minister.

The highest act of prayer is impossible unless and until the human suppliant deliberately seeks to meet God absolutely alone. To secure such aloneness with God we are bidden to "enter into the closet," to find some place and time where we may shut ourselves in with him. This is so important that it made emphatic by repeating the thought in another form—as though the word "closet" were not enough. Christ adds, "And when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, who is in secret"—a second word, meaning essentially the same as closet—a secret place. And those who know how needful and helpful such secret times and places for prayer are, will secure, at any cost the silent season even though, like the Psalmist, it be found necessary to rise before others wake, and "prevent the dawning of the morning:

The Indian Witness.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

THE virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament : adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearselike airs as carols ; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes ; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed : for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Bacon.

Not to be unduly elated in good fortune nor unduly depressed in bad, to bear the inevitable with dignity, to do the right and rejoice in the beautiful, to love life and not be afraid of death, and to believe steadfastly in God and a better future, is at once living and robbing death of its bitterness.

Streckfuss.

SELF-PURITY.

THIS includes the cardinal virtue of chastity,¹ and is itself involved in the duty of self-control.

But it implies purity of imagination and feeling, as well as the control of appetite. No virtue is more essential to personal welfare. When once the desires to which a vile imagination gives rise have become a mental habit, a dark prospect opens to the unhappy victim.

1. His *body* suffers. Insidious nervous affections invade it, tending to debility and early death.

This connection between the vice and its effects may not be immediate and perceptible, but it is sure.

2. The *intellect* suffers. The calamity usually falls more heavily upon the intellect than upon the body. The fine prospects of many youths at school have thus been blighted by causes eluding the most vigilant guardianship. Listlessness, aversion to mental effort, feebleness of memory, the want of resolution and perseverance, are among the most significant attendants of the vice in question. Parents and teachers labour in vain to ennoble the intellect that is debased by lust.

3. The *heart* suffers. The amiable affections, which render husbands and wives, parents and children, neighbours and associates, happy in their mutual relations and duties, are vitiated and impaired.

4. *Reason herself* is sometimes dethroned. A large portion of the victims of lunacy and idiocy, in the asylums of both continents, have been brought there, as statistics prove, by the vices in question. But where one person passes to the extremity and becomes a public example, hundred

suffer and perish on the way. Their vices live and die mostly in their own bosoms. Multitudes enfeeble their health, impair their mental vigour, curtail their usefulness, diminish their substantial enjoyments, and shorten their lives, by vices which only the light of eternity will reveal.

The Scriptures are very explicit in condemnation of all impurity. No judgments are heavier, no penalties more severe; than those which they pronounce against this vice. Solomon says, "the lips of a strange woman drop as an honey-comb, and her mouth is smoother than all; but her end is bitter wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell."

The following are the rules by which to preserve self-purity :—

1. Never allow the imagination to form impure images, or to dwell upon scenes calculated to excite the sensual passions.

2. Never frequent those kinds of amusements which tend to defile the imagination and inflame the lust of pleasure.

3. Avoid all those books whose chief attraction is that they excite and please the mind, at the expense of enfeebling and debauching it.

4. Discard all such pictures, however beautiful and fascinating, as tend to enkindle impure feeling. There are enough in the great world of fine arts without them.

5. Lend no ear to conversation or songs of impure character. Every person who would protect his purity, must guard the avenues to his mind through the ear as well as the eye.—*Progress.*

WHAT QUAKERISM STANDS FOR.

FOR what is right; not what is expedient. For courage of conviction; not a weak submission to incipient evil. For love and forbearance; not hatred and strife. For cheerful obedience to those in authority; not rebellion against wholesome rule. For good taste and simplicity; not dead conformity or display. For neat, tasteful homes; not ostentatious mansions. For wholesome recreations; not corrupting diversions. For cordial hospitality; not elaborate entertainments. For honesty and fair dealing; not injustice and avarice. For moderation in all things; not extravagance in many things. For pure every-day living; not spasmodic goodness. For broad cultured minds and warm hearts; not selfish intellectualism and coldness. For self-respecting aid to the needy; not demoralising charity. For simplicity in worship; not formality and grandeur. For sincerity and freedom in belief; not cant and narrowness. For toleration; not assuming judgment. For the inward revelation of truth; not dependence upon dogmatic theology. For faith in God and the divine Christ in men; not faith alone, but both combined.—*Friend's Intelligencer and Journal.*

QUIET THE POWER TO BE.

‘**U**NQUIETNESS,’ says an old writer, ‘is the greatest evil that can come into the soul except sin.’ The truth and force of this remark will be seen when we consider a few of the blessings which depend on the power to be quiet.

1. Consider how much we lose of the beauty of the world when our hearts are full of the unrest which selfish desire and striving generate. Without the tranquil mind it is almost impossible to enjoy nature. The flowers and hills and stars, the running brooks, and the winds among the trees tell us little, if anything, of their secrets when we are disquieting ourselves in vain. We must be quiet to get the best impressions from this universe of sights and sounds.

2. Consider how much we lose of what is gracious, beautiful and helpful in our human relations, because we carry about with us an unquiet mind, a heart seldom or never at leisure from itself

To soothe and sympathise.

Our restless and selfish moods, tempers, and habits diminish our sensitiveness to the poetry and pathos of human life, take from us the gift of appreciation, and leave us with little power to respond to the sweet and gentle sanctities of home and friendship.

3. Consider how much we lose of ourselves, how we fail to come into true and complete possession of ourselves, because we have so little of the power to be quiet. The literary sense, one of the masters of literature tells us

perishes for want of repose, and the same might be said of even finer and more precious gifts—the gifts which make of men great prophets and great saints. Alas! for all that God gives and man loses.

4. The power to be quiet has its intellectual value. It is necessary to clear, deep and strong thinking. The mind must be quiet to get the best work out of itself, and to be able to penetrate or grasp clearly any subject. Vexed by vulgar desires or irritated by slights, it cannot secure that concentration of power which is so essential to clearest and directness of vision. To think to any good purpose is not enough even to be alone: we must have the power to be quiet when we are alone—the power, that is, to hold the mind calmly and steadily to its work above all the strife and tumult of the lower life.

5. The power to be quiet has its ethical as well as its purely intellectual value. To be able to answer in moments of critical trial the vital question, 'What is the right thing to do? what is my duty?' we must be able to separate ourselves from the excitement and urgent pleading of private desire and interest, from the tyranny of wordly idea and custom, and from the convention which often takes the place of conscience. The clear vision only comes to the calm heart—the heart free from wrong feeling and selfish affection. It is the placid lake that reflects the mountains and the blue skies, and when the night comes down, the everlasting stars. So it is in the quiet soul the lights of the moral heavens reflect themselves.

6. To receive the deepest religious impressions, to have the great truths of religion as a real and vital posses-

sion, we must have the power to be quiet. The eternal voices are not heard when the world and passion are speaking, and we are troubled about many things. The visions of the seer and mystic ask for discipline and quietude. It is the calm, brooding spirit that has given us the prophets of the East and the West. The quiet and contemplative mind shares the blessing of the pure in heart who see God. 'Be still and know.' 'When I was silent I heard a voice.' It is in stillness and silence, when mind and heart and soul are fully awake but calm, that we are most conscious of the One Presence.

In secret silence of the mind

My heaven and there my God I find.

Many of us find it hard to believe what we would fain believe, and much of our religion is a dim and doubtful tradition, just because we have lost the power to be quiet. Out of life and experience come the great revealings. What does it matter, as George Fox once said to Cromwell, that we have the Scriptures if we have lost the Spirit that wrote them? We cannot-expect the unseen things to be supreme and commanding realities to us if they are never allowed to get sole and undisturbed possession of our feeling and thought, and if all those secret and subtle ways are closed by which the Silent Spirit approaches the heart.

7. The power to be quiet is power for worship. It is essential to prayer, and to the receiving of the full benefit of our gathering together from time to time for the social rites of religion. The best things do not force themselves unbidden upon us; we must be prepared to receive them, prepared to meet our God. It would change some of our familiar forms

of speech if we realised how possible it is that when we are complacently dismissing a religious service as 'dull,' we may in that judgment be passing sentence upon ourselves and be condemning our own unserious and unthoughtful moods and habits.

8. The power to be quiet is the condition of all noble and fruitful activity. To be busy does not always mean to be fruitful. Many so called busy men, both in the world and in the Church, are painfully barren and uninteresting, and their bustling activities add little to the sum of human good. Industry, enterprise and zeal are not everything. The contemplative side of life, has its pressing claims. True and sound progress in almost every sphere depends, equally alike, on action and thought. To be practical does not mean to be shallow. What we do depends ultimately upon what we are. Without the power to be quiet our work must suffer in quality and become woefully superficial and defective.

9. Amid the care and strife of our common life how much we need the power to be quiet! It is pitiful to be at the mercy of things which are but the incidents of a brief and passing day. To be strong and brave we must have root in ourselves. To get out of life a Divine education we must have the quiet and well-balanced mind which in prosperity keeps us humble and in adversity patient. The power to be quiet means power to suffer and be strong, power to compel losses to yield us some moral gain, and out of temporal defeat to wrest an eternal victory.

Quiet work, quiet pleasure, quiet feeling, quiet thought, quiet prayer are things of which people appear to be utterly

ignorant. They must spend even their holidays in crowds, and the noise of the big town or city has become such a part of their nature that they must have the echo of it among the hills and by the sea.

It is possible, however to cultivate and preserve the power to be quiet, the quietude not of weakness but of strength, not of passion exhausted but of passion controlled and used, not of a world renounced but of a world subdued to the service of the soul and the obedience of Christ.

Meditation will help us—frequent pauses in our busy days for serious reflection upon life's meaning and end, and for cherishing those highest thoughts which come not in noisy but in silent hours. *Prayer* will help us—the prayer that brings the sense of the Unseen Presence into our life, and the quickening and sustaining thought of the eternal goodness and care; the prayer that means the identification of the human will with the Divine will—lost in God. *The worship of the Church* will help us—correcting and enlarging our individualism by giving us the sense of universal and eternal relationships. *Obedience* will help us. Great peace have they whose obedience to the highest and best is quick and who, instead of getting away from things seek rather to get right with things, to be reconciled to the Divine order of the world and life, reconciled to God. It is the peace of Jesus which the world cannot give nor take away, but which enable one to be quiet in the world, to venture abroad into all its excitements and strifes with a calm and brave heart, and while seeking things temporal to win with them and through them all the finest and most enduring things of life.

Rev. J. Hunter, D.D.

THE LOVE OF READING.

“ IF I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest.—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation from having constantly before one’s eyes the way in which the best-bred and the best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle

but perfectly irresistible coercion in the habit of reading, well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet.

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros. It civilises the conduct of men—and *suffers* them not to remain barbarous.

Sir John Herschell.

There is nothing in which men deceive themselves more ridiculously, than in the point of reading, and which, as it is commonly practised under the notion of improvement, has less advantage. The generality of readers, who are pleased with wandering over a number of books, almost at the same instant or if confined to one, who pursue the author with much hurry and impatience to his last page, must without doubt be allowed to be notable digesters. This unsettled way of reading naturally seduces us into as undetermined a manner of thinking, which unprofitably fatigues the imagination, when a continued chain of thought would probably produce inestimable conclusions. All authors are eligible either for their matter or style; and it is prodigious arrogance in any one to imagine, that by one hasty course through a book he can fully enter into the soul and secret of a writer, whose life, perhaps, has been busied in the birth of such production.

Sir Richard Steele.

MAN'S NEED OF RELIGION.

RELIGION is natural to man. To trust in a Higher Power is a need of the human mind and heart. Men worship and adore God because their heart and their flesh cry out for Him. Human nature has a craving for an infinite Upholder and Friend. Men do not eat and drink because books of physiology have taught them that food is necessary to support life, and have explained how it is transformed by the digestive organs into flesh and blood. They eat because they are hungry. So men do not worship because they have had the existence of God satisfactorily proved to their intellect, but because they are hungry for some spiritual and angelic food. No matter how low down men are, they feel this appetite ; no matter how high they go, they never outgrow it. They may sometimes fancy that there is something wise and manly in dispensing with religion. In certain states of civilisation and manners they may stand apart from religious institutions. Some, like the great poet Lucretius, may confound religion with superstition, and so reject both. But these are passing passions, eddies in the stream of thought : the great human current sweeps as steadily towards God as the rivers towards the ocean.

While man's **INTELLECT**, lost in the boundless varieties of things, seeks some unity, some central axis of belief, it can rest only in the idea of a Supreme Being. While man's **WILL** aspires upward,—ambitions of progress, growth, accomplishment—it must always seek strength through faith in a Supreme Providence guiding all souls in their appointed

path. While man's HEART yearns for a love which no earthly affection can satisfy, it must turn to commune with the Infinite Father. While human life is full of sorrow man cannot dispense with the comfort which comes from the Holy Spirit. As long as tyrants are to be resisted, slaves redeemed from their chains, the power of the wicked opposed, and the black depths of cruelty and unselfishness uncovered to the dog, the lovely reformer, with no earthly helper, must trust in an Infinite and Almighty Justice. All goodness longs for God; all who love truth cry out for the perfect truth; everything noble within us ascends towards Him. As we trust in the better and higher part of our nature we believe more and more in God. So it is that faith is the evidence of things not seen,—so it is that the pure in heart at last see God.

Prayer, devotion, the struggle for truth, the martyrdom to duty,—these bring us near to God: these are the cherubic wings by which we ascend, passing the flaming bounds of space and time. Loyalty to conscience, trust in goodness, obedience to truth; the belief of the Intellect that behind all changing phenomena there is an unchanging essence; the faith of the Heart that whatever is tender and loveable in the world has its source in the All-bountiful and the All-good; the conviction of Conscience that below all that seems false and evil there is an Infinite Justice, that there is a perfect goodness towards which all wrong tends as its solution, that there is a revelation of righteousness to come,—these unseal the eyes of the soul, and bring us into permanent communion with the Infinite and the Eternal.

Rev. S. Fletcher Williams.

RELIGION AND MORALITY.

MORAL purity is in inverse ratio to religious zeal and devotional fervor. Is this startling proposition true? We would fain say—No. But facts compel us to pause and ponder before returning a decided reply. Look at Hinduism, Christianity and Mahomedanism, study the history of the most devout, the most enthusiastic and the most self-mortifying sects in each denomination, peep into the secret life and character of ascetics, devotees, friars, mendicants, *yogis* and *vairagis*, and you will find ample data to convince you that after all devotion and moral purity do not always go together. I would be foolish to argue that religion is adverse to, or incompatible with, morality. Both have their root in Divinity. Both belong to God and spring from His holy nature. Religion is as much God's truth as morality. In fact, they are the same thing viewed under different aspects and in different relations. Essentially they identified with each other. The religious man must be moral. The moral man must be religious. Of course, we speak of true religion and morality. He who is godly is as religious as he is moral. But in the world we do not perceive this identity. Instead of identity or even harmony we see, in many cases, positive discord and hostility. He whose heart is apparently immersed in devotion, whose lips always breathe prayer, whose eyes delight in the beauty of heaven, seems ready to violate the laws of veracity and honesty. He who prays most, for hours and days together if need be, is not

diligent or attentive in the simpler matters of domestic duty. He who loves the Divine Father, does not, perhaps, love his earthly father. He who seeks heaven with too much devotion, often neglects his business on earth. He who is in eternity, is not quite punctual in time. He who lives, or thinks he lives, only in God, is not quite faithful to man and woman. These are facts, and need no proof. We have all come in contact with such cases in the course of our daily observation. Nay, even in our own lives we often meet with such instances. Of this we are all aware, having experienced it often and often, that in spite of our best prayers we retain impurity and unrighteousness in actual life, that in society and at home we are different from what we are during prayer. The fact is that the habit of dealing constantly with the higher and more sacred realities of heaven, begets a contempt of worldly things and worldly duties. Morality seems small to many religious minds. Veracity, justice, honesty in money matters, the duty of providing for family and children, kindness to the poor, punctuality, fulfilment of promise, all these seem little things to the devout, and they feel that these will take care of themselves if they set their hearts on higher things. They soon find out their mistake. The neglect of morality breeds laxity in morals, and subsequently positive immorality. Religion must be accompanied by severe moral discipline. The most devout and prayerful need constant watchfulness and hourly struggle to keep their lives in harmony with their prayers.

Unity and the Minister.

MENTAL INTEGRITY IN RELIGION.

BEHOLD, thou desirest truth in the inward parts ; and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Psa. li, 6.

Try me, my thoughts shall not vary from my speech. The Service Books reading of the 17th Psa. and 3rd verse.

That truth is, is the sacredness and hope of life. By the integrity of things they are ; by integrity in their use, they serve. It is the integrity of the granite that rejoices the builder, that makes the heart of the sculptor glad. The integrity of the ochre keeps the sunshine in the picture, making glad the generations that delight in its beauty. The integrity of the oak realizes the ship upon the waves, riding the storm. The integrity of the steel keeps the hurrying train to its faithful paths, and the commerce of a world is done.

The integrity of life makes the harvests come, each after its kind. It makes the cattle on the thousand hills, and the sheep in all the meadows. It makes the lily a thing of beauty, and the thrush a thing of joy. It keeps the rose in its endless generations, and the sparrow flying its song through the centuries. It makes the heart of the faithful dog beat true to man in all this pilgrimage up into civilization.

It is the integrity of the builder that makes the granite a cathedral ; of the sculptor that makes the marble told in an imperishable beauty the passing ideal of his hearth

It is the integrity of the mechanic that makes the track faithful to the engine and the engine faithful to the track. It is the integrity of the gardener that makes the wild fruits fulfil in their larger nobleness upon the trees and vines of his care.

It is the integrity in the brain of man that meets the integrity that is in the earth, giving birth to knowledge, to invention, to civilization. Only through a truthful mind can the truth in the universe report.

To be a teacher a man must not only think true, he must speak true. Expression is essential to the fulfilment of anything. The mind is under this law, and must express itself in order to grow in power and beauty, in ability to think the truth. Anything in nature that does not keep its expression in perfect accord with itself becomes, not simply warped in the expression of it, but in itself, so that expression and what is expressing through it are alike an imperfection, a falsehood. A mind thinking the truth and speaking a warped truth, giving tongue to a whole lie, soon becomes incapacitated to speak the truth, incapacitated to think the truth, and the universe can no more report true through such a mind than a star can report true through a cracked and disfigured lense in a telescope, than a song in a musician's heart can report true through a shattered violin.

In many of the activities of man's life, this is understood, it is a necessity lived up to, compelling a loyalty to it as the price of any achievement. In religion there is not the same imperious necessity, and so there is less truth-speaking and truth-acting than in some other lines of human activity.

Religion in many of its aspects is speculation, but speculation passed into dogmatism which claims to be the truth that must be blindly believed upon peril of eternal loss. The result is that religion does not grow so as to keep pace with man's advancements. It does not, as it should, be the report of the highest truth there is in the universe, an imperious word commanding man's freest fullest loyalty. There would be a new birth of religion, an increase of its power and glory, if for one year every person teaching or professing religion, would resolve to speak nothing, to adhere to nothing but what their minds, by free inquiry, were convinced is the truth. If there was, in religion as held by men, this integrity of thought and speech, this reality which could face the everlasting righteousness, and say, "Try me. my thoughts shall not vary from my speech," it would indeed become oracular, but not as the elder oracles. It would become oracular in the ability of the universe to report itself true, having an integral medium.

Rev. J. M. Scott.

RELIGION AND RECREATIONS.

ABSTRACT philosophy and inspiring religion differ as culture and conduct; the former touches only the upper zones of thought, while the latter weaves itself into every concern of life. Acute reasoning, whether it grapple with the subtlest problems of life, or thread its way through the intricacies of puzzling casuistry, or hold the balance between the rival claims of conflicting duties, is an intellectual exercise which may nerve the sinews of thought or clear the perception of the mind. But faith—the meeting of the ascending soul of man with the descending spirit of God—is an additional faculty, a new spirit that makes its holy influence felt upon every activity of life, a fresh leaven that works as a refining and ennobling agency in the whole human existence. Thus viewed, philosophy is, at best, but an ideal plan rarely consulted in the actual structure of life, while religion is its main-stay and corner-stone.

But not a few of those who admit this high office of religion more or less narrow its scope by placing certain engagements of life outside its pale. The distinction between what is meet for the religious and what is suited to the secular aspects of life, is world-old and world-wide; and even where the all-embracing demands of religion are not received with a sneering shrug, it is often required as a necessity of life that piety should not be exacting in her rule but modestly set a limit to the measure of her interference. That religion is the highest concern of life is readily admitted;

but, apparently on that very account, a doubt is raised whether certain channels in which human energies daily flow do not pass through a soil too profane to receive the sacred waters of devotion. Some ordinary duties of man are believed to be so deeply enveloped by the dust of the world that the pure light of Heaven will, it is feared, be tarnished in its glory by seeking to shine through them. Hence some of the commonest concerns of life are withdrawn from the realm of faith and are settled in a province of their own; where society and not God, taste and not conscience, is the supreme legislator. Nowhere else, perhaps, is this tendency to provide an exception to the undivided sway of religion better illustrated than in the almost universal consent with which amusements and recreations are placed outside the reach of faith. Without being condemned as positively irreligious, they are very generally supposed to be so little compatible with a religious spirit that, excepting a few select souls, the world is unable to see how *Æsop* can unbend himself and yet pretend at the same time to be a sage. Seriousness, often verging upon gloominess, is to the average mind a main feature of piety; and amusement of any kind, as being the very opposite of seriousness, is supposed to be, at best, but a graceful concession made by religion to the lower instincts of man.

But, if closely considered, religion will appear not only to be unopposed to recreations but directly to demand and encourage them. Healthy amusements and recreations, as dictated by a great law of nature, are an essential requisite of our physical and social existence; and they come with all the force of a duty to those who honour their bodies as

the sanctuaries of the spirit, and esteem society as an expression of peace and good-will among men. Nay, they are a testimony to the goodness of God, whose loving hand introduces so many pleasures into the cup of life. Rightly regarded, games, sports, amusements, recreations—in fact, all pastimes are gifts of God—the generous provisions of a loving Wisdom to lessen the burdens, to multiply the energies, and resuscitate the nobler activities, of life—refreshing halts in the march of existence—genial diversions that make the journey all the more agreeable. All such exercises are useful accessories to the true objects of life, and, hence, welcome auxiliaries to genuine religion. But human faith, while lending its ardent support to every thing which is in accordance with a beneficent law of nature and which serves to illustrate the goodness of God, sternly sets its countenance against whatever disobeys that law or is antagonistic to that goodness. Stated in general terms, religion consists far less in what we do than in how—in what spirit—we do a thing, as faith, rightly understood, is more in the *being* than in the *doing*. Accordingly the attitude of religion to the pleasures of life is one of a censor or supervisor, who places the sentinels of conscience, truthfulness, purity and generosity at the portals of pleasure, admitting and encouraging those amusements and recreations which are calculated to relieve the fatigues of life, to refresh the spirit of activity, to soften the hardness of conventionality, to foster a feeling of union, and to promote a desire for brotherly sympathy; while vetoing or keeping out those which make “too large inroads on our time, our fortune, our health, our character, or our duty,” or which “raise and

warm the passions." Pleasures are meant to be the links between the serious engagements of life—the handmaids to the noble purposes of our existence. To prescribe them altogether is to repeat the mistake of the ancient puritans, who, in seeking to make man serious, gave him a sour temper and, in trying to keep out ribaldry, chased away sociality. On the other hand, to withdraw the watch of religion over the arena of amusements is to elevate passions and sensations, competition and rivalry into a law and a dictator unto themselves; resulting probably in life becoming a Lord Mayor's day, and languor and gala-making the ebbs and flows of existence. But when the element of religion is fused into our pleasures, our very mirth will be a testimony to God's goodness, our most trivial engagements a fulfilment of His purpose. Our pastimes will tell the tale of His compassionate Providence; our amusements will be loving duties, discharged under His eye. "White" lies and petty jealousies, thoughtless excesses and wasteful excitements, garish shows and giddy vanities, debasing indulgences and immodest entertainments will be happily superseded by strict probity and spotless purity, fair-minded equity and genial toleration, wise abstinence and subdued feelings, humane desires and judicious relaxations. Life will prove a sphere of happy, yet holy, engagements, moving from duty to duty and joy to joy, revolving around one central Love and making with kindred orbs the music of universal progress. Thus Religion will be "humanised" and Recreation will be "transfigured," and man's existence will be the sacred symphony of duty in happiness and happiness in duty.

R. VENKATA RATNAM, M.A., L.T.

RENUNCIATION.

PERSECUTION, however condemnable, has always served to advance rather than check the progress of religion. And every great man had his share of suffering, of sacrifice for principle, of unflinching devotion to the cause advocated. Christianity would not have been so fascinating, its unbounded charity so enchanting, without the pathetic spectacle and remembrance of the crucifixion of Christ. St. Paul suffered every taunt and torture for the sake of his religion. St. Peter was chained and dragged through the streets of Rome. Early christianity is full of the stories of the sufferings of martyrs till at last the rage of martyrdom grew so wild that people courted death by provoking the heathen magistrates. Mahomed, the most favoured of all religious reformers, had yet to suffer for his preachings, to be persecuted out of Mecca, to have his life constantly endangered by religious fanatics and assassins. How pathetic the scene of Buddha turning back from the closed chamber where his dear wife and beautiful child were asleep, how heart-rending the renunciation, how magnificent the restraint of impetuous passions when one last kiss of love on their sweet moist cheeks was denied, lest that kiss should shake the resolution to abandon the world to search after the unseen. That renunciation, like the Christian sacrifice, has become the renunciation of the Buddhistic faith. And how much did Wycliffe suffer; what pangs did Jerome of Prague set at nought on the horrid pile of fire; what

fortitude did Cranmer exhibit when he thrust his finger into flame to show that he cared little for bodily pain but much for the truth of his opinion. Luther and Calvin, Cranmer and Morre and a hundred other notable souls have cheerfully sacrificed everything, affluence and pleasure, body and even life, in the cause of reforms they preached; and their success was as much due to their readiness of sacrifice as to any other cause. In short, religious or social reform has never been successfully preached from judicial benches or professional chairs but from shaky pulpits and in the naked air, not by mere lectures and preachings but by example and sacrifice.

VAIDYA, B.A., LL.B.

* * *

The world has ever, we fear, shown but small favour to its Teachers: hunger and nakedness, perils and reviling, the prison, the cross the poison chalice have, in most times and countries, been the market price it has offered for wisdom, the welcome with which it has greeted those who have come to enlighten and purify it. Homer and Socrates, and the Christian Apostles, belong to old days; but the world's martyrology was not completed with these. Roger Bacon and Galileo languish in priestly dungeons; Camcens dies begging on the streets of Lisbon. So neglected, so "persecuted" they the Prophets," not in Judea only, but in all places where men have been.

Poverty, incessant drudgery, and much worse evils, it has often been the lot of Poets and wise men to strive with, and their glory to conquer. Locke was banished as a traitor and wrote his essay on the Human understanding sheltering

himself in a Dutch garret. Was Milton rich or at his ease when he composed *Paradise Lost*? Not only low, but fallen from a height; not only poor, but impoverished; in darkness and with dangers compassed round, he sang his immortal song, and found fit audience, though few. Did not Cervantes finish his work, a maimed soldier and in prison? Nay, was not the *Araucana*, which Spain acknowledges as its epic, written without even the aid of paper; on scraps of leather, as the stout fighter and voyager snatched any moment from that wild warfare?

Carlyle.

I am much less regardful of the approbation of man, and set much lighter by contempt or applause, than I did long ago. I am oft suspicious that this is not only from the increase of self—denial and humility, but partly from my being glutted and surfeited with human applause: and all wordly things appear most vain and unsatisfactory when we have tried them most. But though I feel that this hath some hand in the effect, yet as far as I can perceive the knowledge of man's nothingness, and God's transcendent greatness, with whom it is that I have most to do, and the sense of the brevity of human things, and the nearness of eternity; are the principal causes of this effect; which some have imputed to self-conceitedness and morosity.

Richard Baxter.



RESIGNATION.

1. My son, forsake yourself, and you shall find Me. Have no choice, and regard nothing as your own and you shall always gain.

For a greater measure of grace is granted to you, the moment you have given yourself up, and have not returned to self again.

2. O Lord, how often shall I resign myself? and in what shall I resign myself?

3. Always and on all occasions! as in little, so, also, in much. I allow no reserves, but in all things I will that you should be divested of self seeking. How otherwise can you be Mine, and I thine, unless you have been inwardly and outwardly stripped of all self-will?

The sooner you effect this, the better will it be for you; and the more fully and sincerely it is done, the better you will please Me, and the greater will be your gain.

4. Some resign themselves, but with a certain reserve; for they do not fully trust in God, and therefore are anxious to provide for themselves.

Some there are also who at first offer all, but afterwards through attacks of temptation return to what they had left, and so make no progress in virtue. These will not arrive at the true liberty of a pure heart, and the grace of a sweet intercourse with Me, unless they first entirely resign themselves and continue to deny themselves daily; without which a blessed union with me can neither be established, nor be lasting.

5. I have said it often to you, and now say it again,—forsake yourself, resign yourself, and you shall enjoy great inward peace.

Give all for all, ask for nothing, desire no return ; abide purely and unhesitatingly in Me, and you shall possess Me.

You shall be free in heart, and darkness shall not cover you.

Aim at this ; pray for this ; let it be your one desire,—that you may be entirely stripped of all selfish motives, and thus naked may follow Jesus naked—dying to self, and living eternally to Me.

Then shall all vain fancies cease, all risings of evil, and superfluous cares.

Then, too, shall immoderate fear depart, and inordinate love shall die.

Thomas a Kempis.

Terrestrial existence is but a period of trial, the earth but a land of exile. Despise it and raise yourselves above it. In the midst of sorrows, poverty, or slavery, you can still turn to God and sanctify yourselves in adoration of Him, in prayer, and in faith in a future that will largely recompense you for having despised every wordly thing.

Mazzini.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

THE close of another year is a suitable opportunity for reflection upon the purpose and aim of life. We cannot live on continuously and watch the years go by without putting to ourselves some serious questions as to what the old year bears away and what the new year brings with it. There is, or ought to be, for each of us, something that we fain would ring out, and a few things, nobler and better, that we desire to ring in. It is, whether we think it or not, a momentous thing to live in a world that is a passing show, "for man's illusion given." While it recedes and disappears we hold on our way; and, as in setting out on a delightful journey we bid adieu to familiar and much loved sights, we also strain our eyes forward,—

"Bidding the lovely scenes at distance hail."

One of the most interesting incidents in the early life of Thomas Carlyle illustrates for us the attitude in which we all stand at the opening of a new year. He had a noble and devoted mother and a rugged and hardheaded father. The time had come when he was to leave the quiet hillside home at Ecclefechan, and enter the university at Edinburgh. His mother, tenderly solicitous of her boy to the last, rose early in the morning, that she might see him off and accompany him on the way. Having put in his bundle all that he required, the two set out together on foot; for there were no railroads in those days, and they were too poor to travel by coach. The anxious mother trudged along the

rough mountain road with her son, and only at the end of the third mile did it occur to her that she would be required at home. Then they sat together on a heap of stones, such as one meets on the wild moors of Scotland, and had such communion as is only possible under like circumstances between mother and son. She fell on the young man's neck, and kissed him, and said : " God be with you, my lad, in the big city. Do not forget your prayers, and make a companion of your Bible." Having said this and wiped the tears from her eyes, she turned her face homeward ; while her son fronted life with a brave heart, and went on alone to render a good account of himself at the university and to honor his mother's love.

Something like the same position comes to each of us at the parting of the years. Whether our friends be many or few, whether our circumstances be affluent or meagre, the necessity is upon us all of facing a new responsibility and of determining just what we shall do with it. It is cowardly to drift at such a moment, and heroic to drive ; but, if we take the reins in our hands, it is well to determine beforehand what shall be our destiny. And so with every new year we draw our chart and map out our journey, and count the cost. We drop all superfluous baggage in the shape of idle regrets and futile repentances and besetting sins, and, bracing up for the journey on an untried way trust in God and keep a stout heart. Who is there among us all that is not doing exactly this at the present moment ? We hear the Christmas and New Year's bells as they ring from Tennyson's noble and heroic verse, and resolve that they shall bury our vices and greeds and lusts and enmities in a tumult of sound,

and stir the better life within us by their hopeful and inspiring melodies. What if our lot is hard? We will at least try to mend it. What if our fortunes seem broken? There is within us the power to repair them. What if we have committed errors and mistakes? There is no reason why we should repeat them. What if the dreams of the past year have ended in a rude awakening? There are boundless resources of hope and enterprise still remaining. To indulge in fruitless remorse or morbid self-introspection at such a time is a disease. It is a sure sign of moral distemper and low fever, which we can only shake off by resolute will and invincible courage.

But, in facing the future, we are not justified in supposing that anything belongs to us by right which we ourselves do nothing to win. The way before us will not always run along the valleys or bend round the hills. It is generally like the roads made by the Romans. The conquering path is straight, no matter what is in the way. And, if there is a steep bit here and there, why it has to be scaled; and, if there is a river, it must be forded, and, if there is a bog, it has got to be drained. Difficulty to a true man is the spice of life. The captain of a ship is stimulated to increased watchfulness by the thought that a storm may overwhelm him, and that he holds in his hand other lives besides his own. The father of a family has a new motive for industry and thrift, for uprightness and pure living, when he knows that his indolence or dishonesty or immorality reacts not only upon him but upon his innocent wife and children, and even upon those still unborn. The knowledge that our earthly work and progress may at any time be cut short without warning—a

fact which comes home to us with added force at the close of every year, as we reflect upon many a vacant chair and desolate hearth—is no small incentive to resolute and sustained exertion. We live in a fool's paradise when we look into the future with a vacant, purposeless stare, and wait, like Micawber, for something to turn up. The necessity for enterprise, fortitude, effort, is always with us; but it seems to front us with added sternness on the 1st of January.

And so our word to everybody at the opening of the year—to the young and inexperienced, to the mature and discouraged, to individuals perplexed and sorely troubled, to struggling churches in suspense and anxiety—is this: There will be difficulties on your way, but keep a good heart and a stout resolve; and in all likelihood you will find a road through the difficulties, and not improbably the difficulties themselves will be the road.

The Christian Register.

Be in the habit of faithfully reviewing your conduct at stated seasons. A heathen philosopher strongly urged his pupils to examine, every night before they slept, what they had been doing that day, and so to discover what actions are worthy of pursuit to-morrow, and what vices are to be prevented from slipping into habits. Seek divine help in the performance of this important duty. Let the prayer of David be yours: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

THE PLACE OF REVERENCE.

GOETHE described three reverences which he regarded as essential in any true education,—reverence for what is above us, for what is of the same nature as ourselves, and for what is below us. In an inverse order, these three reverences have been accepted by the human race in its development; and they have been essential to its moral and spiritual nourishment. It may be, as some have said, that reverence began in fear; but it soon outgrew that feeling, and has been of the greatest service to mankind as a source of mental poise and stability. What man at first revered was crude and imperfect, without doubt; but, even from the very first, he had the gift for recognizing what is good, true, and beautiful, and for preferring these things to any others. If it seemed to men in early times that God manifested himself in a bull or in consuming fire, it was not these things in themselves which men stood in awe of, but the great mystery of life, and of the power which life can show forth.

As we look back over the long history of human growth, we must feel that it was, on the whole, good for mankind that reverence was inculcated by methods which now seem harsh and arbitrary. It took a long drill for men to get it bred into the bone of their natures that all things below, around, and above them are sacred, that life is inviolate, and to be held in utmost reverence wherever manifested. It was worth while for mankind that there were ages when men

feared God, trembled at the thought of his presence, and cringed before the coming of his Spirit. In that way they learned to feel that there is a supreme law of life, the sublimity and majesty of which are worthy of their unfailing allegiance, and that moral obligation is something sacred and holy. It may be they could not have learned it in any other way than through fear; and it was well that even that emotion should guide them to a conviction that what is right and loving and beautiful have everlasting foundations on which life must be built.

What we are to-day we owe in no small measure to the men who worshipped snakes and trees, who prostrated their souls in the presence of the hero, and who revered a God of consuming fire. It is easy enough to criticise these men of the early times, to point out how crude was their worship, how superstitious their fears, and how imperfect their moral conduct; but it is much more needful that we should justly recognize how much we owe to them, how much of what they were is still in our natures by direct line of descent. That we owe to them the sentiment of reverence is no small obligation, and one we can repay in no other way than by bringing that sentiment to the level of our highest thought of to-day.

Without the struggle of those fearing and superstitious men of the past, we should not have in us now the spirit of moral purpose, the sentiment of duty and loyalty to truth, which we count the highest expressions of the life of our age. These sentiments have been bought for mankind with a great price,—even with the price of all that we call crude and superstitious in the men who went before us, and who

have left for us the heritage of their search for what is beautiful and good. We can be worthy of what we owe to them only by making life more loyal and loving than was possible to them.

We are sometimes unregardful of the creatures below us, and we too often think of them merely as the animals which perish. Too much of the science of the present time thinks of animal life merely as something to study and to experiment upon. It is needful that we should feel the sacredness of all life, however lowly and wanting in sentience, and that no life is to be carelessly trodden upon or taken to minister to our needs. Every creature has its rights, which should under no circumstances be invaded. No mere curiosity, no desire for our own pleasure and amusement, should lead us to violate the sanctity of a life that is sacred and beautiful by the simple fact that it is life. It is for our own good, the loyalty and moral health of our own souls, that we should hold all life sacred, as well as because we would not cause any needless pain. When we cannot respect the right to live of the tiniest creature how can we expect that our own rights will be regarded? Indeed, nothing so kills in us what is worthiest of growth as the want of reverence for those who are less able than we to defend themselves.

Times have taught us to respect theoretically, the rights of all men, women, and children. We are very far however, from having realized what it is to have a large and joyous reverence for all human beings, to see in even the lowest and most degraded the possibilities of child of a God. Simple, genuine reverence for man would much help us in the solution of our political and our social problems; for it would give

us that sentiment of respect and veneration for what is manly and womanly which is necessary to any moral growth. This man or that may be unworthy, as we find him to-day ; but we may reverence in him what the race has done for him, and the promise it has made for him in the greatness of his inheritance. He has rights as well as we ; and these it is for our good, as well as his, that we should respect and honor. No human being can be degraded unjustly, anywhere, without that injustice being made a part of our lives, somewhere touching us and narrowing the circle of our happiness and our growth. We cannot rise far above our fellows, and must ever feel their burdens as our own, their griefs as a part of our limitations, their pain as something which has been taken out of our own lives. Only as reverence for man gains a height above selfishness and personal self-seeking will mankind arrive at what all the ages have prophesied.

Reverence for God grows with the growth of other forms of reverence. If it dies out in us, because we have escaped the limitations of the past, it will be to our hurt, and not to our good. Nothing of genuine reverence of any kind can the world afford to lose, for it is a part of the soul's nourishment. Such fertilizing of the soul as it gives is always needed ; and without it the best in us withers and perishes. Nothing can sooner bring famine to the inner life, nothing sooner destroy its capacity for beautiful living than the conceit that we have outgrown the reverence of the past. To these we owe whatever we are, in capacity for loyalty, in instinct for truth, in passion for what is right, in yearning desire for the love which is tender and unfailing.

If science takes away any jot of reverence for life, any part of our feeling of its sacredness, then it has in this particular done mankind an irreparable injury. If the growth of freedom to children takes from them the sentiment of reverence for those older and wiser, then they have lost something which the freedom cannot replace, which will make their lives poorer and meaner to the very end. What we need in science and social life alike is reverence without fear, loyalty without unthinking submission, obedience without slavish acceptance of the will of another. There is a reverence for truth without which the mind cannot advance, a reverence for right and justice that is essential to moral conduct, and a reverence for life itself that is at the basis of all our happiness.

The wider the circle of what we can revere, the greater the measure of our own life. As the sentiment of reverence grows in us, the richer life becomes, the wider the realm of beauty, and the more assured the conditions of truth. What we cannot respect and admire has for us nothing of worth. When we see the beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of nature, it becomes to us a priceless source of joy and pleasure. When we find what there is loving, noble, and self-sacrificing in men, humanity becomes to us a constant source of help and strength. Then we enter into real sympathy with the world around us, and we feel the true spirit of brotherhood which binds us to all our fellows. What we revere is what we love, and is that which gives us the grace to live as men. Loyalty of soul is greater than knowledge, and no gain of wisdom can atone for loss of reverence.

The Christian Register

EARLY RISING.

AS a rule never lie in bed later than five o'clock in the morning. The habit of early rising is a most important one, and leads to, and facilitates, the formation of other good and important habits. There is much truth in Dr. Todd's remarks :

"Few ever lived to a great age and fewer still ever became distinguished who were not in the habit of early rising."

If you rise late and get about your business at a late hour, you will certainly find that everything goes wrong all day. The great Benjamin Franklin says "that he who rises late may trot all day and not have overtaken his business at night."

Dean Swift has said "that he never knew any man come to greatness and eminence who lay in bed of a morning. And Dr. Doddridge says that "The difference between rising at five and at seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of 10 years to a man's life."

In order to rise early, an early hour for retiring is of course absolutely necessary. Retiring to bed early is besides very conducive to health. It is stated that Dr. Dwight used to advise his students "that one hour of sleep before midnight is worth more than two hours after that time."

Dr. Todd in speaking of the habit of early rising, says as follows: "If you ever hope to do anything in this world, the habit must be formed, and the sooner it is done, it is better. If any money could purchase the habit, no price would be too great."

"Most confidently do I believe, that he who, from his youth, is in the habit of rising early, will be much more likely to live to old age, more likely to be a distinguished and useful man, and more likely to pass a life that is peaceful and pleasant."

And there is a good deal of wisdom and truth in what Dr. Watts has said:—

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

(Selected.)

SELF-CULTURE.

HERE is a man who thinks of nothing but how he shall bring his nature to its highest perfection. He has, perhaps, thought chiefly of the gratification of appetite, and now he has risen above appetite and thinks of taste, and looks to higher and more refined and intellectual and æsthetic forms of gratification and culture. but there is the poison of selfishness in it yet. A man may have striven long for no other purpose than to save his soul, and then found that that saved soul was tainted with selfishness. And on the other hand, it would be a dreadful doctrine that a man must sacrifice everything for others. It is a doctrine that a man would never tell his children, that the duty of self-sacrifice required them to give up everything to save some one else. We may be called upon to sacrifice many things, to give up comforts and pleasures, and even life itself at the call of duty, but God never requires, a man to give up his own best self. All that we are really intended to live for—character, goodness of soul, our real life—we are never called upon to surrender. To say that we are ever obliged to sacrifice these essentials would be to involve God in a contradiction. To think that our absolute self was ever to be sacrificed on any occasion would be a terrible paradox. That which alone has permanent and enduring value, and makes life worth living is never to be given up.

Be not afraid of self-culture, but of mistaken and incomplete self-culture. The text binds both self-culture an

self-sacrifice together in these great words: For their sakes I sanctify myself. Be your best self for the good of your fellow-men. Jesus has gone the whole round of creation. He has mingled with men and wrought wondrous works among them, preached to them as never man spake, and seen and felt all the revealed glory of God in his works. He has led this life that never man led, not that he might stand as a splendid wonder among men, but that he might save the world to God. The noblest souls have always felt a perpetual reaction. Neither struggles to complete themselves nor struggles to save the world can satisfy them alone; each needs the other to make it satisfying. One finds the good of all mankind a motive for doing his best. Go forth to serve the world, and you will know you must be a better man to serve it fully.—*Phillips Brooks*.

SELFISHNESS AND SELF-SACRIFICE.

MAN is more than an animal. There is an element of infinitude in him. He is not subject to passing feelings merely, but is capable of transcending his lower self—of living a higher life. As a part of nature, man is no doubt an animal, but as made in the image of God, he is something more. It is because man is not only particular but also universal, not only limited by space and time but also beyond them, that morality and religion are possible for him. For, morality is the impulse to transcend our animal nature, to *be* actually what we feel we *are* potentially; and religion is the consciousness of our affinity to God, in so far as we are universal and free from the limitation imposed on us by our animal nature. The presence of an element of infinitude, of universality in particularity, makes human nature a contradiction. The struggle to overcome this contradiction, or what is the same thing, the constant endeavour after the realisation of our higher self, is the root-principle of morality.

In so far as we are untrue to the dictates of our higher self, we are selfish. To know nothing higher than the individual self, to voluntarily remain confined within the prison house of our animal nature, is selfishness. Of course, man cannot wholly be an animal, cannot but to some extent strive to overcome the innate contradiction of his nature. Consequently, absolute selfishness is an impossibility. However much we may choose to remain a beast, to whatever extent we may have become the slaves of passing interests

and animal pleasure, still we are more than a part of nature, more than merely finite. The struggle to overcome the contradiction of our nature always abides, however weak it may be. In so far as man regards pleasure, the satisfaction of animal desires, as the *summum bonum*, he stifles his universality although he can never wholly destroy it.

The progressive transcendence of our finitude is self-sacrifice. This term is often understood in a one-sided manner. It is supposed to mean the total extinction of our animal nature, the suppression of all animal desires and the attainment of a pure universality. This is, for instance, the Buddhistic idea of self-sacrifice, if we are not greatly mistaken. To us blank universality is something altogether inconceivable. We are men in so far as we are actuated by desires. The term desire need not be understood in a lower sense. Our aspirations to become better, to become more and more reconciled with God, to disinterestedly serve humanity, *are* desires. What it is to aspire to gain a higher life, without *desiring* to attain it, is more than what we can say. The extinction of desires is, therefore, something quite meaningless. Even our animal instincts are not meant to be wholly suppressed. They should be *moralised* not *extinguished*.

What then is true self-sacrifice? It is to die to the lower self in order to gain the higher self. It is the enlargement of our individual self by participation in the wider life of society and humanity. Such an identification with the wider life of society and humanity is neither the annihilation of self nor the extinction of desires. The same desires that are immoral when employed to serve the finite ends of the

individual, become renewed, transformed and moralised when they are made to subserve the higher purposes of society, the state and humanity. Ambition, for instance, as the desire for self-aggrandisement, is positively immoral. But ambition to make society better, to promote the higher interests of humanity is an altogether new thing and a virtue. So again anger is a vice when it is only a desire to injure somebody for some private grudge. But it assumes the form of what is called righteous indignation when it is directed against the moral evils that retard the progress of mankind. It is needless to multiply instances. In true self-sacrifice, which, as we have said, consists in the identification of our individual interests with the interests of society and humanity, desires are not extinguished but moralised. Similarly our finite self is not thereby lost but widened. As a member of the social organism, and in faithfully discharging the duties of our various stations, we, to a great extent, realise our higher nature. For a fuller realisation of our higher self we must enter into the domain of religion. Religion comprehends within itself and transcends morality.—*The Indian Messenger*.

The safeguard against temptation is not seclusion, but self-culture. As it is not disinfectants that will most certainly secure one against infection, but a sound constitution, so it is not rules of life that will strengthen one against temptation, but a strong soul. One must build up his moral constitution by the habit of noble deeds and high thinking, by fellowship with pure women and honourable men. The chief aids in this regimen are literature and friendship.—*Ian MacLaren*.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

“ **A**S self-knowledge will keep a man calm and equal in his temper, so it will make him wise and cautious in his conduct.”

A precipitant and rash conduct is ever the effect of a confused and irregular hurry of the thoughts. So that, when, by the influence of self-knowledge, the thoughts become cool, sedate, and rational, the conduct will be so too. It will give a man that even, steady, uniform behaviour in the management of his affairs, that is so necessary for the despatch of business, and prevent many disappointments and troubles, which arise from the unsuccessful execution of immature or ill-judged projects.

In short, most of the troubles which men meet with in the world may be traced up to this source, and resolved into self-ignorance. We may complain of Providence, and complain of men ; but the fault, if we examine it, will commonly be found to be our own. Our imprudence, which arises from self-ignorance, either brings our troubles upon us or increases them. Want of temper and conduct will make any affliction double.

What a long train of difficulties do sometimes proceed from one wrong step in our conduct, which self-ignorance, or inconsideration, betrayed us into ! And every evil that befalls us, in consequence of that, we are to charge upon ourselves.

John Mason.

SELF-MASTERY.

SELF-MASTERY, the last and highest stage in the development of character, has in itself, at least, three elements. One of these elements is egoism. By egoism I mean a just, worthy, and proper confidence in self. Great men always have egoism. It is the condition of aggressiveness. Without aggressiveness, no man proves himself to be great. Take Emerson's representative men. Plato, the philosopher, is the man of egoism. Swedenborg, the mystic, is the man of egoism. Montaigne, the sceptic, is the man of egoism. Shakespeare, the poet, is the man of egoism. Napoleon, the man of the world, is the man of egoism. Goethe, the writer is the man of egoism. Each of these great men is a man of egoism. Each of them has trust in himself. It is not cockyism: it is not pride blown out so big that it has become thin, and is in peril of collapsing from its very big thinness. It rests upon the calm weighing of the evidence presented by one's self for doing great things. Some college men have too much trust in themselves. They are inclined to trust in themselves because they are college men. This is foolish while one is in college: it is more than foolish when one has gone forth from college. Folks will soon forget whether you are college-bred. They do not forget what you are or what you can do. To them the process of getting power is a zero. To them the results, the power itself, is supremely significant. Trust yourself exactly, and only for what you are and for what you can do. A proper self-interpretation will always produce seriousness in any man.

It will also give to each man a sense of mastery in and of himself. And this mastery of himself will also give to himself a proper interpretation of himself. Egoism, not egotism, self-respect, not self-conceit, self-love, not selfishness, is an element in self-mastery.

Self-mastery also has in itself the element of work. The master of himself is a man of work. Work is both a cause and a result of self-mastery. Work is an expression of the worker. In expression man finds a larger self. Work is his *alter ego*, and also it may be a magnified *ego*. The piece of work done is a convex mirror of the worker. The expression of self in work reacts on the man, and makes him larger. The humblest work gives dignity to the worker who has put himself into it. Such an architect as the great Richardson of our own time must have felt this enlarged selfhood, as he saw his ideas soaring skyward, like birds on wings of stone. Such a poet as our own Lowell must have felt this enlarged selfhood, as he wrote the "Commemoration Ode" or "The Cathedral." Such a romancer as our own Hawthorne must have felt this magnified power of himself as he created the immortals. It seems to me that this is somewhat the meaning of the words written at the very beginning of the Bible, in which it is said, "God saw everything that he had made, and, behold ! it was very good." This self-satisfaction of God with his own work helps to prove how good and great he himself was. He was in a sense more of a master of himself and more conscious of his mastery when he had finished the creation and looked upon it than he was before creation began. Necessity carries along with itself beneficences. The necessity of work carries along with itself

enlargement of selfhood. And this enlarged selfhood means a larger humanity, and, if a larger humanity, a better and stronger one. Work magnifies. Ignorance minimizes. The person of the worker becomes so great that his own personality goes out into other personalities. He masters them by his own enlarging self-mastery. Work is thus both a cause and a result in this self-mastery of man. O my friends, thank God that you are called to be workers ! Thank God that you are put in a world of work ! Thank God that you are put in an age that calls for work ! As you love your own self and wish to have for yourself the largest selfhood, ever and everywhere be a worker.

Self-mastery also has in itself the element of loyalty to the highest principle and the highest being. Self-mastery implies respect for all facts and truths. The freedom of self-mastery is born of perfect obedience to perfect law. The man, master of self, has sufficient intellectual acumen to see that there are personalities more wise than himself. The man, master of himself, has sufficient heart to feel the presence of personalities more present and more pervasive than his own. The man, master of himself, has sufficient will to recognize the fitness of his will being ruled by wills more puissant. The man, master of himself, has sufficient conscience to accept the universal law of right. Men have long discussed whether God exists and if He exists at all, how ? For us such discussion is ended. But more important than the mere principle of theism held by a man is the relation which the man holds to the God who is embodied in this principle. A mighty mental conception of the theistic fact may have slight influence over life; for the conception is purely

mental. The conception is never translated into a personal principle of belief. A slight mental conception of God may have great power over life, for this feeble conception has been translated into a personal principle. The power of God in a life is a product made up of the multiplicand of the mental conception and of the multiplier of the personal grasp which the man has on this conception. For one, I should prefer a feeble intellectual conception and a mighty volition grappling this belief to one's being before I should prefer a well-ordered intellectual belief and only a feeble volition to make this belief personal. But, when to a mighty intellectual conception of the God is joined a mighty volition which makes this idea a part of one's character, the whole person of the man comes into the largest, the noblest, the deepest, and the highest relationship to the profoundest principle, to the highest being. The man thus comes into a self-mastery, —a self-mastery which is born of loyalty to the highest, a self-mastery which results in loyalty to the highest. He has a self-mastery which comes from perfect obedience to perfect law. He is master of himself because he has found himself in this Master and Maker of us all,—God.

This self-mastery, as seen in trust in one's self, gives egoism. This self-mastery, as seen in work, gives altruism and a larger egoism. This self-mastery, as seen in loyalty to the highest, gives us religion.

This self-mastery never exists for itself. A part of the being of the individual man, it also holds relations to other individual men. It may be called a complex of selfmasteryes. All these self-masteryes are to be adjusted each to the other. Each exists for all, and all exist for each. Every grain of

star-dust has relation to all the worlds. Move it, and you change the centre of gravity of the universe. All the worlds have relation to the grain of star-dust. The worlds preserve it in its place and relations. Thus the universe, with its myriad stars, having infinite space to wander in, rolls on in perfect order, keeping time with the centuries and with the seconds. Each man, as he comes to his large selfhood, as he becomes master, has relations with humanity and divinity; and divinity and humanity have relations with him. He exists for all, and all exist for him. All of the component parts of humanity should move through the deathless ages in perfect harmony, in larger developments, in higher attainments of being. Israel came to his splendid zenith in Solomon, and then fell into the night of darkness and exile. But humanity in God should come, in the progress of the ages, to a zenith from which it should never decline, but whence it should seek a still higher and higher zenith, of which the limitations are to be found only in the infinite Godhead. Such, I do believe, is the destiny of humanity and of every worthy member of it. For this glorious consummation "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." Through all these struggles and trials and masteries, the creation is reaching upward and onward to this glorious, infinite fulfilment. Such a consummation is the result of the adoption of sons into the love of God, is the recognition of the divine Fatherhood of the human spirit, is the making of all of love into law, and is the transmutation of all of law into love. All the disciplines of training, all the learning of scholarship, all the refinements of culture, are for the sublimation and extending of this self-mastery into God and into humanity. *Charles F. Thwing*

SELF-RELIANCE.

HENRY Ward Beecher used to tell this story of the way in which his teacher of Mathematics taught him to depend upon himself:—

“I was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, full of whimpering.

“‘That lesson must be learned,’ said my teacher, in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. ‘I want that problem: I don’t want any reasons why you haven’t it,’ he would say.

“‘I did study two hours.’

“‘That’s nothing to me: I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it in ten hours. just to suit yourself. I want the lesson.’

“It was thought for a green boy, but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations.

“One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of demonstration, ‘No.’

“I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning; and on reaching the same point again, ‘No!’ uttered in a tone of conviction, barred my progress.

“‘The next!’ and I sat down in red confusion.

“He, too, was stopped with ‘No!’ but went right on, finished, and, as he sat down, was rewarded with ‘Very well.’

“‘Why,’ whimpered, ‘I recited it just as he did, and you said ‘No!’”

“‘Why didn’t you say “Yes,” and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson: you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing until you are sure. if all the world says “No,” your business is to say, “Yes and prove it.”’—*Ram’s Horn.*

SELF-RESPECT.

SELF-respect is the noblest garment with which a man may clothe himself—the most elevating feeling with which the mind can be inspired. One of Pythagoras's wisest maxims, in his "Golden Verses," is that with which he enjoins the pupil to "reverence himself." Borne up by this high idea, he will not defile his body by sensuality, nor his mind by servile thoughts. This sentiment carried into daily life, will be found at the root of all the virtues—cleanliness, sobriety, chastity, morality, and religion. "The pious and just honouring of ourselves," said Milton, "may be thought the radical moisture and fountain-head from whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth." To think meanly of one's self, is to sink in one's own estimation as well as in the estimation of others. And as the thoughts are, so will the acts be. Man cannot aspire if he look down; if he will rise, he must look up. The very humblest may be sustained by the proper indulgence of this feeling. Poverty itself may be lifted and lighted up by self-respect; and it is truly a noble sight to see a poor man hold himself upright amidst his temptations, and refuse to demean himself by low actions.

Smiles.

MORAL SELF-REVIEW.

“**M**EN may try many things,” said the wise old bard of Weimar; “only not live at random”; and if you would not live at random, it will be necessary for you to fix set times for calling yourself to account. In commercial transactions it is found a great safeguard against debt, to pay for everything, as much as possible in cash, and, where that is not possible, not to run long accounts, but to strike clear balances at certain set seasons. Exactly so in our accounts with God and with our souls. The best charts and the most accurate compasses will bring no profit to the man who does not get into the habit of regularly using them. In this view the illustrious practice of the old Pythagoreans (who were a church as much as a school) presents a good model for us.

“Let not soft sleep usurp oblivious sway
Till thrice you’ve told the deeds that mark’d the day;
Whither thy steps? what thing for thee most fitted
Was aptly done? and what good deed omitted?
And when you’ve summed the tale, wipe out the bad
With gracious grief, and in the good be glad!”

No man, in my opinion, will ever attain to high excellence in what an excellent old divine calls “the life of God in the soul of man,” without cultivating stated periods of solitude, and using that solitude for the important purpose of self-knowledge and self-amelioration. “Commune with your own heart on your bed, and be still,” said the Psalmist.

“ Who never ate with tears his bread,
 And through the long-drawn midnight hours
 Sat weeping on his lonely bed,
 He knows you not, ye heavenly Powers ! ”

Are the well-known words of a poet who certainly cannot be accused of being either methodistical in his habits or mawkish in his tone. “ Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,” said St. Paul ;—all which utterances plainly imply the utility of such stated seasons of moral review as the Pythagorean verses prescribe.

Blackie.

Every night, at the close of the day, you ought to review most strictly all your conduct. You will find duties omitted during the day: will not the examination lead you to repent of what was wrong, and to avoid it to-morrow? You will find time wasted; an hour here, and half an hour there: will not the examination do you good? You will find that you have spoken unadvisedly with your lips: and ought you not to know of these instances? You will find that you have sinned with the thoughts: will it not do you good to recall these instances? Perhaps you have made one effort to resist temptation, and to do your duty; and it will cheer you to recall it. Life will pass from you while you are making good resolutions, and hoping to do better, unless you bring yourself to account daily.

SENTIMENT.

EVERY noble action is the expression of a noble feeling. Back of the deed is the sentiment from which it proceeded. It matters little how persistently a man may talk of his sympathy with the oppressed or of his enjoyment in the higher things of life, if his daily conduct continually gives the lie to his words ; and, on the other hand, a man need say little about his religion or his theory of ethics, when day after day he is evidencing the genuineness of his convictions by kindness to others and repression of selfish impulses. If any proof is needed of the existence of good in natures that seem sometimes most given over to evil impulses, the frequent occurrence of deeds of flawless self-sacrifice even there shows that, so long as men cannot gather grapes of thorns nor figs from thistles, so long must actions of tenderness and unselfishness proceed from something akin to their own nature. If this is true of single deeds, it is even more inevitable in deliberate courses of action, persisted in despite of difficulties and discouragements, shaped by the hours of insight, and unaltered by the hours of depression. When a man comes to a great conviction of duty, he is not to be turned aside by trifles from the carrying out of its logical sequences. Thus a reasonably adequate philosophy of life is important beyond estimate, since it decides for us what manner of creature we shall be ; and the old theology was right in insisting on the need of a new life,—that is, a new principle or a new conviction of duty as the foundation of a new character or course of action.

In an adequate philosophy of life there is place for every exalted sentiment. Whatever makes for harmony and beauty in the world of contemplation or in the world of action, must be a help in the general progress toward goodness. Lower aims are less attractive, as one listens to a symphony by Beethoven or gazes at the Sistine Madonna or yields himself to the word music of a great poet. The beauty of the mountains or the sea, the masterpieces of art, serenely pure or eternally true, are all in league with the great forces that make for morality; and they conspire together to lead the soul to the recognition of the unity of truth and beauty and goodness.

Nevertheless, the dulness of a nature that never refreshes itself by art or music is hardly more—no, not as much—to be dreaded as the paralysis of action that sometimes comes from regarding these things as an end in themselves. No state of mind is more hopeless than that which looks complacently on its own capacity for æsthetic enjoyment, and rests satisfied therewith. The people who can stand unawed and unhushed by the grandeur of a mountain or the glory of a sunset, chattering all the time about their love for nature; the people who tell you that they adore poetry until you wish to hate all rhymed expression; the people who are so sorry for the Armenian martyrs that they cannot even read accounts of their sufferings, and yet have no morsel of practical help for them,—these are the ones whom Emerson must have meant when he talked of souls that are lost by mimicking souls.

One of the most significant chapters in Dr. James' "Psychology" is that in which he warns young people, from

a scientist's point of view, that no reservoir of maxims or fund of sentiment is worth anything in the formation of character unless every opportunity is taken for putting these principles into concrete action. Every time a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit, it is worse than a chance lost; for it actually hinders the next emotion from accomplishing its proper result. He notes, for instance, the relaxing effect that music may have upon character when indulged in to excess by those who are not performers, nor sufficiently gifted to take it intellectually as well as emotionally. He advises such never to suffer themselves to have an emotion at a concert, for instance, that they do not afterward express in one way or another. "Let the expression be the least in the world," he says "speaking genially to one's grandmother, or giving up one's seat in a horse-car, if nothing more heroic offers; but let it not fail to take place."

It can never be asserted too often that fine feelings are worth anything only when they embody themselves in fine deeds. If the feelings are genuine, they cannot help thus revealing themselves; and then they do not need much explanation or talking about. Once allowed to degenerate into sentimentality, they become the basis of insincerity,—that most fatal element of character.

The Christian Register.

A LIFE OF SERVICE.

HAPPILY we all, or with very few exceptions, 'serve one another in a greater or less degree. Certainly every one who is not immediately idle or vicious does this in some way, whether he intend it or not. Even the selfish man, if he have ordinary good sense and honesty, cannot help being of some advantage to his neighbours, or to the community, though such a thought may never have influenced a single action. His very efforts for his own welfare reach further than himself. He cannot earn money without giving to others his strength or skill. He cannot spend it without encouraging some department of industry. Yet no one, I suppose, for a single moment entertains the idea that his is a life of service. There are also multitudes of others swayed alternately by selfish motives and generous impulses, and who do good in various ways as they drift through the world, yielding to their tendencies and desires as they arise. Neither can they claim such a life.

The essence of a life of service is its *conscious aim*. Most of us are full of purposes which we pursue with various degrees of energy. We intend to earn a living, to provide for our families, to attain some excellence, to procure some pleasure, to gain an education or a fortune, a name, or a position. But it is only the few who hold all their intentions subject to one controlling and definite purpose, *viz.*, to live a life of service. Indeed, the word itself is distasteful to some, who associate it with servility and thralldom, and continuous

self-sacrifice. Yet the fact is that no compulsion can ever extract the true service of the heart and life. It is nothing if not free, spontaneous, and untrammelled.

He who thus devotes himself to the service of his fellow men, does not separate himself from the ordinary occupations and interest of life ; still less does he neglect his own welfare. To do so would soon frustate his aim. There is no good thing which can come to him personally which may not be made directly subservient to the furtherance of his purpose. while whatever tends to cramp his powers, and narrow his life, curtails also his ability to serve mankind. If he have no wealth, how can he bestow it ? If he have no education, how can he supply mental needs ? If he have no power, how can he exert any ? If he have no influence, whom can he reach ? If he be not cheerful and content, how can he shed abroad a spirit of cheer and comfort ? No, the man who pledges himself to a life of service, must see to it that he has the means to carry it out. His duties to himself are rendered more, not less, binding. He will cherish his health and strength, develop his powers of mind and body, and welcome gladly everything which will make his life broader, richer, and happier, knowing that thus will he add to his value, and increase his power of serving others.

At the same time he will hold all these things subordinate to his controlling purpose, and will be ready to resign them, whenever he finds them to be incompatible with it. With all his other powers, he will have the power of sacrificing self, whenever his intelligence shows him that a life of service demands it. A recent writer says truly, "In this capacity of sacrifice, regardless of self, we have the purest

essence of the best religions ; a human quality which exists, which has been evolved in the long travail of the world, but which may be cultivated with prospects of vastly greater increase now that its beauty and price are perceived and valued.....

Even in the political world, singleness of purpose, a true public and social spirit are valued more than great talent and eloquence without them. A life of selfish ease and indulgence is pardoned to great wealth and position with less readiness than formerly ; and with the growth of democracy, such a temper must necessarily spread both in extent and intensity."

This life of service is one that can be lived by all who have the heart and will to embrace it. No one is too rich, too intellectual, too high in rank or station to adopt it. We have bright examples of men with princely fortunes, who hold every honour the world has in her gift, who are quietly, lovingly and intelligently living this life of service. They prize their possessions and opportunities chiefly for the power they afford of doing good ; and, in using this power wisely and kindly, they find their highest happiness. On the other hand, none are so poor or so humble as to be unable to live some life of service. It is not their advantages, but their purposes, not the amount of their power, but the tend of their desires which decide the question. Sometimes the weak, the sick and the afflicted, and those whose circumstances are unfortunate, and whose influence is small, are so imbued with the desire of serving others that their efforts shame many who have ten-fold their opportunities.

It may indeed be truthfully said that this purpose,

SIMPLICITY.

MY son, be simple, be real, be natural, dare to be thyself, and *none other*, as God fashioned thee. Thou shalt have some disadvantage thus in the world's estimate, but thy inborn advantage will be so great, that this thy simplicity will be no loss but much and true gain to thee in the end. Believe me, all great virtues are natural virtues, born, not made, and though it is conversely true that all great faults are also inborn, let me say that the importance of religious culture lies in this, that it serves the twofold purpose of weakening and at last removing natural faults, at the same time strengthening and maturing natural virtues to their perfection. But in order that the inherent weaknesses of nature should be overcome, and its inherent excellences be perfected, it is essentially necessary that nature itself should be preserved in its integrity, not marred by the artificial processes imposed by a so-called religion or civilisation. Yea, my son, let me teach thee to believe in the supernatural, for faith always looks out for the supernatural, but at the same time let me tell thee that the supernatural arises by fixed laws out of the natural. What is supernatural takes place most naturally, and nothing is so much contrary to the mind of God as what is unnatural. The terrible course of modern culture is that it makes men artificial, undervalues the wholesome enthusiasms of nature and casts the plastic materials of our mind into the moulds of wordly fashion, and not into divine ideals. Therefore men in trying

divine, from the perishable to the imperishable. Despair not of thy nature whoever thou art. but set thyself to work out its deliverance and its divine possibilities by prayer, diligence, and the grace of God. For if thy nature be the friend on the way of thy immortal home, great indeed is the cause of thy rejoicing and gratitude ; whereas if thine nature be thine enemy thou art indeed the unhappiest of men. O thou preacher, learn therefore to convert thine own heart before thou dost convert any other man. O thou wanderer, let thy soul be a refuge and stronghold unto thyself before thou canst be a refuge to any other wanderer. The highest prize a man may have as the reward of his prayer and self discipline is the sense of sanctification, the apotheosis of his own nature. The flower which blew under all the influences of earth and heaven, which is the handiwork of the perfect God, it neither loses its form, nor color, nor fragrance in the process of its perfection. So the soul under religious culture does not lose its nature but becomes larger, richer, stronger and sweeter, bearing within itself immortal seeds which will surely produce a tenfold and hundredfold of its kind. All thy natural kindred and even some of thy enemies will receive of thy fulness. Thus nature and culture, inspiration and impulse, the individual and the community are harmonised in the regenerate man. My son, under the utmost influences of what surrounds thee if thou art able to be true to thy God-given nature, if thou art able to outgrow thy faults, thou shalt surely be the son of God, and the image of thy Father.

The World and the new Dispensation.

THE REALITY OF SIN.

Y^{OU} who are still as it were on the marble threshold of early manhood, is there no warning for folly, for levity, for the careless hour, and the sensual snare, in this tremendous fact? Is it such a nothing to you that there exists, ever about us, carried as it were within our own individuality, never sleeping, bent upon our destruction, vast power hostile to God and to all good without us and within? Would youth walk with such disdainful confidence into the deadly stakenet into which so many myriads of all ages have been lured by the foul bait and dragged forth to gasp in death upon the shore, if they realised the exceptionless experience of lost mankind, that unlawful pleasure, is delusive pleasure, whose hollowness disappoints at the time, whose penalties torture afterwards, whose effects deprave for ever? Would men be so ready to dally with temptations if they realised that sin, in the symbols of Scripture, is a wild beast, crouching at the door of our hearts, a serpent, ever gliding through the dead leaves of our carelessness, to dart into our souls its subtle venom and defile them with its slimy trail? Alas! amazing as such callous security may well seem, there is nothing less like watchfulness, nothing less like seriousness, than the moral attitude of men; and it is because they cannot with impunity be thus heedless of all the warnings of Scripture, of conscience, of experience, that we see them so given up to their passions. Daily they see around them the frightful consequences of sin,

and yet they sin. Daily they read in every newspaper how the most secret sins of men surely find them out, and yet they sin. They know that 'God spake these words, and said,' and yet they sin. They know that His 'Thou shalt not' is planted, like heaven's artillery against their works of the flesh, and yet they sin. God's azure heaven is over them, the death-bell tolls ever in their ears, the earth beneath their feet is wrinkled graves, the horror of the unknown darkness awaits them, they must stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and yet they sin; and as an ox to the slaughter, in the twilight, in the evening, in the black dark night, the fool in his desperate senselessness will walk to this utter certainty of shame and destruction, till that dart strike through him which has struck through the polluted bodies and the ruined souls of so many millions of mankind. And oh, the bitter and terrible awakement! oh, to feel how frightful is the solidarity of evil; to know that we have wilfully initiated ourselves into the hideous mysteries of iniquity; to feel the heart burning with hidden unworthiness, to have enrolled ourselves, however much we may disclaim and conceal the fatal fraternity, into the company of dogs, and drunkards and whoremongers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie; to have put our secret signature to the bond of the infernal which some day he shall produce, and to which, with all the glittering faces looking down upon us, we shall be forced to own in open day. Is not that an awful voice which peals from heaven, asking what is this thou hast done? For it is thou hast done it!

Cannon Farrar.

SINCERITY.

TRUTH and sincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it, and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and completion.

It is hard to personate and to act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much,

the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity. of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to those who practise them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation and encouraging those with whom he hath to do. to repose the greatest confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life. A dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretensions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself. Whereas, he that acts sincerely, has the easiest task in the world, because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions; he needs not indent any pretences before-hand, nor make excuses afterwards, for anything he hath said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage; a hypocrite hath so many things to attend to, as to make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another; but truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips; whereas a lie is troublesome, and needs a great many more to make it good,

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end, than bye-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as respects the affairs of this world) if he spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts may fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through and bear him out to the last.

Tillotson.

The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but, at the same time, it is plain and easily recognised: his *Sincerity*, his indisputable air of Truth. Here are no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow fantastic sentimentalities; no wiredrawn refinings, either in thought or feeling: the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding, and been a light to his own steps. He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience; it is the scenes that he has lived and laboured amidst that he describes: those scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul, noble thoughts, and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, not from any outward call of vanity or interest, but because his heart is too full to be silent. He speaks it with such melody and modulation as he can; "in homely rustic jingle;" but it is his own, and genuine. This is the grand secret for finding readers and retaining them: let him who would move and convince others, be first moved and convinced himself. Be true, if you would be believed. Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart; and other men, so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy, will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker or below him; but in either case, his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us; for in spite of all casual varieties in outward rank, or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.—*Carlyle*.

THE USE OF SORROW.

SORROW is interwoven into the fabric of life ; God sends tears. These tears were for a divine purpose. But they are not the expression of his wrath ; they are not the special messengers of a divine indignation. He does not pick you out and send a burden upon you for a specific purpose. No, He puts humanity into a world of sorrow, because sorrow is the method by which character is to be developed. We are in the world in order that out of the processes to which we are subjected, including pain, the manifestation of the sons of God may be wrought ; we are in the world that out of a lower order we may be brought up, step by step, into the liberty of the glory of the sons of God ; and the only steps by which the liberty of that glory can be won are steps of sorrow. Grief is God's educator. Trouble is God's minister to manhood. Therefore it is that Paul, looking for sorrow and upon death sometimes as though it were an enemy, says, I am not afraid of him ; and sometimes says, you cannot separate me from the love of God. I hold fast to that ; and sometimes says, come in, I welcome you, I am glad that you have come, because you are going to render me real service, and sometimes opens the door and goes out to sorrow and says, come, I want you, I follow after, if that I may be conformed unto the death of Christ, and may have participated in his suffering. It is because this black-hued angel carries in his hand a gift that Paul wants—the gift of a divine manhood.

Lymon Abbott, D.D.

THE STORM.

THE storm howls and shrieks and beats the iron roofing of my humble hermitage like an army of demons. The rain is driven like level shafts, pelting and tearing the forest leaves that tremble. The fog thickens and covers all like a funeral pall. Not a bird twitters, not an insect hums. The ceiling leaks, drip, drip, drip, dull, wearing, dark ! I have only a sense of being in God, nothing more. All else, the storm without the storm within, is but the play of force which I did not make, cannot unmake. With no more than a sense that I am in Thee, I have the strange power of keeping under the shelter of Thy feet, O Lord. The winds and the waters may carry away my little home ; disease, poverty, and passion may break up my poor body, they may hasten my death ; but nothing can displace me from God, my abode. When the storm is lulled, the trees will rest ; when the rain beats no more, the birds will sing ; when the fogs and clouds clear, the sun will come out again. Force arises, force storms, force tears everything, then sleeps again. Life-force rages, the passions scream, ignorance thickens, the world howls, the ego is delirious, God is hidden. The pride of life is beaten down, the passions sleep, wisdom shines like the great orb, the ego softens into devout dependence, God overcomes. Brother, God is all in all.

P. O. Mozoomdar.

HIGHER ENDS OF STUDY.

THE necessities of our being cannot be ignored. It is essential to existence that the supply must equal the demand. Self preservation requires that practical ends must be kept in view. Man's primary duty is to provide for his subsistence. That which promises the most immediate recompense seldom most effectively attains this end. Beyond our present reach, it may be, are more substantial remunerations. Beyond the tilling and the reaping lies the fruition of our hope. It is a mistake to bound one's ambition by that which present necessities dictate. Who sees good only in what promises quickest returns has only the narrowest conceptions of the possibilities of achievement.

Goethe taught that one could not make a good teacher who only sought to learn what he expected to teach. Vain is the effort to teach what one has not mastered the formulas of; but, if only a knowledge of the technique of his subject inspires the teacher, the highest results will not be attained. For it may be said of other things, as Pope said of music and poetry,—

“ In each

Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.”

What profiteth study! The practical must be attained. If emolument must be a motive. Woe to him who sees not above and beyond it! His narrow vision may defeat success. At best, if this were all, what uninspiring and

joyless drudgery ! The possibility of limiting study to this end is not conceded. Unconscious development to some degree of the faculties must be an accompaniment. The most mechanical effort of the brain cannot nullify the universal law. Growth is the outcome of study. Growth is life. When it ceases, death has begun. The tree will not bear superior fruit without nourishment and culture. "Natural abilities," says Bacon, "are like natural plants that need pruning by study."

Study enlarges the boundaries of the universe beyond what is circumscribed by individual experience. It gives divergence to mental activities ; but through it man acquires the power of concentration, and the discipline which enables him to achieve the utmost possible. It broadens his labor-field till he seems to become a factor in the world's progress while working out his individual destiny.

Study enlarges our friendships. It is the magical key that unlocks the doors of all treasuries filled with the wealth of ages gone. It compels to our service all the wisest of the living and the dead. It opens our blind eyes to all created beauty. It reaches down the stars, and unfolds the mysteries of the universe. It enlarges the mental vision to the perception of something of the infinite.

With Milton we find "in the quiet and still hour of delightful study the bright countenance of truth." Seeking after truth is its highest end. The love of truth is its highest inspiration. What profiteth study ? Surely, he finds it not in whom is not lighted the inextinguishable fire. He knows it not the cry of whose heart is not, "Oh, send out thy light and thy truth ; let them lead me." To learn to

know truth and to love truth, this is the supreme reward. This is the inspiration of great achievements. The problems of the universe are solved. Man's narrow environments no longer contain him. He is lifted up to the farthest heavens.

Truth is the goal of all noblest effort. It is the measure of all discovery and all invention. It is better than any system of philosophy and more sacred than any creed. The true philosopher loves truth better than his system. One of them said, "Loyalty to truth is the first test of righteousness. They who stand in the way of its development are the foes of righteousness."

"God is the truth, he lives by truth, he lives upon truth, he is the king of truth."

The only true teachers and preachers are they who stimulate and inspire a love and reverence for truth. This is the very flower of religion. The builded and perfected character is its consummate fruitage.

But there is no perfection of human wisdom. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Absolute truth is beyond the grasp of the finite. "The measure thereof is longer than the earth and broader than the sea." Men have assumed finality of knowledge in all the past, and all the pages of history are soiled with tales of tyranny and blood.

The most devoted study, only leads a little nearer the inaccessible goal. The revelation of to-day makes known the errors of yesterday. Our ability to demonstrate them indicates our advancement. "We do but learn to-day what our better judgment will unlearn to-morrow." Ignorance disowns itself. The perception of our limitation is the beginning of knowledge.

Man is what he can make of himself, and this is the problem for each to solve. "Man is the whole world and the breath of God," said Sir Thomas Browne. He carries with him what he has gathered from the generations gone, and he adds to it what he can assimilate from the universe that enfolds him. The wisest teachers are they who can best lead him to the highest possible development of that which is breathed into him.

Whatever stimulates to higher aspirations and truer ideals builds up and beautifies and ennobles. Better things come not always at bidding ; but whatever quickens desire for them helps to open the way toward them. Whose ears have once been charmed by the siren voice of the infinite is forever listening to catch and interpret deeper and diviner melodies.

"From above the starry sphere
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear;
And the pure spirit of celestial light
Shines through his soul."

L. D. Burdick.

SUCCESS.

I have read of a certain wise man who, being told that his ships at sea had been lost, calmly replied, "Well done, O Zeus! for thou hast thus reduced me to the condition of a philosopher." It occurred to me it might be better for many of us if our ships, also, were lost at sea.

Let one stand for a moment behind the plate-glass windows of some mercantile building during the business hours of the day. Mark the countenances of the men that pass and repass, and tell me what is the story that one reads; for it is a page that any one may study with interest and profit. Isolated cases there will be of those who carry on their faces the signs of content and repose; but by far the greater number betray emotions of fear, doubt, care, and anxiety. Like the submarine diver, we put on the harness, and plunge into deep waters for the pearl of great price which is to bring us success in life. Our armor is heavy; the clanking chains of persistency drag at our heels; our respiration is labored; we are fettered in many ways, and we long to rise again into the upper air of freedom. But we are divers for the pearls of the sea. And this means, by far too often, the yielding to the mammon of unrightness, as if a man's life consisted "in the abundance of the things that he possesseth."

Two business men met, after long years of separation. Both had prospered, as the world counts prosperity. Both had found pearls of great price. Looking back over the labors of the years, the losses and the gains, one said to the

other, "Yes, we have prospered; but it's a pity we must go, and leave it all." It occurred to me it were indeed a pity to sum up one's investments of a lifetime in such ephemeral securities, and to have cumbered one's self with such a dead weight of unnecessary baggage.

It came to me once, among other experiences, to break up the home ties of a lifetime and to take up life in a boarding house. To do this required a wholesale sacrifice of things collected for years, things of beauty and of value and that I had regarded as household gods and absolutely essential to my happiness. But the change was made, and I then discovered the unreality of the values of my lost possessions. Like Hearn in his journeyings, of whom the Indians took much of his property, I, too, felt that, the weight of my baggage being so much lightened, my journey henceforth might be much pleasanter. So I find that, at this very point when by so-called misfortune, expediency, or otherwise, we lose all, we then stand on the vantage-ground of life, "rich from the very want of wealth." For Bacon says, "No man's private fortune can be an end any way worthy of his existence." What, then, is life's true success? Is it to do, to accomplish, or to let something be accomplished in us? I can conceive it, in a measure, comparatively easy to so bend one's energies as to bring about great results, so that men may say of such a one, "Behold, what a power he has been in the world!" I see from my windows the multitude as they go forth to their labours, and at night I see them returning. One has made a lucky investment, and his step is quick and his eye is bright; and the world says, "He is making a great success." His whole life will be changed by it.

But the greater number return as they went, still looking for another day or for some happy future to bring them their expected good fortune. I mark a certain few who belong to neither of the above. Day after day they go to their labours, content with that which happens; for what God chooses is to their minds better than what they choose. Now it occurs to me that these are the very ones of whom it may be said they are living the true life. "For what does the Lord require of thee" but simply this?—"to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." It is by no means a small thing to have learned to do justly in a world where injustice is the ruling principle, or to be merciful and kind where compassion seems forgotten and pride the rock of offence where souls are wrecked.

Whoever, then, is content with whatever happens, and faithfully refuses to desert his post, but to live for the betterment of the world, who has learned to labour and to wait, to see, if needs be, his ships go down, his expectations cut off and who is yet able to say, "Even so, it is well,"—of such a one who will not say, "He has learned life's true meaning in submission to the will of the Highest"?

The Christian Register.



THE MINISTRY OF SUNSHINE

WE hear much about the ministry of sorrow,—perhaps more than necessary for the good of those over whose life hangs the dark cloud. It may not be out of place, then, to write a few words about the ministry or uses of sunshine. There is nothing this world needs so much as sunshine. As a mere world of matter, nothing is so important as sunshine. It fills the air with life and health, dries up the sources of malaria and poison. gives color and beauty to the flower and joyousness to the heart of man. It fills the valley with light, and sends its blessings to the deepest recesses of the mountains. Indeed, we cannot conceive of a state of being in which we would not have need of the blessed sunshine, save that state where we need not the light of the sun or the moon or the candle.

“Oh, yes! I love the sunshine!

Like kindness or like mirth

Upon a human countenance

Is sunshine on the earth.”

Then, too, as we contemplate the world of spirit, the uses of sunshine become apparent. The sunshine of love and kindness have their mission, and their value is beyond conception. There is no mistake about it: we need the sunshine of nature to make us happy; but the sunshine that throws about the soul a feeling that we are thought of and loved by others is what makes life tolerable, and gives us a taste of the joy and companionship of the angels, in heaven.

When we think of the sad and miserable condition of man, when we look into that world which reveals life's miseries, the vexed, the disappointed, the oppressed, the poverty-fighting, and despairing soul,—what is there that can bring a bright sky into that dark region like sympathy, kindness, tender-heartedness? It can make that gloomy world wear the brightness of spring-time, and cause the oppressed heart to sing for joy. The ministry of sunshine, in this respect, is so glorious that we can hardly overestimate it. Only they can tell its true value who have been made to feel the proud world's scorn, and have had flaunted into their faces the unwelcome fact that they are despised and outcast. This sunshine is as valuable to such as is the light of the great luminary of day to the proper development of the plant which has been confined to a dark room.

Sunshine makes glad the heart, not only of him who carries it about, but the hearts of others likewise. God did not intend that we should be amiable of disposition, kind, tender-hearted, cheerful, and happy merely for our own peace and contentment, any more than He made the sun merely for the purpose of shining because it was bright, or the violet to have a sweet perfume just for its own sake. There was a wise purpose in all this. God had in view our relation to our fellow-men. And I doubt not that it is an established law that we cannot be happy ourselves if we do not make others happy. One way in which we can accomplish this is by bringing to bear upon them the influence of a sunny life. How cruel we are when we withhold this blessing! We might hold back that which sustains life, and yet the heart could be joyous, for man does:

not live by bread alone ; but to withhold that which can make the spirit glad is the basest of all our actions :—

“ Some hearts go hungering through the world,
 And never find the love they seek.
 Some lips with pride or scorn are curled,
 To hide the pain they may not speak.
 The eye may flash, the mouth may smile,
 The voice in gladdest music thrill ;
 And yet, beneath them, all the while
 The hungry heart be pining still.”

There is this about the matter that is encouraging to the dejected ones : if their hearts go hungering through the world for this love and sunshine, and do not find it here, their recompense shall come when heaven's light and sympathy shall burst upon their sorrowing and bewildered spirits, dispelling every shadow.

Let us make use of sunshine everywhere. Do cares come, let us go at them with sunshiny hearts : they will soon melt away under its power. If afflictions come, nothing will so brighten the sick-bed as sunshine. Is the home darkened by the shadow of death, sunshine will lighten it, and show us the golden stairway up which our departed have gone. Sunshine, sunshine everywhere,—in the world, in the home, in the church. There is joy and brightness in heaven : why should it be wanting here ?

Rev. E. Herbruck, D.D.

SYMPATHY.

SYMPATHY is the soul of religion. It is a wonderfully sweet and beatific grace. It is the harmony of the affections, and in its active, beneficent spirit a healing and a helpful power. Sympathy, in its tender benignities, is most attractive and most excellent. Sympathy is a little better than love, since it is love in action, is concrete, and comes closer to the life. It is the stream coming out of the lake, moving, fertilizing, giving life and gladness to meadow and marge. James Berry Bensel says beautifully,—

“ Each shared my sorrows ; yet to me
One brought but love, one sympathy !”

When you study the New Testament, especially the life and words of Jesus, whose religion was love,—“ love to God and man,” and to God in man,—you will see that humanity is religion, the only religion. God sent a man to be a saviour of men. Jesus always spoke of himself as “ son of man ”; and into humanity he would have all pour their love, and for it make their sacrifices. The sympathy of God and the sympathy of Jesus meant help to man.

Sympathy gives a new touch of life and reality to everything it approaches or would embrace. Like mercy, it blesses him who gives and him who receives. To practise this beautiful charity is to be Christ-like ; for he went about doing good, weeping with those who weep and rejoicing with those who rejoice. To bear one another's burdens, to help each other over the hard places in life, is what we

are here for ; for we are, after all, children of one. Father, brothers and sisters of one family. Now there are natures which are not sympathetic, while there are others whose orchestral being thrills all with joy and life and satisfaction. The physician heals more by what he carries in his face and heart than by what he has in his medicine-case ; Love and Sympathy are the gossamer threads which bind heart to heart, cement friendship, and enrich life with a flood of delights and of joys pure and ennobling. The Gethsemanes of life are more numerous and sadder than we are wont to think, and no one should suffer them alone. Yet, at best, each heart knoweth its own sorrow, as also its own joy. Our deepest experiences, whatever help we get, must be borne very much alone. We are like trees whose tops alone touch each other. The sympathetic alone can enter the holy of holies of our deepest life. How beautiful it is for people to try to feel the common current of sympathy which was meant to knit together heart to heart ! Sympathy, is going over to another's point of view, and from that seeing other life and the world.

True sympathy is active, not passive : it leads, does not follow ; it attracts and inspires. Nature has in it hints of sympathy, as in the laws of cohesion, gravitation, the ebb and flow of the tides, rhythm in music, and the measures of the pulse. Sing over the keys of a piano ; and, if you listen well, the song, sad or joyous, sings itself back again. Reason is the way in which we think our relationship to the world : sympathy is the way we feel it ; and this feeling of relationship to others and to other things is unity, is religion, is God and heaven. We must have this sympathy to be a

poet, or to read poetry, to understand or to do anything well. And; until we believe this with all our hearts and souls, the higher exercise of faith will be closed, and the religious life will be stunted and perverted.

.. By this exercise of practical sympathy we may create new virtues to the faulty, and redeem the evil mind. You can save people by confiding in them, loving them, by believing in them when others have ceased to confide and appreciate, because not understanding them.

Sympathy does not judge people by their worst, but by their best qualities and actions, and believes in them in spite of their failings and shortcomings. Nay : some people's failings so lean to virtue's side that we want to believe in them, almost because of the steps aside. At least, so noble, but weak, are they that we easily forgive.

The need of sympathy is very great in youth, because of its sensitiveness, and because it is likely to have done nothing to make self understood, because it lives at home, and is not appreciated. Parents should be first to discover and call forth the germs of greatness in the child, the youth, and treat it as an object of great expectations, as did Mary of old her son. Let the neighbours say, " It is only Joseph's son : we knew his father and mother,—very common people"; but say you, " He shall be a prophet, and save Israel ! " And, because of that sympathetic faith in him, he will be all the more likely to meet that abounding expectation, and justify that confidence.

There are many hearts and homes in need of sympathy: there are families where the tender, sympathetic spirit is a stranger. Husband and wife should take deepest interest

in each other's affairs and happiness. There is love enough in the heart : there is love enough in the world. What we need is to exercise this love and sympathy which are felt, but shut up in the soul. Think of poor Blanco White, with no one near to give him sympathy, asking his servant Margaret to sit near him, that in his sorrow and loneliness he might be strengthened.

Hear Beethoven, in the isolation of a portion of his life, saying, " Art alone held me back from taking my own life." On the other hand, hear Mohammed, when asked to forget his early wife, in the love of the then younger and more beautiful one. " Nay : I will not forget my Cadija ; for, when no one else in the world believed in me, she gave me sympathy." Sympathy is the saving of many a timid soul to success, and perhaps to greatness ; while without it, he would have fallen and failed.

So, too, in relation to social problems, love and sympathy are better than coldness and severity in the adjustment of the problems of labour and capital. Or take the more difficult question of poverty. Sympathy here is needed, but it should be scientific rather than emotional sympathy.

Charles Dickens thought it enough that we empty our pockets into the hands of every beggar, to save the miseries of the poor ; but George Eliot was wiser when he said. " Had either Romola or Tito been less tender-hearted, the worst tragedies of their lives would have been avoided." Wisdom must be yoked with kindness. The motto of the Associated Charities in our larger cities, " Not alms, but a friend," is excellent.

True sympathy is the love-side of religion, the heart

of Jesus. The throb of a warm heart of love against our own, whatever our moral conditions, is always refreshing. There are times when the wisest and the strongest hunger for human sympathy, and should receive it, the rich as well as the poor. Sorrow knows no grades, and religion is democratic.

This sympathy ought to be deep, true, and sincere, and to be exercised in behalf of any or all who may stand in need of it. In its wider sense, it is a symphony, a whole, as of music, to the soul. William Ellery Channing gives us a recipe for such an ideal. He says, "To live content, to listen to stars and birds, to let the spirit grow up through the common in life,—this is symphony."

Rev. A. Judson Rich.

To sympathise, to feel and suffer with our fellow-creatures, is to merge our own existence into the life of the world, to feel the beating of the universal heart, and to realize, in Emerson's words, "that within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal One."

*

*

*

The growth of higher feeling within us is like the growth of faculty, bringing with it a sense of added strength: we can no more wish to return to a narrower sympathy than a painter or musician can wish to return to his cruder manner, or a philosopher to his less complete formula.

George Eliot

TIME.

TIME is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit; and it would be still more so, if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It sobs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and decoitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of depredators, and, by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all; nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but, like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it. He that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.

Chesterfield's advice to his son.

TRAINING IN TRUTH.

CONSTANTLY telling a child not to lie is giving life and intensity to "the lie." The mere negative does not amount to much; it is like a tag on a trunk: it may be lost, but the trunk remains. The true method is to quicken the moral muscles from the positive side, urge the child to be honest, to be loyal, to be fearless in the truth. Tell him ever of the nobility of courage to speak the true, to live the right, to hold fast to principles of honour in every trifle: then he need never fear life's crises. So it is in the matter of temperance teaching. . . . Fill the mind of the child with the beauty of temperance, not the horrors of intemperance. Show him ever that the only way to highest good is through sobriety. Constantly suggest this to the pupil in comments on the lives of the world's great men, their influence and example. Moral common sense shows the falseness of the theory of teaching evil as guide-posts on the road to virtue. Agitating stagnant ponds does not purify them: it merely sets the filth in circulation. Subjecting our physical body to contaminating disease is not an aid to health, and this is equally true of the mind. No one ever learned morality by studying sin, but only by fixing the eye on virtue and following that, as the Magi followed the star in the east.

W. G. Jordan.

VARIETY.

“**V**ARIETY is the spices of life.” Without it life is impossible. The God of life everywhere and always furnishes us with endless varieties of things for the continuance and growth of every mode of our life, namely physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual. How many various things work together incessantly to produce and sustain our bodily life! How many kinds of food-grains, fruits and roots are daily supplied by Providence to add blood to our bodily frames! How many theologians, philosophers, and scientists are working hard to feed and nourish our intellects. How many homes and societies are springing up to create the charms of our home life and to weave the attractive nets of our social life! There is not a single thing in nature which is not composed of various elements. Variety is an essential condition of life. The present return of the spring-season draws our attention to this secret of variety. The various new-born beauties of vernal flowers, the various sweet notes of vernal singing birds, the smiling and varying beams of the vernal full moon and the organic and vital harmony and unity of men and women of various beauty and sublimity, exercise maddening influences upon their beholders and attune them to adore the God of Beauty and Unity in Variety.

Unity and the Minister.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF WEALTH.

HOWEVER complicated the problems of money are in their economic and sociological bearing, it is a matter of universal consent that the pursuit of wealth is always in danger of becoming ignoble, and that the best of possession has been and always will be something to control. The seductions of gold are tremendous. The love of ownership, the passion of accumulation has in it a brutal origin, and the soul must early learn to resist this hunger, the conscience must become prohibitive, and be prompt with its refusals, else the individual becomes party to the great atrocities of modern capital, the awful cruelties of modern trade, the terrible tyranny of too many of the so-called "successful men." However we may state the object of life, no one will claim that the amassing of gold is a legitimate pursuit of the human soul and still the golden calf is the idol before which many of our young men bow, and a bank account is the deceptive mantle that covers many deformities in the eyes of our young women. The temptations of wealth are mighty because the uses of wealth are great. We know not where the limit of legitimate possession may be. We do not know how rich a man may become without selling his own soul. We will not say, although Jesus did, "that it is easier for a camel to enter in through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God," but all are agreed that the woman whose diamonds are bought by the virtue of the shop girl whose three to five dollars a week

received from the merchant prince, is all there is that stands between her and the grim alternative of starvation, suicide or shame, is decorated with iniquity. All are agreed that the millionaire drives his brilliant equipage upon the boulevard, bought with money coined out of the midnight toil of the sweat-shops, squeezed out of the toiling man whose earnings have been screwed down to the pauper limit by the competitions and inventions of his factory, or acquires his wealth by the still easier road of that speculation in watered stocks and hypothecated bonds made profitable by manipulation and not by earnings, made valuable by combinations and the consequent compressions of others' interest, a process which makes only a single letter's difference between *speculation* and *peculation*. In short any wealth acquired by the inevitable poverty of others, any process of getting richer which compels others to grow poorer is an offence to the moral law. Such a man is a reproach to the humanity he represents and the stench of his wealth is rank in the nostrils of the angels. Somewhere in his life that man failed to assert his higher self. He did not have strength enough to obey the divine "Thou shalt not" of the decalogue and, prince though he may be in outward form, he is a spiritual pauper. Though he may be clothed in purple and fine linen he is a moral invertebrate, a creature without backbone, he is a human mollusk whose strength is on the outside, a creature of rings, and allied to the creeping and crawling things, and subject to the divine compassion and may the God who, as the poet says "will not cleave a worm in vain," have mercy upon him.

It is not hard to find where the line is to be drawn if

the soul only has power to say "no" at the beginning, "no" to every temptation for any gain that does not carry with it a "*quid pro quo*," that says "no" to every enterprise in the success of which there is not a benefit to the world and cannot be a help to all concerned. The soul must say. "I will have none of that iniquity, I will not be party to that extortion, I will starve my conscience, impale the flesh with cold and hunger before I will blur my soul vision and blunt the sensibilities of my conscience."

The New Unity.

Learn a wondrous secret,—that pennilessness is not poverty, and ownership is not possession ; that to be without is not always to lack, and to reach is not to attain ; that sunlight is for all eyes that look up, and color for those who "choose."

Helen Hunt.



WILL POWER.

“Low subjective energy is unfavourable to any surplus of voluntary energy for conduct over and above the expenditure in attention to ideas. And given considerable energy it may tend originally to divide itself in any proportion between activity in thought and in deed. One may think so hard on virtue as to be incapable of the effort it requires or one may waste in feeling. Education cannot increase the store of subjective energy though fresh air, good food and exercise may, but education can alter the *habitual* distribution from any extreme to any satisfactory mean rate. As Aristotle taught us long ago, virtue—each virtue—may become a habit or secondary instinct by *constant and unremitting* practice. Thus the general habit of practical reasonableness can be acquired by the *practice* of carrying out all practical ideas whatever they may be. Facilities of time and opportunity should be given to children from an early age to make easy little plans *and carry them out* and throughout the utmost care should be taken that ideas of beneficent action more particularly be not checked. Perhaps no department of education is more liable to neglect and perversion than this one. If the idea of reason as it develops is to be practical then it must be lived as it comes to light.”

Sophie Bryant.

WISDOM.

WISDOM is not the same with understanding ; talents, capacity, ability, sagacity, sense, or prudence—not the same with any one of these ; neither will all these together make it up. It is that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters—a structure of the understanding rising out of the moral and spiritual nature.

It is for this course that a high order of wisdom—that is a highly intellectual wisdom—is still more rare than a high order of genius. When they reach the very highest order they are one ; for each includes the other, and intellectual greatness is matched with moral strength. But they hardly ever reach so high, inasmuch as great intellect, according to the ways of Providence, almost always brings along with it great infirmities—or, at least infirmities which appear great owing to the scale of operation ; and it is certainly exposed to universal temptations ; for as power and preeminence lie before it, so ambition attends it, which, whilst it determines the will and strengthens the activities, inevitably weakens the moral fabric.

Wisdom is corrupted by ambition, even when the quality of the ambition is intellectual. For ambition, even of this quality, is but a form of self love, which, seeking gratification in the consciousness of intellectual power, is too much delighted with the exercise to have a single and paramount regard to the end ; and it is not according to wisdom that the end—that is, the moral and spiritual consequences—should suffer derogation in favour of the intellectual means. God is love, and God is light ; whence it results that love is light ; and it is only by following the effluence of that light, that intellectual power issues into wisdom.

Henry Taylor.

WORDS.

HOW wonderful a faculty speech is! It makes human society possible. Apart from words—visible or audible signs expressing inward thought and feeling—the inner life of every man would be an island surrounded by an impassable ocean. There could be no commerce, no politics, no church. One great school of philosophy has maintained that apart from language—definite signs for ideas—there could even be no thought. How wonderful again, I say, is this faculty of speech! The words of a mother to her child, of a child to a mother—the words of lovers—the words of friends—the words of dying men—how these remain in the memory of those to whom they were spoken. a light, a joy, a power, through all succeeding years. What palaces of beauty the poets have built for us with words! What treasures of wisdom the wise of all countries and of all ages have laid up for us in words! The words of great political orators have changed the temper and the thoughts of nations, have provoked war, have compelled peace. The words of great preachers have shaken the hearts of men with fear, inspired them with immortal hope, made real the invisible and eternal kingdom of God. The words of prophets, of apostles, have wrought miracles in the moral life of men, in many centuries, in many lands. The words of Christ!—the accent of God is in them, and we listen with wonder and awe and immeasurable joy. And to describe the eternal glory of Christ Himself, we speak of Him as the *Word* of God. With our tongue we have blessed God in the morning for His mercy to ourselves; how shall we dare during the day to speak unmercifully of the men who were made in the likeness of God? We have entreated God to forgive us; how shall we dare to speak words on fire with revenge to those who are made in the likeness of God?

R. W. Dale.

ENNOBLING DAILY WORK.

IT has been wisely said that "we cannot be always doing noble deeds, but we can always do the most common-place acts nobly." How often we realise the need of faith and courage to do one's near duties uncomplainingly and well! Especially when we have had our spirits uplifted by a release from every-day care, and been in contact with dedicated souls whose plane of life seems on a higher level than our own. Yet it is through our common-place acts that we must rise, if at all, and the good seed we have realized to be sown in our hearts by this spiritual commingling, will fall on poor soil, indeed, if we do not permit it to enrich us for our daily work. The inspiration we gain by coming in close touch with the Divine in other human hearts, should restore us to our daily round of duties, be they of the head or of the hand, not only refreshed in spirit, but invigorated in body, ready to wrestle cheerfully with our work and ennoble it.

It is something beautiful to perform small duties so noble and well that their perfectness is reflected back in the character of the performer. Theories of work and duty, if true and sound, are valuable and a desirable part of an education, but their practical application to the needs of every-day life is the test placed upon him who receives them. We have all heard the story of the convert to a religious faith, when he was asked if it was under the influence of his uncle's preaching that he was con-

vinced, his reply, "No, it was my aunt's practising," carries with it a force of argument that needs no comment. It is the religion of character, the daily round of small, as well as large duties well performed, that count for so much. Not that we can do without preaching or seasons of refreshment apart from work. These the mind and spirit require to stimulate them to reach higher levels. In God's great plan all are needed, yet in this day and generation these are well supplied, and there is abundant room for devotion to the details of life, which, if attended to with fidelity, and not slavish adherence, enriches the character and makes ready for an advance toward a heavenly kingdom where human frailties fall away and translation to a spiritual realm becomes easy.

Most of us can recall lives that grew and grew by the noble performance of daily duties till they reached a time when it could be said of these, as was said of one of old, "He was not, for God took him"; an ideal end for any life.

Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.

THE WORLD AND MAN.

THE world in which we live is not, whatever pessimists may say, a blank and loveless place. It is a storehouse of rich and varied treasures ; an art gallery of richly-hued, ever-changing pictures, infinitely grander than the master-pieces of the painter's craft. Above all, it is the expression of an immeasurable Love. The ordered harmony of Nature is beneficent alike in its purposes and methods. Every bird, every flower, every insect presents a wonderful example of mingled love and sacrifice. Truly, the whole creation sings with joy, and the song has the one universal theme of love.

Kant compared the Moral Law to the starry heavens, and found them both sublime. It is to the purpose for us to compare the natural goodness of man to the beauty of the world, and to find in both eloquent tributes to the power and beneficence of the Creator. If it is true of Nature that

“The earth is crammed with heaven,

And every common bush afire with God ;”

it is equally true of Man, in the words of our own grand hymn that

“No more a creature of the clod,

He knows himself a child of God.”

We thus perceive in ourselves the spirit of the Omnipotent guiding us so that we needs must aspire to the highest that we know, and instinctively prefer good to evil. The knowledge of our own Godlikeness comes as a revelation, opening up to us endless possibilities of yet grander moral develop-

ment than any that past ages have witnessed. The old theory that humanity was "conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity," degrading as it did both God and man, could impart no inspiration and create no ideal. "As half-Gods go, the Gods arrive," sings Mr. Rudyard Kipling in one of his famous ballads. The principle stands true for us. Not until we have cleared away the superstitious trappings of orthodox creeds, can we realise fully that the moral beauty of man is the essential complement to the goodness of God and the brightness of the earth.—*William Thorp.*

The world is not losing. Man is rising. He has ever been rising : his fall has been upward. Nature crowned her marvellous work with the form of a man, an animal. But greatest of all Nature's work has been the leading of this man upward until he has come out of self, to live in the life of the world, to have God for his Father and man for his brother and all things of life to which he is kin for his love. This is the goal of world progress. The great movements that make for the life of the world are not political, but social, not commercial, but moral, not material but spiritual. Our world is growing better.

Rev. E. E. Neubert.

ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

NOTHING has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves. Those who have been taught to consider the institutions of the schools, as giving the last perfection to human abilities, are surprised to see men wrinkled with study, yet wanting to be instructed in the minute circumstances of propriety, or the necessary forms of daily transactions : and quickly shake off their reverence for modes of education, which they find to produce no ability above the rest of mankind.

Books, says Bacon, can never teach the use of books. The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions, and passed much of their time in academies, where nothing but learning confers honours, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they shall find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for instruction. They therefore step out from their cells into the open world, with all the confidence of authority and dignity of importance ; they look round about them at once with ignorance and scorn on a race of beings to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whose manners they must imitate, and with whose opinions they must comply, if they desire to pass their time happily amongst them.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy. it may be necessary to consider, that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries. yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions, about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions, may die without exerting his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments, and tender officiousness; and therefore no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits, or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed, as others are capable of receiving, and such pleasures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art no honor will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendour but retains his magnitude; and pleases more though he dazzles less.—*Rambler*.

LOVE OF THE WORLD:

THERE is scarce a thinking man in the world, who is involved in the business of it, but lives under a secret impatience of the hurry and fatigue he suffers, and has formed a resolution to fix himself, one time or other, in such a state as is suitable to the end of his being. You hear men every day in conversation profess, that all the honour, power, and riches which they propose to themselves, cannot give satisfaction, enough to reward them for half the anxiety they undergo in the pursuit, or possession of them. While men are in this temper (which happens very frequently) how inconsistent are they with themselves ! They are wearied with the toil they bear, but cannot find in their hearts to relinquish it ; retirement is what they want, but they cannot betake themselves to it ; while they pant after shade and covert, they still affect to appear in the most glittering scenes of life ; but sure this is but just as reasonable as if a man should call for more lights, when he has a mind to go to sleep.

Since then it is certain that our own hearts deceive us in the love of the world, and that we cannot command ourselves enough to resign it, though we every day wish ourselves disengaged from its allurements ; let us not stand upon a formal taking of leave, but wean ourselves from them, while we are in the midst of them.

It is certainly the general intention of the greater part of mankind to accomplish this work, and live according to

their own approbation as soon as they possibly can : But since the duration of life is so uncertain, and that has been a common topic of discourse ever since there was such a thing as life itself, how is it possible that we should defer a moment the beginning to live according to the rules of reason ?

The man of business has ever some one point to carry, and then he tells himself he'll bid adieu to all the vanity of ambition : The man of pleasure resolves to take his leave at least, and part civilly with his Mistress : But the ambitious man is entangled every moment in a fresh pursuit, and the lover sees new charms in the object he fancied he could abandon. It is, therefore, a fantastical way of thinking, when we promise ourselves an alteration in our conduct from change of place, and difference of circumstances ; the same passions will attend us wherever we are, till they are conquered, and we can never live to our satisfaction in the deepest retirement, unless we are capable of living so in some measure amidst the noise and business of the world.

Steele.



are responsible for the Brotherhood of Man to which you belong.

Think that, if you do not make the fight for the *Good* nobody else will. If you do not save your country, your home, your own life, nobody else can.

Think that, nature is trying to drag you down, that the forces of evil are against you, and that you must conquer nature. *You can if you will.*

Think that, if you want to have a soul, you must *earn* it. You cannot have it for the asking.

Think that, if you want to keep what soul you've got, you must fight for it. Be on your guard, or the best self within yourself will be lost before you know it.

Think that, life from the beginning to the end is a struggle, a *glorious* struggle. The effort to win the conflict and show yourself a man is what gives life its purpose. Remember the saying of Darwin : *After all, a man do his duty.*
BELIEVE—

Believe that it is all going to come out right, even when it *seems* to be coming out all wrong.

Believe that the strongest thing in the universe is the Strong Will.

Believe that the will is only strong when on the right side.

Believe that the strongest will is the will that first knows how to give in and obey.

Believe that you can make your life all over again, and that it is worth your while to try it.

Believe that the grandest thing in the universe is doing what you do not want to do—*just because it is right.*

Believe that the next grandest thing in the universe is *not* doing what you want to do, because what you want to do would be wrong.

Believe that the strongest man in the world is the man who can keep his good resolutions.

Believe that it is worth while working for a Cause, the success of which will not be realized while you are alive.

Believe that there is *something else, somehow, somewhere*, fighting for you when you take the right side.

Believe that there is something else, somehow somewhere, fighting *against* you when you take the wrong side—not once, but *always*.

Believe in war,—not war against men, but against a bad *thing*.

Believe that other people have troubles as well as you, and that usually their troubles are a good deal heavier than yours.

Believe that when things are going against you is the time to apply in your conduct and feelings the principles you may have been preaching to others.

Believe in yourself,—that there is something sacred in your being, a higher self, and that you *can* live up to the level of that higher self if you make the effort.

Believe in justice,—that it *must* conquer, and that its triumph is of more importance than that just *you* should be prosperous and happy.

Believe in law,—that there is something sacred about it, whether it be the law of Conscience or the law of the State.

Believe in your fellow-man,—that there is a man

within the man which you are to respect even when you cannot respect the outer man.

Believe in mankind,—in the value of those universal experiences recorded in the institution of *law* and *government*.

Believe that the law and government can always be improved, and that the book of human experience has not yet been closed.

Believe in your beliefs,—believe in them with all your might,—but believe in the honesty of other men who may not agree with your beliefs.

Believe that your beliefs will conquer, whatever happens because truth somehow *must* conquer.

Believe that your beliefs will *never* conquer no matter what happens, unless *you* stand up for them.

Believe in the value of other men's experience, and thereby save half your life from being a failure by endeavouring to show that you know more than everybody else.

REMEMBER—

Remember that happiness, when it comes at all, usually comes to those who do not go in search of it.

Remember that in the struggle of life it is always possible to turn one kind of defeat into another kind of victory. Try it, and see!

Remember that, if you cannot realize ends of your being in one way, you can in another. Realize *something*. You will have to render an account *somehow*.

Remember that there is nothing noble in being superior to *some other man*. The true nobility is in being superior to your previous self.

Remember that, you show what you *are* by the way you talk about people.

Remember that, as you grow older, nature's tendencies are laying their grip upon you. Nature may be on your side when you are young, but against you later on.

Remember that, you can get the better of *tendencies* if you fight hard enough, although you can never get the better of nature's *laws*.

Remember not to talk too much about yourself.

Remember that having fine sentiments is a poor substitute for *being a man*. Thoughts are gifts; but your life and your acts speak for you.

Remember to judge people by what they do, not by their sentiments,—especially yourself.

Remember that you may have your best friends among those who disagree with you. Men can disagree in their heads and agree in their hearts.

Remember that the easiest person in the world to deceive is yourself. You can make yourself believe almost anything about yourself if you try it.

Remember that the self of the selves is never decoiced. It keeps a record of what you are, and it puts down everything. An act can never be undone. It has to stay.

Remember that the true way to conquer prejudice is to live it down. Do not talk about it with others: do not talk about it to yourself.

Remember that resentment against prejudice can injure the soul almost as much as cherishing a prejudice.

W. L. Sheldon.



KING LEAR AND INDIAN POLITICS

By WILLIAM MILLER, C.I.E., D.D., LL. D.,

*Principal of the Madras Christian College, Member of the
Madras Legislative Council and Vice-Chancellor
of the University of Madras.*

AFTER preliminary remarks on the date and sources of the play Dr. Miller sets himself to determine the point of view from which it ought to be regarded as a whole. He finds two great thoughts running through the tragedy, and traces, at considerable length, how these find expression in the history of each of the principal personages. He goes on to show how the thoughts thus translated into action on the stage cast light on the chief problems of human life, and especially on the right constitution and healthy growth of human society. The book closes with a discussion of the way in which the principles exemplified in King Lear bear on the present state and future progress of social and political life in India.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE

THIS is not an annotated edition of a play. It is a serious study of what is probably the greatest of Shakespeare's works. It is an attempt to make the wisdom, which King Lear admittedly contains, available for practical guidance in not a few of the difficulties that beset individual, and especially social life.

I HOPE that the little volume * * * will be welcome not only to former students of this college but to those who have studied in other colleges and universities in India, and in fact to all who take an intelligent interest in the healthy progress of the Indian community. It may be of considerable value as a help to those who feel their need of help in dealing with some problems upon the right solution of which the well-being of this country in coming years will to a large extent depend. Modestly does not hinder me from saying this; for though the words of the book are mine, all the thoughts in it are Shakespeare's. I claim no credit but that of making an honest attempt to show how his great thoughts may serve the permanent needs of men and the present needs of India.

Crown 8 Vo. 115 pp. Cloth Bound.

Price, ONE RUPEE. 2/-.

APPLY TO.—G. A. NATESAN & CO., ESPLANADE, MADRAS.

Macbeth and the Ruin of Souls

BY

WILLIAM MILLER, C.I.E., D.D., LL.D.,



*Principal of the Madras Christian College, and
Vice-Chancellor of the University of Madras.*

THE book starts with a discussion of the materials on which the tragedy is based. It states the two great principles which the writer regards as determining the general outline of Shakespeare's plan in his pictures of life and character. It regards the history of Macbeth as being in the main a study of how evil when once yielded to gradually induces total moral ruin. It shows how the central "business of the play is to mark the steps by which, and the influences under which, a man who at first appears worthy of admiration becomes all that a man ought not to be." After tracing the moral ruin of Macbeth, it shows how by a different process Lady Macbeth arrives at an equally lamentable end. It then discusses each of the other characters in sufficient detail to show how the assaults of evil upon each of them are baffled on the one hand or successful on the other. The book arrives at the conclusion that it is "as a supreme example of the strife which rages endlessly and everywhere on earth between the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of hell that *Macbeth* holds the place of the most solemnly instructive of the gifts of Literature to the generations of weak humanity.

Crown 8 Vo., 126 pp.

PRICE One Re. 2/-

APPLY TO.—G. A. NATESAN & CO., ESPLANADE, MADRAS.




HAMLET AND THE WASTE OF LIFE.

BY

WILLIAM MILLER, C.I.E., D.D., LL.D..

*Principal, Madras Christian College and Vice-
Chancellor of the Madras University.*




IN this new criticism of a much-criticized play, Dr. Miller, after some introductory observations, restates his views as to the central idea in all Shakespeare's greater dramas being moral, and as to the moral benefit which ought to accrue to one who studies them with care. In this light he examines the character of Hamlet and discusses some of the warmly debated questions which cannot be avoided by one who tries to understand it. So far as it goes, Goethe's well known *dictum* is accepted *viz* that, Hamlet being what he is, his appointed task is too hard for him, so that he may be compared to a costly vase cracked by the growth of a great tree that has been planted in it. Dr. Miller contends, however, that for a full understanding of the play it is necessary to inquire what constitutes the greatness of the tree, and what special weakness results in the cracking of the vase. To this inquiry a large section of the work is given.

After treating of the characters of the subordinate personages in the play, especially of those who serve as foils to Hamlet, Dr. Miller draws a comparison between the Prince of Denmark and Indian students, of whom he says that "if they have something of Hamlet's strength, they have lamentably much of Hamlet's weakness." He closes with a brief statement of the main lesson which he thinks Young India may learn from the most widely known of all the works of Shakespeare.

CROWN 8vo. CLOTH BOUND

Price ONE RUPEE * 2/-

APPLY TO—G. A. NATESAN & CO., ESPLANADE, MADRAS.



The Least of All Lands.

Seven Chapters on the Topography of Palestine in
Relation to its History.

(SECOND EDITION REVISED)

By William MILLER, C.I.E., D.D., LL.D.,

*Principal of the Madras Christian College, and Vice-
Chancellor of the University of Madras.*

PRICE Rs. 2 (Two).

A few Opinions of the Press.

IT is not an ordinary book of travels and its teaching
is as fresh as it was when first given to the world.

Dr. Miller shows that, although Palestine is the
Least of All Lands, there is much that is inspiring
even in its outward aspect—that it is well fitted to
promote the moral training of its inhabitants—and that
in its history, it has been the “home of freedom.” But
the chief part of the book is devoted to a review of the
wars of Israel and the Philistines, in describing which
the author shows that he possesses the eye of a general.

* * “The work is not in its nature geographical, as might
be thought, but is an interesting contribution to the his-
torical exposition of the Old Testament.”—*United Free
Church Missionary Record.*

“Interesting and suggestive reading.”—*Scotsman.*

Apply to—G. A. NATESAN & Co., Esplanade, Madras.

The Indian Review.

A HIGH CLASS MONTHLY

Edited by G. A. NATESAN, B.A.

HAS AN EMINENT LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

<i>Annual Subscription</i>	Indin... ..	Rs. 5.
<i>Including Postage.</i>	Great Britain	10/-
	United States	3 dollars.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

SHORT Notes on the Topics of the Day. About five original contributions on a variety of subjects including commerce and manufactures. Critical Reviews of the latest Books. Summary of noteworthy articles in leading English, American and Indian periodicals. Departmental Reviews and Notes.—Educational, Literary, Legal, Trade and Industry, Medical, Science and General.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Contributions are invited on all subjects of general interest, especially on industrial, economic and commercial topics relating to India. Contributions accepted and published will be duly paid for.

TO BUSINESS MEN.

THE INDIAN REVIEW has a *bona fide* circulation of one thousand copies and our list is open to inspection.

Rates of Advertisement.

Per page per insertion—India Rs. 10 and Foreign £ 1.

Proportionate rates for half and quarter pages.

Contract rates on application.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO

G. A. NATESAN & CO, PUBLISHERS, ESPLANADE, MADRAS

* * * *

The Press on

The Indian Review.

The Liberty Review.—The signed articles are of the varied character of our English high class monthly magazines.

The Indian Journal of Education.—Keeps well up to the standard of excellence of its first number and reflects the greatest credit on its conductors.

The Orientalist.—It is with great pleasure that we announce the appearance of a new high class magazine in India * * The *Indian Review*, published at Madras, promises to be an important organ of native opinion.

The Madras Mail.—The *Review* well maintains the bright promise of the first number.

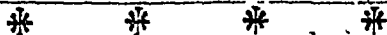
The Madras Times.—It is an excellent periodical.

The Educational Review.—The *Indian Review* deserves what it is no doubt getting, increasing appreciation. * * There is no periodical in India which approaches it for the money. * * It caters for all readers, and should prove a welcome addition to the reading tables of First-grade Colleges. There is no other periodical in India which is run on exactly the same lines.

The Hindu.—We wish the magazine the success it so well deserves. * * There can be no doubt that enterprises of this sort will mark the beginning of a new era of periodical literature in this country, affording as they do, not only interesting reading to the public, but also scope for the exercise of literary talent among English-educated Indians.

Power and Guardian.—We are sure, if the public rightly appreciate the *Review*, as they should, the future of the magazine is bright and the career long.

Apply to—G. A. NATESAN & Co., Esplanade, Madras.





SOME MORE PRESS OPINIONS ON THE INDIAN REVIEW.



Review of the Week.—Most of the articles are typical. The authors are for the most part natives, and it is, perhaps, needless to say that they write extremely well. It certainly has great literary merit, and is quite up to the level of many of the English reviews.

The Indian Nation.—"Have we a journal like the *Indian Review* so bright, so scholarly?"

Christian Patriot.—Among Indian periodicals, the *Indian Review* has attained a foremost place.

The Malabar Mail.—The *Indian Review* furnishes an abundant store of interesting and readable matter. The editorial notes with which MR. G. A. NATESAN, B.A., commences every issue of his excellent journal usually relate to current topics of political, social, educational and economical interest and have uniformly the merit of being calmly, concisely and comprehensively written.***

Voice of India.—Mr. Natesan is to be congratulated on the success his venture has so far achieved. We wish the *Indian Review* well in its third year and for many years to come.

The Indian Messenger.—"The journal has developed quite a high standard of literary merit, containing excellent articles from eminent men in India and England."

The Amrita Bazaar Patrika.—"An ably conducted publication deserving every encouragement and support from the reading public of the country."

Annual Subscription Rs. 5.

G. A. NATESAN & CO., ESPLANADE, MADRAS.



AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INDIAN REVIEW.

The Hon. Alexander Del Mar.

Formerly, Director of the Bureau of Statistics, U.S.A.

Prof. Lloyd Morgan, F.R.S.,

Principal, University College, Bristol.

Mr. G. Barnett Smith, *Author of "Life of Gladstone."*

Richard Lydekker, *Fellow of the Royal Society.*

Dr. Alexander Hay Japp, *Fellow of the Royal Society.*

Sir John Jardine, Kt. C.I.E.,

The Hon. Sir Charles Arnold White, Kt. C.I.E..

Prof. Oscar Browning, M.A., *King's College, Cambridge.*

Mrs. Annie Besant, F.T.S.

W. H. S. Aubrey, LL.D.

Romesh Chunder Dutt, C.I.E., I.C.S. (*Retired*).

Mr. J. M. Robertson, *Author of "Patriotism and Empire."*

The Hon. Dr. Lim Boon Keng.

Mr. A. E. Parker, *Editor, "Boyd's Commercial Guide."*

William Digby, Esq., C.I.E.

The Hon. Mr. Eardley Norton, *Bar-at-Law.*

Hon. Mr. J. P. Wallis, *Advocate-General, Madras.*

R. E. Holland, Esq., I. C. S.

Stanley P. Rice, Esq., I. C. S.,

A. G. Gardew, M.A., I.C.S.

J. H. Stone, M.A., *Principal, Teachers' College.*

Julian James Cotton, B.A., I.C.S.

Rev. F. W. Kollett, M.A.,

Alex. Rogers, I.C.S. (*Retired*).

Professor M. Rangachari, M.A., F.M.U.

C. A. Barber, *Government Botanist, Madras.*

Annual Subscription Rs. 5.

Apply to—G. A. NATESAN & CO., Esplanade, Madras.

AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INDIAN REVIEW.

- W. S. Meyer, Esq., B.A., I.C.S.
 Miss. Lillian Edger, M.A., F.T.S.
 Rev. W. Meston, M.A.
 Prof. K. Sundara Rama Aiyar, M.A., *Kumbakonam College*
 A. E. Fletcher, Esq., *Late-Editor, Daily Chronicle.*
 Mrs. Fyvie Mayo.
 Charles Hyatt Wolfe, Esq., *Editor, "Science Niftings."*
 Rev. W. Howard Campbell, M.A.
 Rev. G. Pittendrigh, M.A., F.M.U.
 Thoms Denham, M.A., F.M.U.
 E. Labouchere Thornton, I.C.S.
 Dr. T. M. Nair, M.D.
 Capt. J. W. Cornwall, M.A., M.B., B.L., I.M.S.
 Miss. K. M. Begbie.
 Muthiala Sarojini Naidu.
 Kamala Sathianathan, *Editor, "Indian Ladies' Magazine."*
 Miss Geraldine Hodgson.
 Jnan Chandra Bauerji, M.A., B.L.
 G. Subramania Aiyar, B.A., *Late Editor of the "Hindu"*
 K. B. Ramanathan, M.A., B.L., L.T.
 V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, B.A., L.T.
 G. P. Pillai, B.A., M.R.A.S. Bar-at-law.
 N. C. Kelkar, B.A., LL.B., *Editor, "Mahratta," Poona.*
 Mark Hunter, Esq., M.A.,
 Babu Prithvis Chandra Ray, *Author of "Poverty in India."*
 Pandit S. M. Natesa Sastri, B.A., M.F.L.S.
 G. Venketa Ranga Rau, M.A.

Annual Subscription Rs 5.

APPLY TO—G. A. NATESAN & CO., ESPLANADE, MADRAS.

THE UPANISHADS.

With Text in Deva nagari Sankaras Commentary
and English Translation.

Published by V. C. SESHACHARRI, B.A., B.L., M.R.A.S.
Vols. I. II & V. Translated by SITARAMA SASTRIAR.
Vols. III&IV. Translated by PANDIT GANG'ANATHJHA.

	Cloth Bound	Paper Bound
	Rs. A.	Rs. A.
Vol. I. —ISA, KENA AND MUNDAKA	2 0	1 8
Vol. II.—THE KATHA & PRASNA	1 8	1 0
Vol III.—THE CHH'ANDOGYA—		
PART I.—The first 4 Adhya'yas	2 0	1 8
Vol. IV —THE CHH'ANDOGYA—		
PART II —The last 4 Adhya'yas	1 8	1 0
Vol. V.—AITAREYA & TAITTIRIYA	1 4	1 0

 The volumes available for sale separately.

SELECT OPINIONS.

Prof. T. W. Rhys Davids.—*It seems very well done.*

Mr. Bal Gungadhar Tilak.—*The work appears to be carefully executed* and I have no doubt that your books will prove to be of great use to the public, especially to the English-reading class.

Lt. Col. A W. Smart.—I have in parts compared with the original and *find it a good and faithful translation.*

Madras Mail.—Sankara's commentaries on these Upanishads are translated in this book in an accurate and clear style, while the renderings are as literal as possible.

APPLY TO—G. A. NATESAN & CO., ESPLANADE, MADRAS.

THE SRI-BHASHYA OF RAMANUJACHARYA.

with an analytical outline of contents

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY

PROF. M. RANGACHARIAR, A.L., M.A.

AND

MR. M. V. VARADARAJA AYYANGAR, B.A., B.L.

Vol. I, Price Rs. 5.

The Madras Mail says :—

* Mr. Ranga Chariar has prefixed to his translation a lucid analytical outline of contents which should go far to assist readers in studying and understanding a highly technical and argumentative work like the Sri Bhashya * * The Volume is complete in itself and deals with the most important part of Ramanuja's commentary * * *

Professor Nirth Ram Goswami, M. A. of Lahore, writes :—

The book is very ably translated. The analytical outline of contents given in the beginning well prepares a reader for the perusal of the Acharya work. Everything about the book is excellent—the paper, binding and printing.

Professor Cowell, Cambridge, says :—

The translation seems to me to be very carefully done, and I am astonished to see into what good English the difficult original has been put.

Dr. Thibaut, Allahabad, says :—

It gives me great pleasure to say that your translation is in my opinion a very scholarly and meritorious performance.

Late Prof. Max Muller, Oxford, says :—

I feel very grateful to you and proud to accept your translation of the Sri-Bhashya. And as far as I have been able to judge it is correct.

Apply to—G. A. NATESAN & Co., Esplanade, Madras.

THE CHRONOLOGY OF ANCIENT INDIA.

By VELANDAI GOPALA AIYAR, B.A., B.L.

Pleader, Chittoor.

FIRST SERIES. { *The Beginning of the Kali Yuga*
 { *The Date of the Mahabharata War*
 { *The Four Yugas*

Price Re. 1-4

SELECT PRESS OPINIONS.

Mr. G. R. S. Mead in the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW London:—The small volume of 156 pp. before us is straightforward, compact, direct, discriminating, and objective. It is written on purely scientific lines, and displays an intimate acquaintance with the researches of Western Orientalists: it is also written with a wide knowledge of Indian Sources.

THE MADRAS MAIL:—Mr. Gopala Aiyar has brought to bear on his really patriotic undertaking a vast amount of patience and scholarship, and has made a substantial contribution to the literature on the subject of Indian Chronology, for which he deserves the thanks of his countrymen.

THE HINDOO PATRIOT:—A remarkable volume. We congratulate the author on the ability and erudition he has shown in writing his book.

THE HINDU:—A very interesting book. The volume before us displays considerable original research.

PRABUDHA BHARATA:—The work before us is another milestone in this path. It is a reprint of papers originally contributed to Mr. Natesan's excellent magazine, THE INDIAN REVIEW; and its issue in book form has been a service to educated India.

THE MAHRATTA.—He has brought to bear upon the question important and hitherto unthought of evidence from many different sources.

Apply to—G. A. Natesan & Co., Esplanade, Madras.

Malabar and its Folk.

*A systematic description of the social customs
and institutions of Malabar.*

By T. K. GOPAL PANIKKAR, B.A.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE

Rev. F. W. KELLETT, M.A., F.M.U.

CONTENTS.

- 1 Thoughts on Malabar. 2 A Malabar Nair Tarawad.
3. Marumakkathayam. 4. Local Traditions and Superstitions.
5. The Malabar Drama. 6. The Onam Festival.
7. The Vishu Festival. 8. The Thiruvathira Festival.
9. Feudalism in Malabar. 10. Cock-Festival at Cranganore.
11. The Kettu Kallianam. 12. Serpent-Worship.
13. Some Depressed Classes. 14. Village Life. 15. Some Phases of Religious Life. 16. Glossary.

Malabar is no ordinary Indian district. Both district and people are clearly marked off from the rest of India and have features all their own. As even a glance at the contents of this book will show they have a social organisation, marriage customs, a law of inheritance, festivals and religious rites that distinguish them from their neighbours. Mr. Panikkar's book is well adapted to open up lines along which new modes of thought may pass to the minds of thinking men. * * * And so his book should have for them the value of interpreting to them some of the practices whose meaning they have wholly or partially lost.—Rev. F. W. KELLETT.

Price One Rupee. Crown 8 vo., 215 pp.

Apply to—G. A. NATESAN & Co., Esplanade, Madras.

Tales of Tennalirama.

THE FAMOUS COURT JESTER OF SOUTHERN INDIA

By Pandit S.M. Natesa Sastri, B.A., M.F.L.S.

(Member of the London Folklore Society.)

Price—As. EIGHT.

Contents.

BECOMING a Professional Jester. Escaping from the punishment of being trampled by an Elephant. Escaping from the punishment of being cut off by the sword. Appearing with his head concealed. Getting the sentries whipped. Obtaining absolute license to make jokes. Canterization of Brahmans. Rearing a colt. Rearing a kitten. Profiting by the labour of thieves. A great doctor overthrown. An unsuccessful conversion. A great poet disgraced. Deceiving the wrestler. Converting a black dog into a white dog. Executing the paintings. Requesting to protect his family.

Select Press Opinions.

Civil and Military Gazette.—The tales are amusing and to the folklorist may be of special interest.

The West Coast Spectator.—Delightful reading.

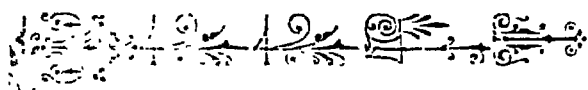
Lucknow Advocate.—The stories which resemble our own Bribal anecdotes are really amusing.

Madras Times.—Highly interesting and amusing.

India.—"Curious and interesting."

Arya Patrika.—"The tales are full of humour, very amusing and calculated to brighten up a sad countenance at once."

Apply to—G. A. NATESAN & Co., Esplanade, Madras.



HAND-BOOK OF CRIMINAL LAW.

BY N. K. RAMASAMI IYER, B.A., B.L.

*High Court Judge, Madras, and Author of
"A Hand-Book of Civil Law"*

THE BOOK CONTAINS --

INTRODUCTION.—(i) Science of Law. (ii) Principles of Law. (iii) Tabular scheme of the Divisions of Law

PART I.—SUBSTANTIVE LAW.—Tabular scheme of the Indian Penal Code. The Indian Penal Code giving clearly the definitions and elements of the several offences and closely and analytically following the language of the Code.

PART II.—ADJECTIVE LAW.—Object and scope of Evidence and Procedure. Tabular scheme of the Indian Evidence Act. Clear analysis of the Evidence Act, with tables of the more difficult portions following closely the Act. Tabular scheme of the Criminal Procedure Code. Clear analysis of the provisions of the Code.

APPENDIX A.—Tabular statements of the offences under the Indian Penal Code with punishment and other particulars. B. & C.—Ordinary and additional powers of Magistrates under the Criminal Procedure Code. D.—General Legal Maxims. E.—Foreign Legal maxims specially relating to Evidence with English Equivalents.

Price Rs. 2.

Apply to.—G. A. NATESAN & Co., Esplanade, Madras





G. A. Natesan & Co.

Printers * Book-Sellers,
and * Stationers,
Publishers, * and Binders,

10, Esplanade Row, Madras.

UNDERTAKE

BOOK AND JOB WORK

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION IN

English, Tamil, Telugu & Sanskrit-Devanagari.

TRIAL SOLICITED. TERMS—MODERATE.

Estimates on application.

G. A. NATESAN, B.A.,

Managing Proprietor.

20

AS.



